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BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THEY rode into Berlin in triumph, the grand new EMPEROR and the brave CROWN PRINCE. The pen of WALTER SCOTT, whose memory is about to be nobly honoured in Britain, might register the thoughts of the illustrious father and son.

"What spell was good! KING 'WILLIAM's,' say ?

* * * * *
His was the patriot's burning thought
Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,
Of castles stormed, of cities freed,
Of deep design, and daring deed."

The same poet might tell us of the thoughts that occupied the gallant PRINCE's mind, only the famous passage in the *Lord of the Isles* does not exactly apply in his case; in fact, it does not apply at all; and though this is a trifle, it is well to be careful about trifles. We will assume, however, that FRITZ was thinking of his charming Princess, who was just then looking "the incarnation of health and happiness."

They rode along in glory, when the Royal pair became aware of a Presence, which came between them. There was a benignant and affable countenance, pertaining to one who had ridden in, dividing father from son.

"Where's MOLTKE?" was the new-comer's bland yet peremptory demand.

"Who is this Person?" said the EMPEROR, looking, yet only for a moment, as if he were about to order the stranger to be blown away from KRUPP's very largest steel gun, with an extra charge. Then the divine instinct which exists in anointed Sovereigns of the right kind came upon him, and he grew conscious that he beheld a superior. He was about to dismount, and pay homage after the fashion of the Hermit (in MR. PARNELL's famous poem)—

"When the strange Partner seemed no longer Man,"

but the Partner calmly said,

"All right, Imperial Majesty, keep your saddle. Speech taken as read, my brave. How do you do, FRITZ? But where's MOLTKE?"

"Why, it is dear old PUNCH!" said FREDERIC WILLIAM NICHOLAS CHARLES, K.G.

"Of course it is; but none so old, young Prince. Behold this gambado!" Here he caused his gallant steed to execute a remarkable feat. "Could you do it better, valiant horseman that you are?"

"Nearly off, though," said the PRINCE.

"You're another," said MR. PUNCH. "How well your Serene Father is looking."

"This is PUNCH, Sire," said TELEMACHUS to ULYSSES.

The grand old Monarch gave one eagle-glance at the grander Creature beside him.

"Halt the whole Army!" exclaimed the EMPEROR, With a voice for wonder, Like the roar of the Thunder, When he shouts to a stormy sea. "Wave all the banners, fire off all the cannons, and every man bellow *Hoch!* and Hooray! Take the time from me!"

The mighty noise that followed was heard in Paris, and it so astounded M. THIERS that he countermanded the Review which was to be held on the next Sunday. When asked why he had done this, he said, that he thought Sunday would be a wet day.

"Thanks," said MR. PUNCH, when the echoes had begun to resume their tranquillity, and the stunned birds had ceased to fall from the upper vault. "And where is MOLTKE?"

"MR. PUNCH," said the EMPEROR, reining up his glorious and impatient war-charger, "I am not a man of many words. Which I wish to remark, And my language is plain, that you have been the HOMER of this War."

"I have," said MR. PUNCH, modestly. "Likewise its VIRGIL and its TASSO, not to say its MILTON."

"You have been the MILTON of the second war," said FRITZ, "and marvellously have you recorded the Battle of the Demons."

"You are a very superior kind of young man," said MR. PUNCH, "and you have said the thing which is right; and where is MOLTKE?"

"PUNCH," said the EMPEROR, "you did all you could to prevent the War. You warned the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. When the duel was on, you did justice to the valour on both sides. When Germany's feats were noblest, you immortalised them. In the hour of victory you interceded for the vanquished, and now you gracefully come to adorn the triumph of the conquerors. You are welcome, indeed."

"I knew I should be welcome, or I had not come. EMPEROR, I congratulate you. PRINCE, you are happy in having taken your laurel from the white hand of VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA of England. Now, where's MOLTKE?"

"Here he comes!" laughed the Royal couple.

The Wise and Silent Man approached, and MR. PUNCH—like ERMINIA when she saw the wounded TANCRED—"stepped not, no, he darted from his seat."

But he spoke not. Nor did he who can be silent in seven languages, speak. One raised his hat. The other winked. And *this* was all that passed between them, as MOLTKE received from PUNCH his

Sixtieth Volume.







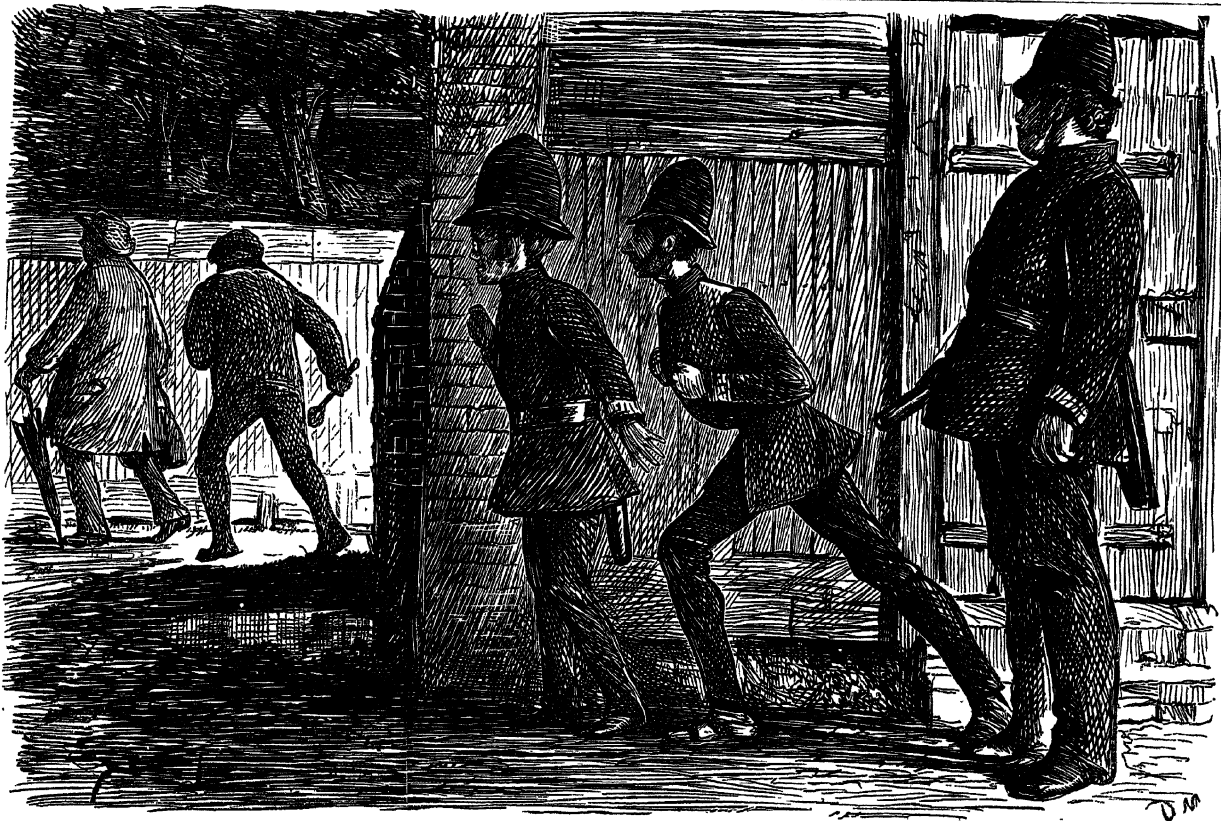
THE QUIP MODEST.

Host (Self-made Man). "I ASSURE YOU, BROWN, THERE ISN'T A MAN AS YOU'VE BEEN DININ' WITH TO-DAY AS ISN'T WUTH HIS HEIGHTY OR 'UNDERD THOUSAN' POUND!!"
Artist (awfully bored). "OR DON'T APOLOGISE, I BEG! I DON'T MIND 'EM! INDIFFERENT HONEST I DARE SAY, SOME OF 'EM! SEEM GOOD JUDGES OF YOUR WINE. YOU NEEDN'T TELL 'EM WHO I AM, YOU KNOW!!"
[Strolls into the Garden.]



THE CENSUS (ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.)

"WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO BE 'THIS' TIME, MARIA? LAST TIME, YOU WERE THIRTY-ONE, AND THIRTY THE TIME BEFORE!"
 "TELL THE TRUTH, DEAR—THIRTY-TWO. HEIGHO! HOW TIME FLIES!"



WHAT WE WANT IN OUR POLICEMEN.

1. *Great agility*, TO CATCH THE CRIMINAL. 2. *Immense physical strength*, TO OVERPOWER HIM. 3. *An acute and well-disciplined intellect*, SO AS NEVER TO TAKE UP THE WRONG PERSON. THESE CHARACTERISTICS ARE RARELY TO BE FOUND COMBINED IN ONE POLICEMAN, BUT BY ORGANISING PICKED MEN INTO LITTLE BANDS OF THREE, GREAT IMPROVEMENTS MAY BE EXPECTED.

AID TO CONVERSATION.—If you are at a loss for something to say to a strong-minded woman, take an opportunity of asking her why an ironclad alongside of a wooden frigate reminds one of man and wife! Suppose she replies that she does not know, you can tell her—Because the wooden ship is the weaker vessel.

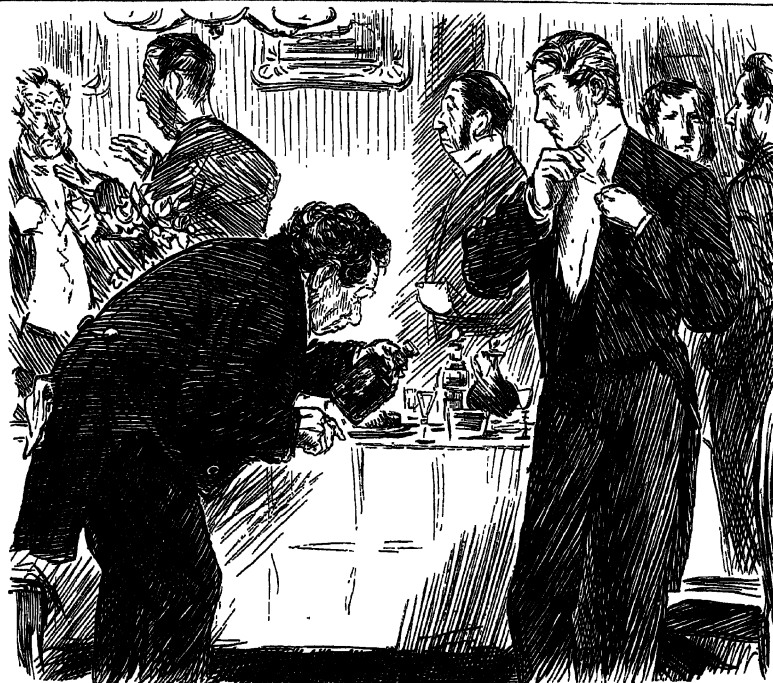
ADDRESS TO THE MOON.
Try face is gibbous, Moon. And canst thou shine?
Ah, what if EZZEL's cheek should grow like thine!

"THE RAY SOCIETY."—The Photographic.

POPULAR MISSTATEMENT.—Christmas comes but once a year, say the unthinking. The 25th of December comes only once a year, if you like. But the Christmas Pantomimes are usually played till nearly Easter, and merry Christmas very often returns, with a bitter East wind, in the midst of merry May.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

January 7.—At 6:19 day breaks. You cannot mend it.
On February 15 the Moon and Saturn are in conjunction. Copulative or disjunctive? ZAD-KIEL, perhaps, will answer this question. He ought to know the grammar of Astrology.
February 28.—Last day of hare-hunting. All the hares next day go mad with joy.
March 1.—Feast of St. David. Welsh rabbit and leak eating begins. The *Cambria* may happen to spring a leak in season.
March 17.—St. Patrick's Day. Irishmen wear sham-rock. It is the only sham in Old Ireland.
The Immortal First of April.—All Fool's Day. Now make promises of Marriage. Now accept Trusts and Bills. Now conclude Treaties with Foreign Powers.
On the 10th of April Science lost GAY LUSSAC. He was a Chemist, and not a Man about Town.
May 29.—Restoration of KING CHARLES II. You can't make cider out of oak-apples.
June 21.—The longest day. No real night, unless you make a night of it; and then you may require "pick-me-up" next morning.
July 15.—Feast of St. Swithin. We like this Saint best without his *nimbus*. He is held to be the patron of cats and dogs.
July 31.—Parliament drawing to a close. About this time really dates the Massacre of the Innocents.
August 12.—Grouse shooting commences. Government institutes a trial of breech-loaders.
September 1.—St. Partridge; Bird and Martyr.



A MEAN AVERAGE.

Vulgar Old Uncle. "JOIN THE LADIES, GEORGE? ALL RIGHT, MY BOY. I GENERALLY TAKE A GLASS OF SHERRY BEFORE LEAVING THE TABLE—(sips)—YOU SEE IT MAKES ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GLASSES A YEAR—(smacking his lips)—BETTER!"

October 25.—Feast of St. Crispin. All sales.
The Ninth of November is the Lord Mayor's Day. It is (either foggy or fair. In the former case it may remind his Lordship of thick turtle—in the latter of clear.

Christmas Politics.—Parliament is divided into parties, and Private Bills are introduced into the House.

FANTASIA ON ALL FOOLS' DAY.

The true Philosopher, at ease reclined,
Soars to the stars and contemplates his kind.
Alike to him the gems and gold of Kings,
The Knave of Diamonds, and Saturn's Rings,
He sees through smoke the whole of Nature's plan,
Measures the myriapoda with Man;
Considers how gigantic cranes are fed,
And carries the cosmogony to bed.

BY SPIRIT POST.—"Stone walls do not a prison make"—Then what do? Perhaps the shade of MR. RICHARD LOVELOCK will satisfy a turnkey's mind by return.

A QUERY.—"Twas caviars to the General."—*Hamlet*. Has it been discovered who was the General officer referred to by SHAKESPEARE?

HOW TO CURE THE VAPOURS (HOMOPATHICALLY).—Take a vapour bath.

MOTTO FOR THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.—"Pennis non hominis datis."—*Horace*.



"AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED."

Horsey Parish Doctor (late for the Meet). "WELL, MOTHER, AND HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER, AND THE BABBY—POORLY, ER? AH, WELL, GIVE HIM A PINCH O' BRIMSTONE IN HIS PAP, AND I'LL LOOK IN TO-MORROW."



MATER BULKY—FILIA BULKIOR.

Mamma (log.) "THAT IS MY PORTRAIT, DR. BRIEFLY; IT WAS PAINTED EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO—WE THINK IT VERY LIKE DEAR EMILY, HERE."
 "WHY, IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF HER!" SAYS THE YOUNG DOCTOR, AGHAST, AND HE MENTALLY RESOLVES THAT HE WILL "NOT" PROPOSE FOR DEAR EMILY, AFTER ALL.



THE RESTRAINTS OF SOCIETY.

Juvenile Bohemian. "HATE GOIN' OUT TO TEA! 'HAVE TO BE GOOD SUCH A PRECIOUS LONG TIME!"

A SONG FOR SPRING.

(By a Man of Feeling.)

How cheerful along the gay meads
The primrose and daisy appear!
And while on lamb outlet he feeds,
Man is glad that the Springtime is here!

MAXIM FOR MANSLAND.—"The proper study of mankind is Man."

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—A bachelor friend compares a shirt button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

PROVERBIAL FALLACY.—Waste not, want not—Bosh. One may never waste a candle's end, and yet want a thousand a year.

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

(By a Rural Philosopher.)

'Tis sweet the lazy hours to slay,
Reclining 'mid the new-mown hay:
'Tis sweet to smoke the pensive pipe,
And think that strawberries are ripe.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

JANUARY.—Now flowers the Christmas Rose, otherwise called the Black Hellebore, *Helleborus Niger*. "Calumny." Just so. It is not of that colour; nothing so much like a nigger as a Coal Black Rose.

FEBRUARY.—First, up peeps the Snowdrop, then the Crocus. Snowdrop, "Redemption." Crocus, "Abuse not." Omnibus Conductors and Cabmen, stick them in your button-holes.

MARCH.—The Anemone blooms. It is the emblem of "Sickness." N.B. Anemone means Wind Flower.

APRIL.—In meadows you may now call the Cardamine, or Cuckoo Flower, signifying "Paternal Error." But it is no fault of the cock Cuckoo that the hen lays her eggs in another bird's nest. Place this flower, dears, on the breakfast table for Papa, to see when he comes down late after having dined out.

MAY.—The Hawthorn puts forth its blossoms. "Hope." Brides, twine Hawthorn bloom with your Orange Flowers.

JUNE.—Eglantine—"Poetry." Road Dr. Watts.

JULY.—Cabbage Rose—"Ambassador of Love." Employ a Solicitor.

AUGUST.—Clematis—"Mental Beauty." Offer it to a strong-minded woman.

SEPTEMBER.—Now, in showery weather, you may test the accuracy of the "Shepherd's Barometer," Pimpernel. "Change."—"Assignment." Return the letters of your old love, and advertise for a new.

OCTOBER.—For some time after



TERRIBLE SITUATION.

Hostess. "I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO A CHARMING PARTNER—MR. TRIMMLES, MISS MUDDLEWORTH." (In a whisper to him.) "SO CLEVER! WROTE THAT CAPITAL ARTICLE ON SPONTANEOUS CEREBROSITY IN THE LAST SIXTH-MONTHLY!"

Michaelmas you can gather the Michaelmas Daisy—"Cheerfulness in Old Age." Make a chaplet of it for your grumbling old Uncle.

NOVEMBER.—The month for Chrysanthemums. Red, "I love." White, "Truth." Yellow, "Slighted Love." Weave the three into a garland for a Philosopher who has been jilted.

DECEMBER.—Holly means "Foresight." Mistletoe, "Obstacles to be overcome." Surmount Mistletoe with Holly.

ECCLIASTICAL PROPRIETIES.—"I am," said a reverend Rector of the old-school to a Ritualist Curate, "a martyr to the Gout." "Pardon me, my dear Sir," replied the latter, "happily you still survive. You should not call yourself a Martyr, but a Confessor."

TURNING THE TABLES.—In the present age of enlightenment and economy billiard-tables are manufactured to serve as dining-tables also. If you happen to sit down as a guest at one of these, remember the good old injunction—Eat all, but pocket none.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—Landlubbers may be informed that the nautical experiment of Boxing the Compass is usually attempted upon the Spar deck.

A POOR PERFORMER.—In the concert of BEGS the domestic fowl plays but a humble part—only supplying the drum-sticks.

PROVERB FOR A SHOWER.—Half a parasol is better than no umbrella.

VOYAGES OF SMOKE.—From a Library on Fire.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1871.

SEASONABLE ADVICE

(By a Domestic Economist.)

In your rooms are only large enough to accommodate a score, when you give a ball be careful to invite at least a hundred. At the same time only order supper for a score, for people who are squeezed to death can hardly have much appetite. Let your children form a tasting committee of the sweets, as they are placed upon the table. Dirty little finger-marks are sure to prove deterrent to the hunger of your guests, and your family next day will be a gainer by their abstinence.

In order to seem hospitable, walk about the supper-room with a bottle of Champagne, and challenge friends to drink with you, telling them, in a stage whisper, that it only cost you eightpence a bottle.

When you give a dinner-party, hire the smallest glasses that you can procure, and direct your waiters to put plenty of ice in them. Never encourage arguments before you join the ladies, for arguing induces thirst, and thirst is far from economical. Hire your waiters upon terms that shall induce them to boot your guests for fees, and thus make them leave your house with small wish to revisit it.

If conversation flags, beg somebody or other to oblige you with a song. This will be quite certain to set every one off talking, and prevent their thinking of the bad dinner you have given them.

MEMORABLE EVENT IN MAY.—On the 30th of this merry month the First Napoleon was compelled to raise the siege of Acre by the renowned Sir Smyth Smith. This celebrated Smeary may be called the British Aid.

No FAIRER.—There had a remarkably wide gullet. Here, since his time that part of the human frame has been called the Haplogut.

WHERE THEY OUGHT TO GO.

Our Fireman—to Rome.
Our Brahmin—to Congo.
Our Smearyman—to Leicester Street.
Our House-boy—to Barking.
Our Papermaker—to Russia.
Our Drunkard—to Drogheda.
Our Angler—to Worms.
Our Spirituallist—to Scilly.
Our Forger—to Stannemore.
Our Undertaker—to Bury.

NEGATIVE EXPERIENCE.

I never knew a plain cook who was not a giddy dresser. I never knew a Cockney get the worst of it at sea, without his telling me he never felt so well in all his life. I never saw the portrait of a Derby Winner that could not be mistaken for a dozen I before had seen. I never saw an Alderman at a fast of Vegetarians. I never saw a sailor carrying an umbrella, or a pair of epaulettes in use by a chimney-sweep.

INSTRUCTIONS TO TROTTERS.—Bad plan.

ANNOUNCE.—"Come, girls," said our jolly old aunt, "about this Census. We are always hearing of 'united ages.' Let us club our years. I'm put in 60, and you four shall put in 30 each. Then we shall all be under 50!" The girls nearly kissed her old head off for her audacity.

"BAIL-ROCK might borrow a hint from those mercantile clergies," said, pensively, young HARRINGTON. "When one takes Pariser, inhibitory should be limited. Dance with her, but not bound to take her to supper."

It has been observed that trolley handcars are subject to an unpleasant defect—a cock in their eye.



THE KEEPER'S NIGHTMARE.

ONE OF THE OFFICIALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS HAS A BEWILDERING NIGHTMARE. HE DREAMS THAT ALL THE ANIMALS HAVE BROKEN LOOSE AND SWAPPED HEADS, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW "WHICH TO FEED WITH WHAT."

PRIZE CALENDAR.—Warranted not to contain a single item of trustworthy information.

JANUARY. 1. Old May Day. 2. Lots of things. 3. Lots more. 4, 5, 6, 7. Holidays in the City for anybody who likes to take them. 8. Trout-fishing commences in the Serpentina. 9. Hair-dressing begins. 10. Christmas tells his tale. 11. Picnic on London Bridge by the old Statues of Greenwich Hospital. 12. Traffic permitting. 13. 14. 15. Lovely weather, if fine. 16. 17. Day Fair held at the Day this year. 18. Festival of the Great-Greatness of the Clergy celebrated by the Bishops of the Church. 19. A very Remarkable Day. 20. A Day observed by the Algerines. 21. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 22. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 23. Fireworks.	Admiralty by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House. 11. Dance of Veterinary Surgeons in Guildhall. 12. Croquet match in Lincoln's Inn-fields. 13. A Moveable Feast. On table at 7:30, punctually off at 10. 14. Exportation of Coals to Newcastle, from Paul's Wharf. King Cole's Day. 15. A most Extraordinary Day. 16. New Moon, if the old one's finished. 17. Mr. Smith born. (1831). 18. Nothing more to the end of the month. MARCH. 1. He comes in like a Lion. 2. Public Games in Leicester Square. 3. Installation of the Chancellor of Oxford, if necessary. 4. Great Foot-drawing Match for £30 a side, by members of the Royal Academy. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Nothing doing. Lunch on every day at the same hour. 10. A Moveable Feast. Dinner at 7:30 to the minute. 11. Banquet observed by the Turks. (For follows). 12. 13. 14. 15. Oysters taken by the dogs to spend a lunny day at Rushville. 16. A Wonderful Day. 17. Fair Day. 18. Day after the Fair. 19. Holiday all over the country, if permitted.	20. Mr. Brown born. Rejoicings. 21. Ma. Smeary, Jov. Smeary. Fireworks to the end of the month. APRIL. 1. Old Michaelmas Day. 2, 3, 4, 5. All on the same day. 6. Race of Wild Horses in Rotten Row. 7. Annual May Fair Day. 8. Moveable Feast. Supper put off till tomorrow. 9. Lobster's Lady Day. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. The middle of next week. 16. Very likely an earthquake. Listen. 17. Holiday at the Turkish Baths. Full Dress. 18. A most Remarkable Day. You'll see. 19. Eclipse; perhaps. 20. Mr. Robinson born. 21. The celebrated Robinson year. Nothing after this.	22. Final Preparations. 23. Ma. Smeary, Jov. Smeary. Fireworks to the end of the month. JUNE. 1. Great Hen Day. Ceremony of laying the first egg in state. 2, 3, 4. Turtle Match for £300 aside between two Aldermen of the City of London. The winner to be elected Lord Mayor for next year. 5, 6, 7. Dance of Detectives in Scotland Yard. Bagpipes accompaniment. 8. Washing the London Statues. General Holiday. 9. Members of Parliament football match and hurdle races in the New Out, London. Circus performances in the evening. 10, 11, 12. Stunt-fishing begins. 13. Grotto Day. Commemoration in the Shal-donian Theatre, Oxford. 14. Several eclipses inevitable everywhere. 15. Remarkable Day. 16. Quaker Day. 17. Good Day. 18. How d'ye do to-day? 19. Fair Holiday. 20. Whole Holiday. 21. Rejoicings till the end of the month.	22. Final Preparations. 23. Ma. Smeary, Jov. Smeary. Fireworks to the end of the month. JULY. 1. First of December. Old Style. 2, 3. Racing in sacks from Cornhill to Temple Bar by everybody who likes.	4, 5, 6. Holiday of Billingsgate. 7. Illuminations for nothing in particular. 8. All theatres opened gratis to the public, 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. 9. Billon seems to St. Paul's. 10. Fireworks. 11. Exhibition of Juxtille Fabrics by Popular Producers. 12, 13, 14. 15. Diving for Munkrooms off London Bridge. 16. Old Grey Fawkes' Day. Please to remember the sixteenth of July, at National Holiday. 17. Cambridge Term begins. 18. Very Remarkable Day. 19. Very Quaker Day. 20. Holiday Preparations for the Great National Holiday. 21. Great National Holiday. Smith, jun., born. 22. Fireworks till the end of the month.	23. A Remarkable Day: all other this are succeeding Days: good Days for Speculations. 1. Showing for Nuts by members of the Gem Club. 2. Great Staking Match for £100 a side, on the Commercial Water, Green Park. Weather permitting. 3. Horse Show at Horsesmonger God. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. No days: all longest nights. 20. Brown born. Festivities and illuminations till the end of the month. SEPTEMBER. 1. Vaccination (gratis) at Nelson's Monument, Trafalgar Square. 2. Old Midsummer Day. 3. Cambridge Term meets the Oxford Term. Dinner in honour of the session. 4. Buns of Old Day. 5. Old Day. 6. Volunteer Review (put off indefinitely). 7. Quaker Festival. Singing in the Barn. 8. Hockey on the ice, as usual, by twilight. 9. Grand Day at the Ladies Exchange Column. 10, 11, 12. General Holiday at the Mint. Readings from the works of Charles Lamb given gratis.	14. Billon seems by Misionaries: after a collection. 15. 16. Procession of Her Majesty's Ministers carrying the annual Cabinet. Pudding in state to Buckingham Palace. 17. Irish Landlord Shooting commences. 18. Degree of L.L. conferred on Mr. Kinkaid by Dublin University. 19. Rejoicings in anticipation of tomorrow. 20. Smith born. Gals days and requires to the end of the month. OCTOBER. 1. Billon Ascents. Harpiments with Bards of Gumpster in the Air. Holiday at the Crystal Palace. 2. Nightingales heard for the first time in Bond Street. 3. London shows up, everybody worth speaking of, or, being now cleared out. The inhabitants, however, are allowed their harmless recreations, attending debating societies, making excursions to Eton's Hall to see how it formerly stood, and sending halpenny cards. NOVEMBER. 1. Political Meetings—Speaking in Trafalgar Square by his Foundation. 2. Possible rain of meteors—certain rain of cats and dogs. 3. Archery Fete commences. President, the Head Master of Harrow. First Meeting in Bow Street.	5. Harwell Holidays commence. 6. Cambridge Term divides in the Senate House, and is lost on the division. 7. Ceremony of Spinning the Top of the Monument. 8. Day for Scouting Hyde Park by Volunteers. 9. Great Game at Nurr and Spill. Colours to be obtained at Lambeth Palace. Place of meeting secret till the night before. 10. Police "relative information." 11. Police will consider the information received. 12. Police will determine to act upon it. 13. Police will proceed to set upon it. 14. Police will find that culprit bolted on the 9th. 15. Police interchange compliments on their intelligence and efficiency, and wait for more information. 16. Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, if it hasn't come off before this. 17, 18, 19. Great Billiard Match between the Canons of St. Paul's and Westminster. 20. Rat Hunting commences. 21. 22. Old Day Days. 23. Smith born. Rejoicings to end of the month.	7. Cambridge and Oxford Terms join in the middle. 8. Sermons gratis from the Cross of St. Paul's. 9. Anniversary of the Invasion of the Thames Council. 10. Inspection of Ballet Dresses, previous to production of Pantomimes by the Officers of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and the Middlesex Magistrates. It will take place on the outskirts of the Metropolis. 11. Bill-fishing Match round the Squares of London. Open to all boys under thirteen. Run-away-knock Sports to follow. 12. Scille-playing at private parties. 13. Meetings by Moonlight alone, and Grand International Cat Show on the Tiles, Finsbury Pavement. 14. Great Sale at the United Service Shopkeepers Company, Limited: Yachts of over ten tons only admitted. 15, 16. Holidays at the Duke. Treasury open gratis to all comers. No Police. 17. Jones born. Fireworks and Bonfires to the end of the Year. 18. The Last Day of the Year. It is customary to spend it in making good resolutions for the next, but this ceremony may be dispensed with by Houses, to be obtained from your wife, or anybody else who knows your real character.
FEBRUARY. 1. Fishing for compliments commences. 2. Only comes once a year. 3. Anniversary. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Half-holidays in the City. Members of the Stock Exchange can take whichever they like. Tickets issued at the Mint. 9, 10. Bortles of the Bortles of the	11. A very Remarkable Day. 12. A Day observed by the Algerines. 13. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 14. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 15. Fireworks.	16. A very Remarkable Day. 17. A Day observed by the Algerines. 18. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 19. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 20. Fireworks.	19. A very Remarkable Day. 20. A Day observed by the Algerines. 21. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 22. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 23. Fireworks.	20. A very Remarkable Day. 21. A Day observed by the Algerines. 22. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 23. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 24. Fireworks.	21. A very Remarkable Day. 22. A Day observed by the Algerines. 23. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 24. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 25. Fireworks.	22. A very Remarkable Day. 23. A Day observed by the Algerines. 24. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 25. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 26. Fireworks.	23. A very Remarkable Day. 24. A Day observed by the Algerines. 25. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 26. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 27. Fireworks.	24. A very Remarkable Day. 25. A Day observed by the Algerines. 26. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 27. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 28. Fireworks.	25. A very Remarkable Day. 26. A Day observed by the Algerines. 27. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible. 28. Mr. Jones born. (1850). Nothing after this except. 29. Fireworks.

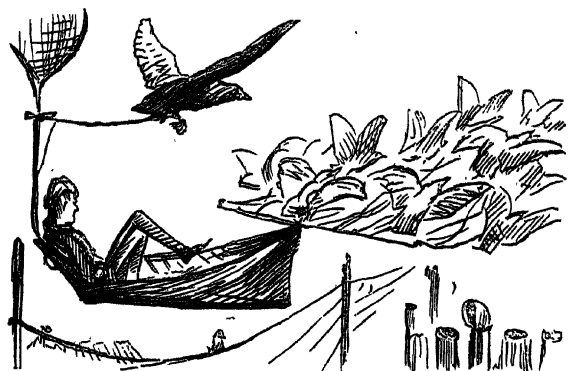
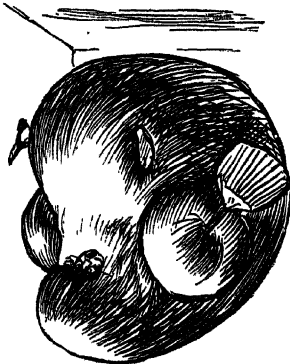
PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1871.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AERIAL NAVIGATION.

FROM THE "SOCIÉTÉ DES VOLOVOLAUVENTS" (VOLO VOLARE—I WILL FLY; VENTUM—WIND OR NO WIND).



SEEING WHAT SELECTION, CLIMATE, TRAINING, &c., HAVE DONE FOR THE EQUINE BREED, WHY SHOULD NOT THE SAME INFLUENCES BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON POWERFUL BIRDS OF PREY? THE BALLOON ITSELF MIGHT BE MADE OF SUCH A SHAPE AS TO OFFER A MINIMUM OF RESISTANCE TO THE AIR.



TAKE AN INDIA-RUBBER COAT, TIE IT AT THE NECK, WRISTS, AND ANKLES, AND TURN ON THE GAS FROM YOUR OWN BURNER. THEN PADDLE ABOUT THE ROOM WITH FANS.

HARNESS AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF PIGEONS TO ONE END OF YOUR CAR, AND A HAWK TO THE OTHER, AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO APPETITE AND FEAR.



PUT ON A TAIL COAT, STAND ON THE ROOF, DRAW YOUR BREATH AND WAVE YOUR HANDS GENTLY UP AND DOWN FOR A FEW GENERATIONS. BY AN EXTENSION OF MR. DARWIN'S THEORY YOU WILL GRADUALLY FIT YOURSELF FOR INDEPENDENT VOLATION. (THIS PLAN REQUIRES MUCH PATIENCE AND SELF-DENIAL.)



THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY). "INSPECTION PARADE."

Sergeant-Major.—"WHEN I D' SAYE DRAA-A—, MIND THEE BE-ANT TO DRAA-A—; BUT WHEN I D' SAYE SQUARDS,—WHIP 'EM OUT SMART AND 'DRESS UP' T'GUTTER."

RECREATION FOR THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—A Game of Elgin Marbles.

VULGAR ERROR.—It is commonly said that any stick will do to beat a dog. No. A stick of sealing-wax won't.

AN OLIVE BRANCH FROM THE VATICAN.—The Pope sends his Prize Bull to the Islington Cattle Show.

WHAT A SISTER SAYS:—Brothers are bothers.

THE FARMER'S PARADISE.—The Island of Muck.

A SWELL SAINT.—St. Martin-le-Grand.

JOTTINGS BY A TOURIST.

Andover.—Properly Handover, but the first settlers were careless of their h's.

Bakes W.—Pastry, rolls, &c., in perfection.

Banbury.—Cakes and Cross both worth a pilgrimage; shed tears over the latter, thinking of my childhood.

Beaumaris.—Slightly corrupted. The founder, like Beau Nash, Beau Brummel, &c., was commonly known as Beau Morris.

Beverley.—Called after the celebrated Scenic painter.

Bridport.—Really Brideport, having once been a favourite retreat for the newly-married.

Black Pill Road.—Evidently some mistake here; ought to be either Black Draught, or Blue Pill Road.

Brightside.—What a delightful place to live in! Should never have the blues again; everything would be *coulleur de rose*.

Broadstairs.—On the contrary, those I went up and down were unusually narrow, otherwise I should have recommended this place to persons afflicted with fat.

Burnt Island.—Not a sign of a conflagration to be seen.

Cirencester.—Another instance of corruption. It ought to be Siren-caster. One was living here as recently as the Middle Ages.

Clock Face.—Set my watch by it; inhabitants all up to the time of day.

Coventry.—The inhabitants were obliging enough to point out several individuals who had been sent there. They all wore green spectacles.

Dawlish.—I should say Dawdlish. Town of Deal.—All the houses built of timber.



A FABLE WITHOUT WORDS.

(THE RAT, THE CAT, AND THE CAGED OWL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.)

Denmark Hill.—Misplaced; ought to be in Copenhagen Fields.

Devonbury.—Very damp.

Dollar.—Americans very partial to it.

Dunning.—To be most carefully avoided.

Eye.—Full of oculists.

Fighting Cocks.—Shooked at this; had hoped all such cruel sports were extinct.

Johnshaven.—And very nice and clean he looked.

Kidderminster.—A great take in—not a vestige of a Cathedral to be seen.

Killybrewster.—Much disappointed; could not see her anywhere, high or low.

Marlborough.—A chalky soil.

Muskelburgh.—Had some for supper—very good.

Newstyle.—Not an old hat to be seen; very much ashamed of mine.

Parsonstown.—The process of disestablishment most difficult here.

Pembroke.—Bought a table.

Poole.—Played a Game.

Reading.—Studious place.

Rye.—Bread excellent.

Sandwich.—Luncheon ditto.

Sawbarough.—No Scar to be seen.

Stockport.—No Cattle being shipped or unshipped; no haven in sight.

Swansea.—Sea, but no Swans.

Tarmouth.—The leading inhabitants are known as the bloated aristocracy.

PROVERBIAL BOSH.—It is said that "the weakest goes to the wall." He is much more likely to be pushed into the gutter.

FIXED AND SHOOTING STARS.—The Pointers of the Great Bear.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1871.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

For the Proposed Irish Exhibition of Portraits to be held in Dublin.

Rule I. That all the Portraits shall be likenesses.

Rule II. That in the event of there being no original to

any one picture, the artist shall find one at his own expense.

Rule III. That in order to avoid the great fault of the London Royal Academy, all the pictures shall be hung in a line.

Rule IV. That the Exhibition shall be open on the 1st of April, and remain so; but no one admitted after that.

CONVERSE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Juliet (log.) O that I were that veal upon that fork,
That then those lips might touch me!

PROSPEROUS GALES.—Trade winds.



THE REAL "HAPPY FAMILY" OF NATIONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S ON NEW YEAR'S EVE. TIME, 11:45 P.M.

MACHIAVELLIANA.

TRUST nobody that you need not. Never quarrel with anyone who can injure you. Never abuse anybody behind his back without a purpose. Virtue is its own reward, if you are good for nothing. Never revenge yourself

for the mere sake of vengeance; it is sentimental and may be injudicious. Never defer till to-morrow that which you can do to-day, but always defer making any payment you can evade *sine die*. If you wish to live beyond your income, pay your tradesmen by turns. Pay each of them as soon as he threatens to County-Court you, not later, lest he should

be as bad as his word; for then you would have to pay his bill, and costs besides.

A DAILY OCCURRENCE.—That must be a curious phenomenon to watch—a house changing hands.



Sweet thing on Heavy Animal. "GET ON, OLD MAN! I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE BRUSH, BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO CUT DOWN MISS CLARA ONCE TO-DAY
Ditto on Thorough-bred. "NO HURRY, MY PET. FOURTEEN HORSE WON'T LEAVE US FAR BEHIND!"

WHAT THEY SAID TO THEIR HORSES.

IRISH MELODY ON ST. MARTIN'S DAY (NOV. 11).
His cloak with a beggar Saint Martin divided,
At a time when he hadn't a rag,
St. Phelim O'Toole was a saint no more divided:
With a barefooted tramp he divided his shoes.

WIT AND WEATHER. — Englishmen, when they meet, shake hands, and not their tails, by talking about the weather. We see our changeable climate. Suppose we saluted each other in the manner of the ancients, we should cry "Hail!" when they might be in no such thing. Whereas now we never say "Hail!" without it does.

POETRY OF THE PLANETS.

Sun, centre of our system, we may say:
'Thou art a Bull's-eye, lighting us by day.
Thou, Mercury, art nearest to the Sun.
Thy tesseling is—take care of Number One.
Alochemists after thee, Mars, Iron call.
Perhaps thou art a monster cannon-ball.
Bright Venus, in thy splendour oft I've joyed.
Capit shows not. Is he an "Asteroid"?
'Thou Earth, the ancient Romans called thee by
Two names. O Tellus, Terra, tell us why?

No atmosphere invests thee, silver Moon.
Inhabit thee who may, they've no balloon.
Jupiter, biggest planet that Man sees,
Turnip art thou to turnip-radishes.
Saturn, thy land's as light as cork, they say.
Knowing thy size, and how much thou dost weigh.
A saw by thee quashed, Ureana, we find:
When out of sight, thou art not out of mind.
To Adams and Le Verrier thankful be,
Nephews, to have an Orb named after thee.

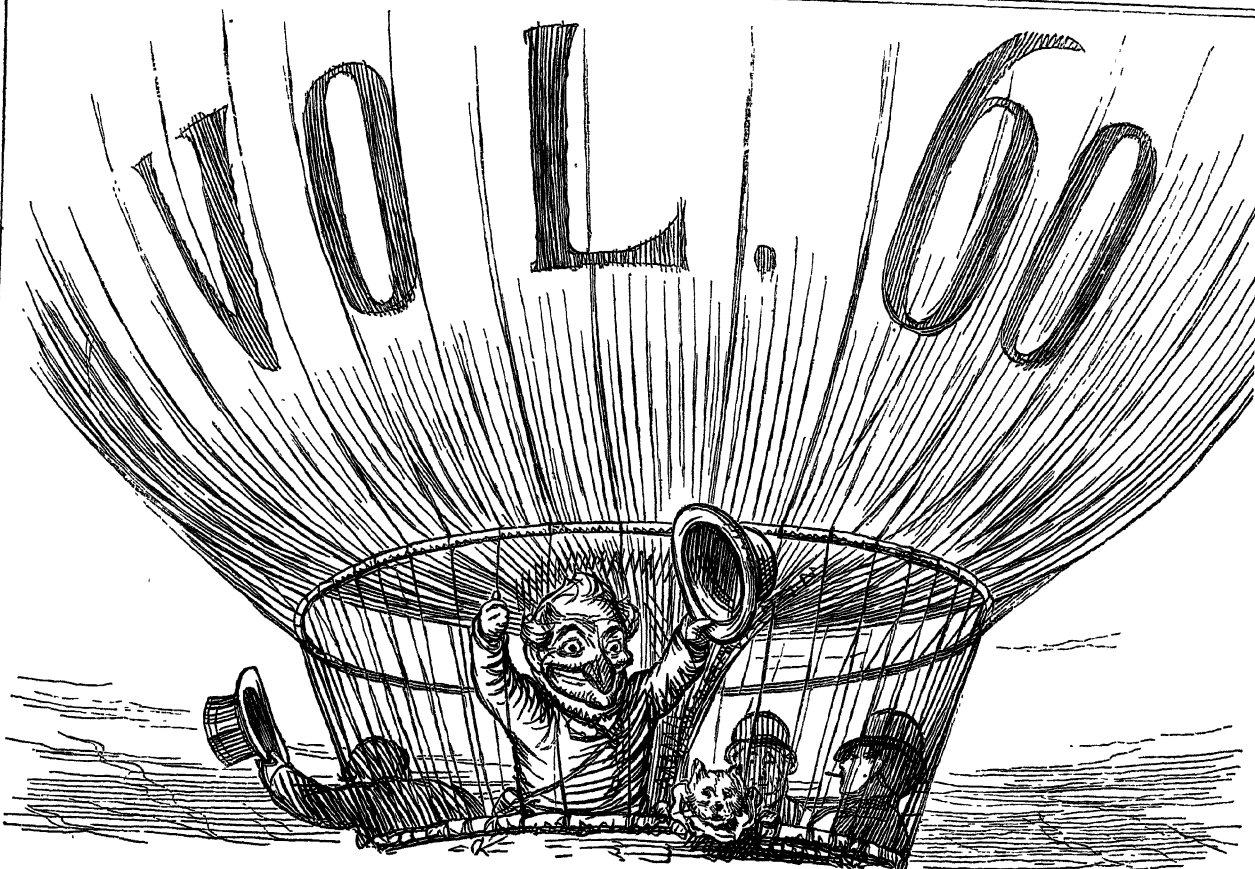
How to COLLAR BELA.—Send for a Policeman.

ON THE 12TH OF NOVEMBER, 1820, WAS BORN ANDREW MARVELL, celebrated for integrity:—

What man is there that walks the Earth
More blest than one of conscious worth,
He who, with means large, safe, and clear,
Knows himself worth so much a-year?

GREAT LITERARY DISCOVERY.—Has any commentator on SHAKESPEARE considered the fact that *Belarius* (in *Cymbeline*) must at one time have been a banker's clerk, for he says—

"O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check."



STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

To SIR HORACE MANN.

Do you remember—pooh, my dear Sir, a diplomatist's business is to remember everything—besides, this was only t' other day, that is to say, in the winter of 1739—that I met with a cruel accident on Mont Cénis? I was travelling with Gray. My poor dear little King Charles's dog, Tory, the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature in the world, was snapped up by a wolf, and carried away to be eaten? I screamed with rage and grief at the time, and have been ready to do so ever since when I have thought of it. I hate Mont Cénis. I have read with savage joy that the engineers and their iron have entered into his very soul, and made a great hole right through him, and henceforth and for ever shrieks shall come forth from his *penetralia*. It is something to be revenged on a great hideous mountain. You have influence with the sub-Alpine King. Ask him to ordain that the first railway engine shall be called Tory. So shall my lost darling's *manes* be appeased.

The distinguished family of Prince Pigwiggin have been plunged into mourning by a melancholy and unexpected event—he has recovered, and will probably long survive to afflict them. To offer them consolation in the circumstances is what I dare not attempt. I think I told you that there was a philosopher over here some years ago who held, or at least preached, that the soul was merely glue. I suppose that Pigwiggin's, if he have one, is more than usually sticky.

You have been educated, and you know that there is a place called Timbuctoo. Well, it is civilised, and there are fashionable squares, and great folks dwell therein, and give great feasts. They keep Christmas, it seems, in our own heathenish way, over-eating and over-drinking. One night last week there was a big dinner in a fine house. It was given by a notable called the Great Wangdoodle, whom you are not to confound with the one in Mr. Marks's famous sermon. You might; for this great Wangdoodle, like the other, howleth for his first-born, but then it is by reason that the said first-born is a silly horse-racing boy, and hath got into the hands of

Messrs. Mordecai, Mephibosheth, Mahershalhashbash, and Co. But that is not the matter. The Wang, not being much talked to at his own table, comforted himself by taking his own wine as freely as if he did not know how cheap and bad it was. When it was time to join the ladies, *he saw two suns and double Thebes appear*. But as nobody noticed their host, this was not observed until he got upstairs. Now, some of the Timbuctoo ladies had been getting up a bazaar in aid of the conversion of the English, and just as the Great Wang entered, one of them held up a great large doll, which she had been dressing for the sale. Wang gazed at it with optics that reversed the stereoscopic process, and presently shouted forth furiously, "*I hate twins!*" and struck in the direction of the double image he beheld. There would have been confusion, but one of the Chief Sacrificers (I suppose he would be called a bishop here) who was one of the guests, sailed in a portly manner forward, like a worthy member of the Church navigant there at sea, took his lay friend Wang in tow, moored him in another room, and talked him to speedy sleep, I presume with a bit of a sermon. I hope Wang will be grateful. Make no mistake in repeating this story, and be sure you do not say that Timbuctoo is in Belgravia, and if you are asked how I heard so quickly from a distant part of the world, say that the Jersey telegraph has just been completed. That will be explanation enough for your Italians, who have no geography. This is not *trovato*, mind.

We have a new show of old pictures at the Academy. I hear it is a good one, but I never go to private views, and the public have not had it long enough to leave the place decently free. I like to go to such things when I can be quiet, and escape the instructive remarks of the Scrubbers and Scumblers.

Would you believe it?—yes, you should believe everything—the enemies of the Government were so eager to find out a job in the retirement of Mr. Bright, that they triumphantly accused him of having remained in office exactly two years in order to qualify himself for a pension. Such are our public writers! I do not believe that their malice prompted a wilful blunder. I believe that as old Bear Johnson had the courage to say when asked how he came to give the wrong definition of a horse's pastern, it was "Ignorance, Madam, sheer ignorance." Yet they might have remembered that last year Mr. Gladstone carried an Act by which five years of service is necessary before a pension can be earned.

I published, in 1746, my *Scheme for a Tax on Message Cards* and

Notes. I suppose that nobody knows this, at least nobody has had the good grace to acknowledge the idea for which the Post Office now obtains so much credit. The halfpenny cards are a good deal used, but not so much as was expected, I hear. John Bull likes mystery about a letter, if it be only to tell Mrs. Bull that she must keep back his mutton for half an hour.

Your masters, the Ministers, are beginning the game of puss-in-the-corner, as usual, before a new Session. I hate snow and frost, and therefore have not ventured down to the Clubs. I have scarcely a tea-spoonful of political gossip for you, and you must put a grain of salt into the little dose I send. *On dit*—but I don't know who On is—that the Speaker wants his coronet, and that Mr. Cardwell wants the Chair. In that case, England will want a War Minister, and our friend On asseverates that she is to find one in Sir William Mansfield, the distinguished Indian General. I hope it may be so. I do not know that he cultivates all the amiabilities so successfully as the Oxford Druid, but he understands soldiers, and how to make them useful,—and this is what we need. There are to be some other changes, and Strawberry Hill itself is interested in one of them, I believe; but these will keep for another letter. You may take it from me that they will not convulse the nation with rapture or terror.

I am at the end of my tell, and am,

Yours affectionately,

HORACE WALPOLE.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

FALL, snow flakes, soft and silent, white and cold—
From sunless skies muffled in one grey cloud,
Fall, till the ravaged face of earth you hide
As with a shroud.

That smooth the shroud may lie, and folded fair.
Above the horror of the thing below,
Lest unwashed gashes, bones of rent flesh bare
To heaven should show!

Beside the stillness of the white-swathed form
Let us a moment try to put aside
Thought of the blood, the hideous wounds, still warm
And gaping wide—

In vain! Beneath the coldly mantling white,
A ruddy stain will ooze up through the snow:
Under the smooth sheet ghastly rents of fight,
Perforce, will show.

How hide the waste, and wrong, and misery—
Burnt houses, wrecked fields, peasants hunger-bitten
By idle looms, wren mothers hushing cry
Of babes plague-smitten!

Such thoughts will come, our Christmas joy to kill,
Stretch gaunt hands 'twixt us and our Christmas fare,
And to our Christmas song, "Peace and goodwill,"
Strange burden bear!

So dark and dreary dies out the Old Year,
And Hope, half sadly, bids the New Year in;
To sound of Might proclaimed Right, far and near,
And trumpets' din.

Drowning the song sung by the host of Heaven
To Bethlehem's shepherds, while above shone bright
His birth-star, that now pales, as War's red levin
Kindles the night.

'Tis hard for us to hold our faith in Good,
Might of Forgiveness, majesty of Love,
With Hate's code writ in characters of blood,
Love's law above.

But not the less is Love's commandment clear,
On heart and conscience graven in letters deep,
That shall, when blood-writ records disappear,
Their brightness keep.

Not less a ruling hand behind the clouds
Of War and Woe guides acts and fates of men:
Till, at The Voice, the "dry bones" in their shrouds
Shall "Live Again."

APPROPRIATE.—When the KING OF PRUSSIA becomes EMPEROR OF GERMANY, he will probably assume the title of PROUS THE FIRST.

ON BEING TAKEN UP AND PUT DOWN AGAIN.



or the third time, OUT. Odd. What can it mean? Three calls and three "Not at Homes," delivered by a smirking menial whose head I longed to punch; and no return card or invitation. And yet I was a great creature among them last year; especially when the Thunderer patted me on the back as it did. They took me up warmly, and made no end of a fuss with me; between ourselves, you know, they rather overdid it, though to be sure that book of mine was a hit, and worth its reputation! I was their pet lion for the time, and none of their parties were complete without me. And their other pets showed me divers attentions. That

velvet-tongued Greek, HIPPOPOTAMUS PREPOSTEROS, asked me to breakfast, gave me tobacco fit for the Padishah, and presented me to his honey-tongued friend BUBBLIOKIDOS, who rather implied that having met me, he had nothing more to live for. Twice was I invited to dinner by SIR AARON CONTANGO, who told me wonderful stories about the Rothschilds, and offered to invest for me in Montezuma Intangibles. And was I not even bidden to one of LADY AFTERGLOW's suppers, and shown one of her Ladyship's own poems—not a thing (for many reasons) to be shown to everybody? And I thought I did my roaring pretty well on the whole, and got through all that was expected of me. I wrote in their albums—wretched stuff I know it was, but no worse than my collaborators; it was all wretched stuff together; I made myself agreeable to their rich snobs, and paid court to their titled ones; and religiously made believe to accept their faced gilt for gold; and if I lost certain flakes of self-respect by the way, I was the poorer, not they. But what I cannot quite understand is, why they have dropped me. We have had no quarrel, and I have not been guilty of any omission of my duties. I am just the same as I was—in fact, just the same, not having gone forward or backward in fortune, fame, or position. I wonder if that is it?—if my being stationary is the cause of their letting me drop? Social dynamics are unfathomable; as we all find out in time.

I think it must be that. People who feed lions like a change of stock, and think themselves cheated of their rations if their old beasts have not got new coats by the turn of the year. You have a fixed amount of pudding for what you have already done; if you want more, you must do something fresh to get it. Lions are not like bears, who can suck their own paws, and live on their past accumulation of fat; lions must be always at it, always practising new roars, digging out higher tracks, making louder echoes, else they will find themselves shelved, and left to their den in the desert, unmolested.

The people who take them up, and put them through their paces, do so because they are Somebody in the world of notoriety. They like doing Mæcenas cheaply—how about the Sabine farm?—but don't think for a moment they mean any regard for you personally; they only like the reflected sparkle of your glory, whatever it may be; and if they cannot write your book, or paint your picture, they can patronise you, which puts them above you, all the same. So they take you up vehemently; and if you have a weak head, as in all probability you have, you lose your balance, and think it means you, when it really means themselves and your renown. You find out your mistake in time; for they will drop you when they are tired of you, and have had enough of you, as they are sure to have had before long. And they drop you in the handsomest manner. You have been their Pet Lion for one season, yet the chances are, when they meet you in the Park, the beginning of next, they do not see you, and are, most curiously, not at home whenever you call.

If, however, you do something to set the newspapers on you again, everything goes into its old grooves, and you are gently reproached for your long absence from their drawing-rooms, and tenderly reminded of past friendships. If they have just so much human conscience as would lead them to make the semblance of an apology, they say how sorry they are that illness, business, anything you like that never existed, prevented their digging you out; but, naughty man! you should not have wanted digging out, you should have

come unasked—you know you would have been welcome: with those three cards of yours in the waste-paper basket, and no notice taken. If you are particularly feeble-minded, and one of the fluffy-brained on whom experience makes no lasting mark, you will be taken in and taken up again, as you were before; and if you have the misfortune to be affectionate as well as fluffy, you will probably give part of that silly heart of yours in return for the unsubstantial patronage of your Barmecide Mæcenæ. At all events, between sanity and gratitude you will be pretty severely tried, you poor creature; and if you come safe out of the ordeal with your senses in right order, you will be fortunate—more fortunate than many.

As for me, I have had my lesson, and you are getting the benefit of it. When I called on my dear friend, the Leo Hunter, for the third time unrecognised, I knew that my knell had been sounded on their gong, unless I did something to put a new gloss on my old repute; and this led me into thinking of the whole question of "patronage," and "lionising" and being "taken up" with the certain rider of being "put down" again. The conclusion to which I have come is, that no honest dog will let himself be paraded as a lion if he can help it, first undergoing the humiliation of being put through his tricks, and then being kicked out of doors when the showman has had enough of him. This is not a very dignified position, according to my way of thinking. But then I am an old Growler, and see society through grey glasses, and have got over the age when everything was rose colour, and jam tarts the best things out.

A DOG WHO HAS HAD HIS DAY.

SYMPATHIES OF THE SEASON.



OST of us at this festive but inclement season are wont to be exhorted to sympathise with our unfortunate fellow-creatures. By all means let us, not only in cold weather, but in hot, and in all weathers and seasons. But let us at the same time cultivate—in order to abate that selfishness which is too natural to the best of us—sympathy with those who are better off than ourselves. Let us endeavour to enter into not only the sorrows of our kind, but also their joys, and particularly endeavour to imagine, so as to be sensible of, the happiness of those who abound in wealth. Reflections such as these must be suggested to the mind of any moralist of an amiable disposition, by the brief but significant announcement following:—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY. — The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £20 for 'Underpaid Income-tax.'"

How happy, if only healthy, must be that man whose means are so ample that they require his conscience to remit so much as £20 for mere underpayment of Income-tax! Of course, that sum is merely a single arrear. So conscientious a person as he must be (she is out of the question) could never have gone on long underpaying his Income-tax. What may the whole of his Income be presumed to amount to? A total, doubtless, which would make many wives and many children happy. His own personal bliss must be so intense as to be a state of chronic rapture. It is true that a man capable of sending the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER conscience-money for underpaid Income-tax must be endowed with a very tender conscience, which at times may trouble him. But there are consolations for that trouble. He does not go about, as everybody must who is conscientious and dependent, with a conscience burthened with the fear of not being able to pay his bills, of being some day obliged to resign comforts and enjoyments, and perhaps of becoming bankrupt, and dying in the workhouse, after having lived there some time. We may reasonably rejoice in the belief that he rejoices in ease of mind, if in ease of body. Anybody not enjoying the blessed consciousness of a sure and certain pecuniary independence might envy him his conscience, however tender it may be, if envy were not a base and baleful passion, which we all ought to endeavour to subdue, by trying to contemplate with satisfaction the opulence of others, and their consequent felicity, particularly at Christmas time.

A CHALK-HEADED CRITIC.

SIR,

KING GEORGE THE THIRD uttered a criticism, which commends itself to my mind, when he said that there is a great deal of rubbish in SHAKESPEARE, only you mustn't say so. Now, for instance, in *Othello*, speaking of *Cassio*, in disparagement, *Iago* says:

"And what was he?"

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One MICHAEL CASSIO, a Florentine,

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster."

Is there not, Sir, a gross inconsistency in describing a man, on the one hand, as "a great arithmetician," and saying, on the other, that he does not know the "division" of a battle? *Iago* further alleges, concerning *Cassio*, that

"Mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership."

What could have been SHAKESPEARE'S arithmetical attainments which allowed him to give a character the reputation of proficiency in arithmetic, and yet ascribe to it ignorance of Practice? A juvenile poet has said:—

"Multiplication is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three will puzzle me;
And Practice drive me mad."

This poem was probably composed by SHAKESPEARE at school.

BEN JONSON said—did he not, Sir?—that SHAKESPEARE "had small Latin and less Greek." Surely he might have added, "and still less ciphering." Phrenologists instance SHAKESPEARE'S as an extremely fine head. It was plainly not a good chalk one. Had it been such, he would never have made *Iago* decry arithmetic as a military qualification. If *Cassio* possessed that, he must have known the division of a battle, inasmuch as to have been at least fit to be a General of Division. POPE, I think, said of himself that he "lied in numbers." The Nightingale of Twickenham is generally rated above the Swan of Avon, but the latter could not have had so much to say for himself as the former in respect of numbers, in the humble judgment of

Yours truly to command, if you want a critic,

ZOLLUS.

P.S. With reference to arithmetic in connection with military matters, it strikes me that the numerical strength of the British Army is so inconsiderable as not to admit the possibility of Generals of Division. The fact appears to be that Governments, whose calculating powers were exerted in the direction of mere economy, have subjected it to a too extensive process of Reduction.

THE LUGUBRIOUS CLOWN.

I THOUGHT I had the mind mankind to school,
Among the wise I hoped to shine, a star:

Whereas it is my lot to play the fool,

And holloa "How d'ye do?" and "Here we are!"

Ay! "How d'ye do?" That is not much to say,

Regarded with a superficial view,

For every fool knows how he does to-day;

But how d'ye do to-morrow? tell me, you.

And "Here we are!" Yes, here, indeed, are we;

But we were not here once. Where were we then?

Where else, when we are not here, shall we be?

Shall we, next year, cry "Here we are again!"

Science Gossip.

THE most careful inquiry has failed to detect anything in the habits or conduct of the harmless little creature, so many of us have admired floating on the water when at sea, which can justify naturalists in calling it the Naughtylus. The name is evidently a misnomer.

The "Secretary" bird in the Zoological Gardens is taking lessons in short-hand.

The "Mud-lark" is not a singing bird.

AN ACCIDENT.

DURING the frost the Thermometer fell three times last week. Assistance was fortunately at hand on each occasion.



THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

Horatio. "O DO LEAVE OFF THAT NOISE, EMILIA, WILL YER?"

Lucretia. "DON'T SAY 'WILL YER,' HORATIO! SAY 'WILL YOU?'"

Horatio. "ALL RIGHT. LEAVE OFF! WILL YOU, EMILY!"

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

December 31, 1870.—"I stood on the Bridge at midnight," in my Irish frieze great coat, and made the following good resolutions for 1871.

To read a portion of GIBBON, or HUME, or some other standard author, every day.

To take regular exercise.

Not to mix my wines when I go out to dinner, and never to touch dessert.

To keep a diary, and to put down every evening what I have spent in the course of the day.

Never to give anything again to street-beggars.

Always to have my bath, even in the severest weather.

To go out shopping with my wife whenever she asks me, and to do so cheerfully and with money in my pocket.

To study some physical science—Astronomy, Palæontology, Chemistry, &c.

To resume my German.

To try to like classical music.

To pay ready money for *everything*.

Gradually to leave off smoking.

Not to sit up so late at night; and to get up early in the morning, light my own fire, and do work before breakfast.

To go to Islington to see my old cousin more frequently, and to ask her to stay with us for a few days in the Summer.

Not to read so many novels.

Not to wear my best hat every day.

To give no more Christmas-boxes.

To go to the dentist, if *that* tooth is not better.

To know all about eclipses, ozone, spots on the sun, the tides, &c.

Not to exceed my income.

To read the County History.

Always to travel third-class when alone.

To eat cold meat at dinner without a murmur or a frown.

To read the debates when Parliament meets.

To try to write more legibly.

To be very economical in cabs.

To go frequently to the British Museum and National Gallery.

To learn Bézique, and to play it with my wife every evening when we are alone.

To encourage the legitimate drama.

To wear goloshes; and

Not to send any more jokes to *Punch*. [This last is "a detail," and it need not trouble our Correspondent. Our Waste-Basket is large.—P.]

GOOD SCENTS.

A WELL-KNOWN perfumer provides nearly all the West End Theatres with scented programmes. The same scent everywhere. He is the real scentor of plays, as MR. W. B. DONNE has probably said. But—

Ach Himmel!
MISTER RIMMEL,

Couldn't you vary the monotony of your proceedings with an occasional something else? Can't you give us the Adelphi scent, the Princess's scent, the Globe Bouquet, the—in fact, anything for a change? Think over it, and let *Mr. Punch*, when he holds our newest programme in his delicate hand, not say of it what *Hamlet* did of the skull, but on the contrary, bless your ingenuity in the manufacturing of essences for the benefit of the Nineteenth century.

N.B.—Why not dedicate a perfume to the Vaudeville, and call it *The Two Noses*? Also the *Parfum de Parry* might be a graceful compliment to MR. ALBERRY; and, *à propos*, we trust that the odds are in favour of his new comedy at the Montague James and Thorne Theatre.

Lines to Mr. Lowe.

NE'ER throw away bootlaces snapt in twos,
One bootlace will suffice a pair of shoes.



THE ABSENT GUEST.

BRITANNIA. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR. BUT WHERE'S OUR FRIEND *PEACE*?"

NEW YEAR. "O SHE'S COMING BY-AND-BY!"

BRITANNIA. "AH, WE ALL HOPED YOU'D HAVE BROUGHT HER WITH YOU!"

AMUSEMENTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS!



coln's-Inn-Fields. If you happen to live near Regent's Park, take them to the Colosseum, and expatiate upon its past glories. The entertainment that used to be there can be left to their imagination; and this will save money.

The Statues in the Squares can be seen for nothing, when there's no fog.

On Sundays the Gallery of Illustration is a devotional place. The REV. T. GERMAN REED (he's no more German than you are French) preaches, and the organ is played by the Junior Deacon, the REV. CORNELIUS GRAIN. It is (by permission of the BISHOP OF LONDON and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN) now used as a Chapel of Ease to St. James's, where the Christy Missionaries address overflowing congregations during the week days.

On Saturdays, between twelve and three, the stage-door of Drury Lane is much frequented by the Loungers in London. The Clown walks out in ordinary everyday costume at this hour. It is not generally known. He usually lies down in front of the doorway and allows MR. CHATTERTON to tumble over him. No extra charge.

During the dark evenings there will be a considerable amount of Rifle practice in the streets by members of the Undetected Force.

The Crystal Palace has a Serious Pantomime, in keeping with the Religious Solemnities which inaugurated the opening of the Sydenham Temple.

MR. E. T. SMITH is (in time) to be made a Minor Canon of St. Paul's. The REV. E. P. LINDON, we believe, does not object to the appointment.

Talking of Ecclesiastical matters, the ceremony of granting the Annual Licence to Canterbury Hall by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY will be as imposing as ever.

LORD SYDNEY, in his official costume as Chamberlain, will review the Entire Corps de Ballet of London in Leicester Square. Due Notice will be given.

There is a new piece being played at the St. James's Theatre, called *Bombastes Furioso*. It is not from the French. It is supposed to have some political meaning, no other reason having been assigned for its production.

A Court Theatre is to be opened in Sloane Street. We have not heard which Court it is in. There will soon be an opposition establishment entitled the *Alley Theatre*, with performances in the vulgar tongue.

Seasonable Reading.

Don't burn the newspapers containing accounts of "The Weather and the Parks." Keep them to refer to in the Dog-Days; when they will be cool and pleasant reading. The records of last Summer's drought might just now help—for all that SHAKESPEARE says—an imaginative person to get warm.

SOMETHING NEW.

ALL poets, it seems, are not poor. It is a welcome change to read of *The Riches of CHAUCER*.

ADVICE TO GOVERNMENTS.—Dine with the Fishmongers' Company; they will warm the cockles of your heart.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO ASK FOR CHEQUES.

THE following letter appears in the *Daily News*—

"SIR,—Are your readers aware that on and after the 1st January cheques payable to order are subject to an *ad valorem* stamp duty as bills of exchange? The new Stamp Act, 33 and 34 Vic., cap. 97, so provides.—A CITY SOLICITOR."

This letter raises a most important question, and until it is settled no right-minded person will think of signing a cheque. The "City Solicitor" may be accurate, or in error, but the point must be cleared up. It would be wronging one's Sovereign to defraud the revenue, it would be wronging one's Family to pay more stamp-duty than the law requires. A correspondence on the subject must at once be opened with the Government, and in six weeks, or say two months, the state of the law may be ascertained. Until then, of course, no honest tradesman (and there are several of that class) will venture to trouble a customer. It may be suggested that the omission of the words "to order" would elude the difficulty, but this would be an unworthy subterfuge, to which we are sure no high-minded English gentleman and no high-principled English tradesman would stoop. There must be a brief period of suspension of cheques, after which ordinary commercial relations may be resumed.

SCOUNDRELS WELL SOLD.

It is to be hoped that the truth of the following paragraph, taken from the *Observer*, is only partial:—

"SHAM SOVEREIGNS.—The persons in America who advertised to sell sham sovereigns which could not be detected, have been arrested. There was no apprehension of our being inundated with base coin. The wiseacres who were foolish enough to send out orders and remittances received in return boxes of sawdust." [N.B.—We don't believe in the sawdust.]

The authors of a hoax whose victims were such as those whom the *Observer* mildly calls "wiseacres," surely gave no occasion for being arrested. They committed no offence in victimising rascals by practising on their rapacious rascality. The British Public ought to be very much obliged to them for the service they did in the exploit of biting the biters who got bitten by them through endeavouring to bite it. As soon as the American authorities discovered that the advertisements of sham sovereigns were only baits to catch birds of prey, they probably discharged the advertisers, whose proposed sale of bad money was in reality merely a "sell" which imposed only upon fools who were knaves as well, and very great knaves indeed, although less knaves than fools. But it is cheering to note that there is honesty enough in the United States to arrest American citizens for a supposed endeavour to cheat British subjects.

ANGLICAN APPLES.

In a Pastoral Letter addressed to his Clergy, the Bishop of Carlisle, DR. HARVEY GOODWIN, referring to advisable preparation for the possible disestablishment of the Church of England, says:—

"I regard it as highly desirable that we should accustom ourselves to a kind of action which in the case of a disestablished Church becomes an absolute necessity. It is well to practise swimming before the craft becomes a wreck."

If the most tolerant Church in the world should, through the prevalence of Nonconformity, come to be disestablished, let us hope that, having taken the BISHOP OF CARLISLE'S hint, and learned to swim, it will get on swimmingly. At present, Establishment keeps all the clergy in the same boat. But should the craft be wrecked, how then? When the swimming begins, how will the swimmers swim together? Too probably after the manner of diverse apples, capable of human speech. Will not then the Ritualist Pippin be highly indignant if the Low Russet or the Broad Codlin should, in the accustomed ecclesiastical Latin, accost it with "*Non poma nativum?*"

Our Christmas Corner.

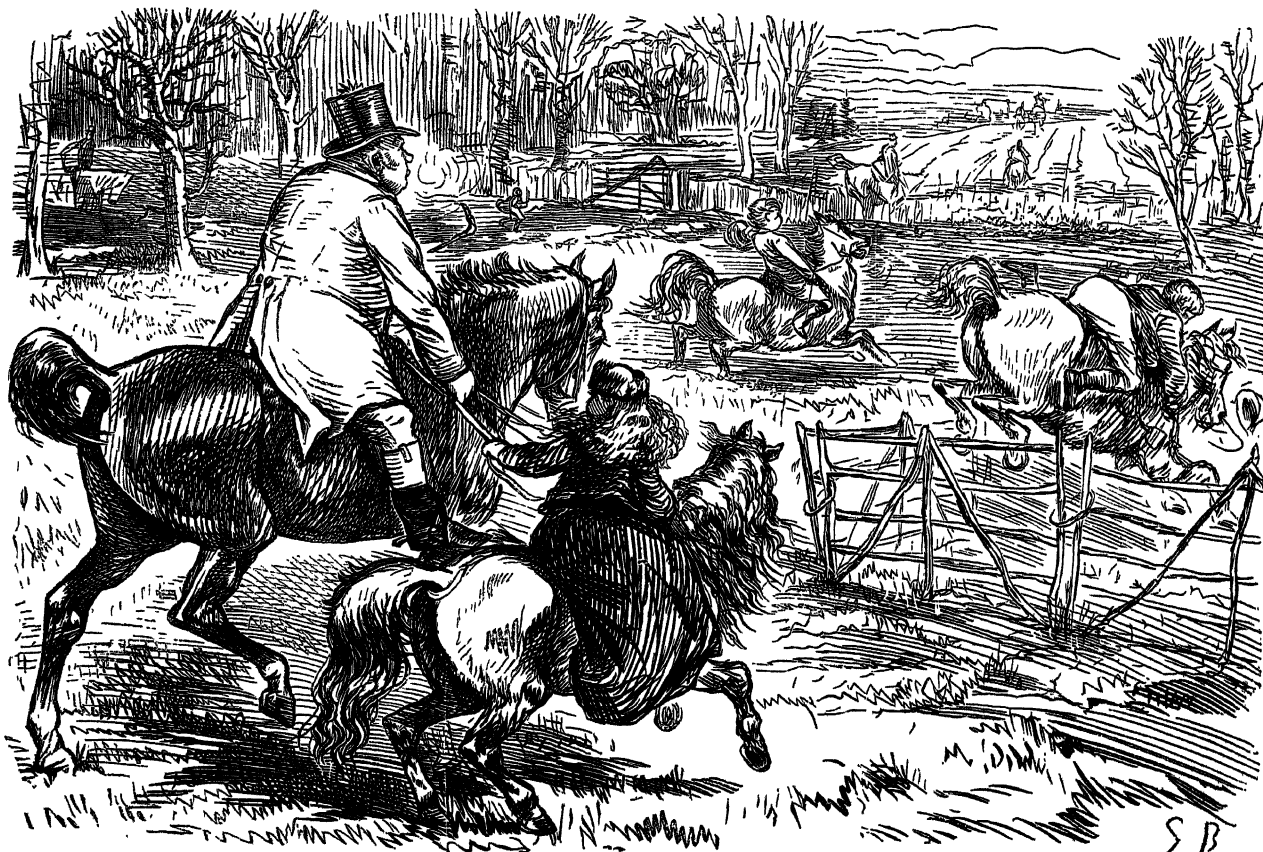
HARMLESS Slides for this weather are those belonging to Magic Lanterns.

New arrival at the Zoological Gardens.—A real Snap-dragon. Now on view.

What ancient author is supposed to have written a treatise on plum-pudding?—SUET-ONIUS.

What trade did MASTER JACK HORNER of corner celebrity subsequently adopt?—Probably that of a Plumber.

DOG LORE.—It is proverbially said that every dog has his day. If this were true, the Dog-days would be more numerous.



DOUBTFUL HOLIDAY

FOR OLD CHARLES, WHO HAS ORDERS "NOT TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

MASTER TOM LOOKS LIKE GRIEF AT THE HURDLES; MASTER PERCY'S PONY HAS BOLTED WITH HIM; MASTER ARTHUR IS OUT OF SIGHT, AND ON WITH THE HOUNDS; AND MISS ALICE IS REBELLING AGAINST THE LEADING REIN.

EMINENT MODERN BRITISH DRAMATISTS.

A DISTINGUISHED contributor to the *Athenæum*, distinguished that is from the others by signing himself "Q." is now engaged in giving from time to time his own views of Modern English Dramatic Authors. "Q." is evidently well qualified for his task, his freedom from prejudice being sufficient to satisfy one of the conditions imposed upon a critic by DEAN SWIFT. As Mr. "Q." has not got on very far with his work, Mr. P. begs to offer him some assistance, which will facilitate his progress and enable him to correct whatever mistakes into which he may up to this time have inadvertently fallen. Dramatic authors, with these eyes upon them, will now have to mind their P and their Q, and Mr. P. recommends the critic of the *Athenæum* henceforth in theatrical matters to take his Q from Mr. P.

We will commence with MR. PLANCHÉ. If he is the youngest he is at all events the most rising author of the present day. His strong tendency towards the sensational in the few plays of his which have as yet been produced make us fear for his future. His treatment of his subject is thoroughly original, and every scene evinces the rough bold touches of uncontrolled genius. Time will doubtless correct the faults of youth, and will teach him that one epigram is worth a hundred real confagurations and *bond fide* express trains on the stage.

TOM TAYLOR.—Another of our rising young dramatists. His avowed ignorance of modern languages is certainly a drawback to him in his career, as otherwise he might have already been able to study the works of the Great Masters of Tragedy and Comedy in France and Germany. Let us remind him that application will overcome all such obstacles as neglected education presents. His pantomimes are replete with humour, a great deal of which, however, we regret to say, is lost by the injudicious use of large Heads, through which articulate sounds cannot penetrate. He will be wiser next Christmas.

JOHN MADDISON MORTON.—A promising tragic writer. We regret to see in him a tendency to follow too closely the old classic

Greek models, which are totally unsuited to the time, and, indeed, are only specimens of dramatic art in its first stage. MR. MORTON'S tragedy *Bozandoc* has already drawn tears from most playgoers. We are anxiously awaiting his next effort.

DIONYSIUS BOUCICAULT.—This author belongs to the milk-and-water school of effeminate drama. Rejecting all situations and sensational effects, he relies entirely upon his dialogue, which is generally in blank verse, and leaves nothing for the eye to rest on. He will never take rank among our first dramatists until he quits this school-girlish style, and feeds himself and his audience upon far stronger meat than he has hitherto done. He shows to best advantage in a very small theatre with little actors; and, indeed, we may set him down as *facile princeps* among charade writers and such mild drawing-room entertainments as may be found by non-playgoers at the Polytechnic.

R. REECE seldom writes now. His style is too laboured for the present generation; and his subjects, being invariably taken from some fearful legend of Fraud, Duplicity, and Vice in its worst form, would hardly, in these fastidious days, pass the severe scrutiny of the Chamberlain's Office.

PALGRAVE SIMPSON.—If this gentleman could be cured of his love of mere boisterous fun, and a habit of introducing any wild scenes that may occur to him, regardless of the advance of the story, and if he would aim at graceful polish in dialogue, and eschew exuberance of slang, he might with practice some day achieve success. He is deficient in the art of construction, but no doubt this faculty may be ultimately acquired if he will only persevere, and carefully study his art.

THOMAS ROBERTSON.—More perhaps a Historian than a Dramatist, as his works tend to prove. His style is somewhat pompous and high-flown, the fault, no doubt, of his early training under the KEMBLES. His works can only be seen to advantage on the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

WATTS PHILLIPS.—Chiefly known by his brisk burlesques. His chief excellence consists in his power of getting rhymes out of most unlikely words. His works have always been of an ephemeral

character, and will never entitle him to the rank of an English classic.

F. C. BURNAND.—This author may perhaps have some claim upon our memory as a writer of the school of the great German KOTZEBUE, whose style he has too servilely followed ever to warrant our including him among the list of original British Dramatists. His dramas are seldom under ten acts, are less fitted for the stage than the closet, and though here and there the student may come upon a gem of deep poetic thought, yet it is almost entirely lost in the setting. His plays, deeply imbued, or, as PHILIP KEMBLE would have said, *Kotzebued*, with Teutonic metaphysical subtleties, will never take hold on the English public, until (*absit omen!*) Germany has invaded, and German thought has pervaded our much-loved island home.

DR. WESTLAND MARSTON.—It is pleasant to turn from the sombre gloom of MR. BURNAND'S writings to the lively, sprightly pieces, one third spectacle, one third ballet, one third extravaganza, of DR. W. MARSTON. He cannot, perhaps, dance himself, but he is the cause of dancing in others, and no man can inspire his actors with the genuine *chic* of a can-can or a breakdown so well as DR. WESTLAND MARSTON. His jingling rhyme is funny without vulgarity, his subjects, generally chosen from Fairy lore, are of a genial character, and we may set DR. W. MARSTON down as eminently the Dramatist for Juveniles.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.—Known chiefly by his Equestrian Dramas. With the decline of Astley's, MR. SKETCHLEY'S occupation has well-nigh gone. His plays depended upon their being well mounted, and some of his dialogue (in days when dialogue was really worth listening to) ought to be remembered for its breadth of sentiment and its pointed political allusions. He is a master of horse effects, and was able himself to instruct his actors in their various rôles. There is some talk of a theatre being subsidised by Government for the especial performance of the Sketchley - Equestrian Drama; but we fear the scheme will fall to the ground.

"Q" of the *Athenæum* is perfectly welcome to make what use he likes of the above information from his friend "Mr. P."

THE HEIGHT OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

In a circular, issued to solicit contributions for the "Extension of the New Cut Gospel Hall Work," a MR. WRIGHT, called by his familiars "NED WRIGHT," states that he seeks help "in providing soup suppers for the criminal classes in different parts of London." "Thieves' suppers," the *Times* prefixes to a paragraph, which contains the foregoing information. Thieves' suppers! What next? Thieves' dormitories, perhaps! Thieves' homes to house the poor thieves for the night, or the day—for those who pursue the line of burglary.

Soup suppers for thieves! What soup one would like to know? Possibly real turtle would not be thought too good by "MR. NED WRIGHT," if it were not too expensive. As it is, perhaps he would have them content with mock or ox-tail, and occasionally soup *à la Reine*. On one of these cold, wet nights, however, it may be suggested that mulligatawny would be more comforting for the poor thieves.

The idea of a Thieves' Supper is worthy of a New Cut Gospel. Is "New Cut" possibly a misprint for "Newgate?" though it comes to the same thing. In this new—whether New Cut or Newgate—Gospel, a prominent place should be assigned to BARABBAS. Supper for Thieves, indeed! The only proper meal is what our forefathers would have given them—Old English "whipping-cheer."

THE FIVE TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

1. LEND your friend a good umbrella, and live to see it back again.
2. Invite him to your club, and treat him to cold mutton, and find that he forgives you.
3. Ask him to post a letter, and learn within a week that he has actually done so.
4. Cut a gash in his new billiard cloth without ruffling his temper.
5. Tread upon his gouty toe, and see him smiling at your clumsiness.

A Hint.

"GENERAL FAIDHERBE has cut the Railway," said a telegram last week. If our Directors do not take speedy measures for the protection of our lives, wise English folks will follow the General's example.

PASSAGES OF ARMS.—In the Tower.

INSULATION. FOR EVER!

WHOE'ER on Electricity
Hath aught of information
Knows certain things the means to be
Of what's called Insulation;
Unless he is a perfect ass,
Obtuse to all instructors,
For instance, sealing-wax, and glass,
He knows are non-conductors.

He knows that Insulation means
The likeness to an Island,
Whose entire margin water screens,
Encompassing the dry land.
The waves around Great Britain flow,
Whence we are situated,
Thank goodness, from the whole world so
As to be insulated.

But insulation incomplete
Is ours for peaceful traders;
To perfect it we want a fleet,
Which can keep out invaders.
With adjuncts needful for our case
Which, with no vain reliance,
Will, we may trust, supply the place
Of glass and wax in science.

Upon an insulated stool,
Electrified when standing,
A maiden may repel a fool
As we do foes from landing.
Save that our insulating guns
It is that flash and crackle,
And shock the foolish foreign ones,
Who think our tars to tackle.

They jeer at us as insular
In many a thought and notion;
'Tis not unlikely that we are
Blest be surrounding Ocean!
And may we, if, some narrow views
Renouncing as a nation;
Our insularity we lose,
Ne'er lose our insulation.

STREET-SLIDES AND SURGERY.

THE late frosty weather (observes a medical correspondent) has been peculiarly seasonable for practitioners of the healing art, because it has greatly increased their opportunities for its exercise. Fortunately for us, the Law can interpose no hindrance between practice and bronchitis or rheumatism; but in respect of accidents we are less happily circumstanced, as you will see on reading the subjoined extract from the *Times*' Police Report:—

"At Bow Street the greater part of yesterday was occupied in disposing of cases of drunkenness and assault. There were also many charges against men and boys for sliding on the pavement to the danger of the passengers. Fines were imposed in most of these charges."

The imposition of fines for indulgence in the sport of sliding on the pavement, and thus endangering the limbs and even lives of passengers, cannot but tend to diminish our interesting and valuable cases of contusion, dislocation, and fracture, simple and compound. But we might be in a worse position. If Magistrates, empowered to visit the amusement abovementioned with fine or imprisonment, were, in the exercise of that discretion, to inflict imprisonment, they would put a stop to a pastime which they now but slightly check, and would effect the total discontinuance of a practice now largely beneficial to our own. On the whole, therefore, we have not much cause to complain.

Theatrical.

LINE FOR THE DRURY LANE PLAYBILL.

(Suggested as an Advertisement.)

Mr. Chatterton (quoting SHREEDAN to his purpose). "Here is the picture—BEVERLEY'S picture."—*Rivals*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

GOOD ADVICE.—A Reporter of great experience tells us, that to Digest a Tough Sermon you must first Take it Down.



"OUR NEW 'HERALDRY IS—HANDS."

First Horseman (mounted). "HULLO, MAGGITS, YOU HAVE GOT A TALL ONE NOW!"
Second Ditto (preparing). "YA-AS, YOU SEE HE'S WELL UP TO MY WEIGHT! NO MORE COBS FOR ME!"

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

Ere I plunged off, I did tarry
 Long on Wedlock's brink.
 How I ever dared to marry,
 I can hardly think.

Though then marriage brought less pressing
 Bills than it brings now
 With high living, and high dressing,
 Managed Heaven knows how.

Want of money, want of money,
 Must be want of mate,
 In default of prospects sunny;
 Hope of large estate:

Save for Proletarians, wholly
 Ruled by price of bread.
 None above the lowest lowly,
 But the rich, can wed.

Parents of the middle classes
 Can't, such wealth demands
 Wedlock, and so rare are asses,
 Get girls off their hands.

And a man with fear is harried,
 Children having got,
 Lest his grown sons should get married,
 And his daughters not.

Foggy.

An Unprofessional View of Things.

We are told that the College of Surgeons have resolved "to discontinue mixed classes for the study of medicine." Something new this—for the Doctors to disapprove of Mixtures.

AN AWFUL PLUNGE.

It is a very courageous thing to go down-stairs at one in the morning when there are thieves in the house.

It is a very courageous thing to walk on a dark road, alone, at night, in a garrotting neighbourhood.

It is a very courageous thing to try to separate husband and wife, when they are fighting in the street.

It is a very courageous thing to encounter your tailor, when you owe him a heavy bill.

It is a very courageous thing to meet a lady for the first time after she has jilted you.

It is a very courageous thing to tell a mother that her baby is ugly.

It is a very courageous thing to oppose the wishes of your wife and your wife's mother.

It is a very courageous thing to face a mad bull.

But, perhaps, the most courageous thing of all is, to bathe in the Serpentine at eight o'clock in the morning this severe weather.*

* "Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, there are, every morning, at eight o'clock, from ten to fifteen gentlemen who bathe in the Serpentine."

Startling Announcement.

The departing year has produced many astounding events, but can any one of them stand a comparison with this which is forthcoming—*A New Edition of the Universe?*

THE AFTER CONSEQUENCES.

The twentieth of December was "The Doctors' Day" at Merchant Taylors' School. In the family circle the twenty-sixth of December was the Doctor's Day.

Who should "despair of the Republic"?—Spain, since the trime with which her year was crowned.



"IS IT GREEK?"

Foreigner. "SAY, MUN, RAX ME OWRE THE POURRIE."

Southernner. "I'M SORRY—JE NE PARLE NO FRENCH."

Foreigner. "O, I BEG YE'RE PAURDON—HAN' ME THE CREAM-JUG."

[No—it is Scotch.]

FOREIGN COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

YAH, you people of mean traders!
Unprepared to meet invaders,
Who as fat prize oxen view you
Think of strife to keep clear, do you?

Will you let no insult poke you
Up to fight? Will nought provoke you?
Out of war to keep you've gone in,
But you'll certainly be drawn in.

There's a Treaty broken, look you.
Into trouble won't that hook you?
No! you dodge one more occasion
Of a quarrel, with evasion.

Ha, but now your flag is trampled!
Patience will be unexampled.
Do you wait for explanation?
Faugh, base, cautious, crawling nation!

Lo, your Army is neglected,
And your Coast is ill protected!
On your Navy what reliance,
In these days of steam and science?

Knowing that, do you determine
Not to strike, you sneaking vermin,
Till you're armed, by land and water,
With o'erwhelming means of slaughter?

Odious, peaceful, prosperous cattle,
Foes upon you may force battle.
Russians, backed by Yankees, kick you,
May they make you fight—and lick you!

Be your paltry alms confounded!
They but help our sick and wounded.
As allies we need your purses—
Give us money—take our curses!

More Wonderful Still.

TABLES "turn," and "creak," and "groan," and are
"set in a roar;" but doors beat them—they can speak—
at all events to those who say that they "answer"
them.

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE
HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR
PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

You wish me a happy new year, my dear Sir. Wish me rather, a happy new self. Without that, new years can bring me little but new vexations. But I thank you heartily; and as you have learned to be happy with a very little, I hope the year may bring you the Red Ribbon of your heart. Without unduly raising your hopes, I may say that a certain doctor has been called in in a certain quarter, and his patients are not given to trouble their friends long.

There is much scarlet fever around us, and I sent twenty guineas to our clergy, who have been manful among the poor. You do not think I tell you this to magnify my charity, for I know that you will not tell of it again. But I must mention it, because you must hear the charming passage from *Shakspeare* with which I sent the money. I wrote to the Vicar in the words of Don Armado. *Understanding that the Curate and yourself are good at such eruptions, &c.* Praise me, or for ever hereafter hold your peace, as, indeed, you are too apt to do without invitation.

Do not ask me any more about Paris. I am sick of the subject, and the Parisians have just done a thing which makes me hate them. What do you say to their having sold the three poor elephants at the Jardin to a butcher, to be slain for food! The poor, dear, affectionate, kindly creatures—how could any one have the heart to murder them? Also, to feed perhaps a gang of the swaggering, cowardly National Guards whom Trochu can by no manner of means persuade to stand fire. The elephants themselves, with towers filled with riflemen, would be a hundred times more useful in attack than the gluttons who are to devour them. I only hope that they

will be put to death easily. Imagine their being dragged from India and Africa to live in cages, and amuse a mob for years, and then to be killed, and eaten by the mob! I hope they will disagree with the cannibals. As for the Paris folk, they will soon be in the condition of the King of Siam, as described to Mr. Samuel Pepys, one of my predecessors in the representation of Castle Rising "Our king do not live by meat nor drink, but by having great lyes told him." But I suppose things are coming to an end. As for the new Emperor of Germany, he must, he shall, spill much more blood to make his Title good. Royal heraldry rejoices in *gules*.

The Airgonauts have not been sailing much from Paris of late. The skilled air-sailors have all departed, so sea-sailors are being pressed into the service. When I told you that Louis Philippe's father had been ascending in a balloon, I little thought that the machine would ever play such a part in war. It will date, in history, from the great siege. 'Twas a French invention, and they have a right to its benefits.

Your young King Amadeus has been duly welcomed by his Spanish subjects, whom he has addressed in I know not what language. I do not love Kings, but I can admire courage even in them, and he has shown himself worthy of the blood of Savoy. The murder of Prim was a dastardly deed, and whether done by priests or republicans, has recoiled on its authors, for the nation rallies to the young Sovereign. The assassins escaped so easily that one would think Iberia was Hibernia.

Any one introduced by you has but to think I can serve him, to command me. I have shewed all attention to Mr. V. But I may say to you that I fail to discover in him the wit you credit him with. All he managed in that way was a set of well-worn jokes of a Biblical sort. Perhaps I am not one to preach against that kind of humour, but there is a difference between a sly, quiet allusion sent to a friend, and a loud-mouthed irreverence in all companies. When I know him well enough, or when I am enough tired of him not to mind offending him, I shall tell him that a witty man despises such things for their easiness, and a good man detests them for their

profanity. That will stop his vulgarisms or his visits. I know you do not care much about him, my dear Sir, or I should not say this. As for the other man you mention, he has ceased to trouble me. He wrote against the church and standing armies until he had made money enough to buy a living for one son, and a commission for the other, and he has retired into the country, I suppose to write a sequel to *The Hypocrite*. I hope he has a good looking-glass, for the best art studies closest from Nature.

My tipsy gardener, Ralph, whom I do not like to keep or to discharge, nearly relieved me from the dilemma last week, but he having never, for his life, been able to do anything thoroughly, matters are as they were. He, *Bacchi plenus*, went head foremost into the gold-fish pond. I ought to have let him remain there, but fearing for the nerves of my poor little fishes, I ran out bareheaded, and in the rain, and hooked him out with his own rake. Since, he has been more tipsy than ever, on the plea of keeping out the cold. I have never been more struck with the merit of the illustration which a husband, asked by his wife what was the difference between an accident and a misfortune, gave the inquiring virago. "Why, my love, if you fell into a river, that would be an accident." "Yes, well?" "And, my soul, if you got out again, that would be a misfortune."

You will see the Ministerial changes in the *Gazette*. Strawberry Hill is the Board of Trade, and I should not wonder if we acquit ourselves well. Whenever there is a frightful muddle and ruin anywhere, it is always caused by the "men of business," as they loftily call themselves. I think the men of pleasure should have an innings. I told you of the Indian General, who ought to have had War. It seems that they did want him, and do, but—not yet. So the existing War-God inaugurates his new reign by two blunders. Firstly, he actually defends himself against a charge of having stated a falsehood, of which the Druid is as incapable as you or I, and no one should quote of him:—

"In yonder cave a Druid lies."

Secondly, he writes to his Chief hereon, because it is mentioned in a wretched petition—I suppose, from some of the discharged white-bait waiters at Greenwich—asking the Premier to retire from the representation of tea and shrimps. Fancy a War-Secretary noticing such insolence. Fancy old Pam's War-Secretary doing it—and living. Lord Hartington goes to Ireland, and yet the able young old Whig is not to be pitied, for he will live in intimacy with the Viceroy and Vicereine. Mr. Monsell takes the Post Bag, which reminds me that mine yawns for this letter.

Ever Yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

SERIOUS NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.



TRANSPORT is a strong word, but we may at least say, that with joy and with thankfulness every father with sons nearly ready to leave Dr. PERRIN's, and quite ready to begin life, received the announcement in the long summer days, that the entire Civil Service, with the exception of one or two favoured offices, was to be thrown open to all our boys, provided they were of a suitable age, could produce certificates of health, morals, and successful vaccination, and did not go wrong in their

interview with the Official Examiners. No more patronage! No more nominations! No more importunities to the Borough Member! A new clause seemed to be added to the British Constitution. Parents with promising male offspring (the girls' turn, some of the more daring felt, was sure to come in time) saw in their sons future First Lords, or Privy Counsellors, or principal Secretaries of State, or, at the very least, Chief Clerks and Heads of Departments.

Then came depressing announcements of the withdrawal of certain

public offices from the operation of the Order in Council, which had seemed to emancipate the Civil Service from patronage and jobbery, and to introduce Free Trade in Government Appointments; until at last fathers and mothers began to fear that if HAROLD and ARTHUR were to take office under the Crown, their entrance into public life must be accomplished either through the Excise or the Police.

It is our painful duty to-day to give publicity to a notice in the *London Gazette* which, we fear, will not tend to allay these serious misgivings. Another Department has found shelter in Schedule B., another office is exempted from the unrestricted competition of healthy, well-conducted, and well-crammed youth—one, too, on which the hopes of all, particularly in North Britain, must, from the very outset, have been pre-eminently fixed.

As suspense may be becoming painful, it is kinder at once to make known the fact that "The Keeper of the General Register of Sasines, and of the Register of Hornings, Inhibitions, &c. for Scotland, with the concurrence of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, hereby adds all situations in the Departments of the General Register of Sasines, and of the Register of Hornings, Inhibitions, &c. for Scotland, to the Schedule marked B., annexed to Her Majesty's Order in Council of the 4th of June, 1870."

To comment on this heartless announcement—the death-blow to so many high aspirations—would only serve to harrow the feelings unnecessarily. Regrets are unavailing, remonstrances would probably be equally ineffectual. The Civil Service can no longer be looked upon as the honourable and extensive field for youthful industry, energy, and ability (commencing at seventy pounds per annum, and rising by an annual increment of fifteen pounds, to three hundred and fifty), which it was fondly hoped it might become. But we have one spark of hope left. Parliament meets in a few weeks. We are strangely mistaken if we have heard the last of "The Keeper of the Register of Sasines, Hornings, Inhibitions, &c."

THE CHIGNON AT CAMBRIDGE.

At the examination lately held at Cambridge, a number of students from the Ladies' College at Hinton passed their "Little-go;" the first time that such undergraduates ever underwent that ordeal. It is gratifying to be enabled to add, that out of all those flowers of loveliness, not one was plucked. Bachelors of Arts are likely to be made look to their laurels by these Spinsters, and Masters must work hard or they will be eclipsed by Mistresses, more completely than the Sun was the other day by the Moon. And we may expect that when such competitors of both sexes come to perform upon the classical and mathematical Tripos, a Pythoness will be first upon the former, and another young lady will dance off triumphantly Senior Wrangler.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see a chimney-sweep having his shoes blacked?
Did you ever lose a five-pound note at Loo, and find out who had won more than half-a-dozen shillings of it?
Did you ever get an omnibus to stop exactly where you wished it?
Did you ever know a lady with a wasp-like waist, whose disposition also was not rather waspish?
Did you ever meet an Alderman who was a Vegetarian?
Did you ever know a baby that was not considered "the sweetest ever born," and "so like" somebody or other, to whom you can't discover an atom of resemblance?
Did you ever meet an Englishman abroad, who did not seem to think that he lost caste by speaking civilly?
Did you ever challenge a stranger to play billiards, without mutually asserting that you hadn't touched a cue for upwards of a twelvemonth?
Did you ever hear a modest man propose a toast, without regretting that it had not been placed in better hands.
Did you ever come home late and try to get to bed without anybody hearing you, when the front door did not bang, and every stair explode as though it were a fog-signal?

Popularity and Patronage.

"THE best of Ministers, in these our days,
Earns very much abuse, and little praise.
Antagonists decry him, as of yore,
But partisans extol him so no more.
He, by consulting simply public ends,
Makes hosts of enemies, but gains few friends.
By favour now that place no longer goes,
His friends are cool, and ardent are his foes.

WHENEVER the "Reduced Prizefighters" take a benefit at a theatre, the play should be *The Miller and his Men*.

MISTAKEN HUMANITY.



DEPUTATION of Sympathisers with the Canine Species yesterday waited on *Mr. Punch* (who represented MR. GLADSTONE), to complain of the remissness exhibited by Government in not using their influence to prevent the continued fighting of dogs in the street.

Mr. Punch said he could assure them that the Ministry of which he was the Monitor had done everything in their power to prevent dogs from following their quarrelsome inclinations. They had called to them in the most persuasive tones to lie down and be quiet; but the animals would fly at each other's throats, and they could not prevent

them. Afterwards they had endeavoured to part them by hollering with all their might, but to no purpose. The attempt to separate them by main force would be attended with more than danger—to which no humane Government would subject people. Those employed in making it would certainly get their hands severely bitten, the consequence of which might be hydrophobia, and, ultimately, a great pecuniary loss to the nation. Nobody could be more distressed than he (*Mr. Punch*) was at the spectacle presented by the canine combatants. They tore one another's ears in a way fearful to contemplate, and inflicted the most horrible lacerations on each other. His heart bled to behold such sights. But the atrocities which they mutually perpetrated probably hurt those who reciprocated them less than the lookers-on. A thoughtful poet had finely said:—

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For ‘tis their nature to,”

and the poetry of those two lines he believed was no fiction. There was every reason to believe that the dogs loved fighting, as they went to fight with their eyes open, and would fight in spite of the most earnest dissuasion. By-standers would act unjustly in taking part with the weaker dog. That dog had attacked the other first. At present, even if inclined, we had not power to choke off the stronger dog. By trying to do so we should most likely bring bears down upon us, and also wake snakes. He (*Mr. Punch*) would not trouble his beloved hearers with a long sermon, but would conclude, instead of beginning, his discourse with a text, which all present who had acquired the “Three R’s” had learned in cultivating the Second R., and he would recommend them to study it with reference to the fighting dogs in whose unhappy strife they took a kind but injudicious interest. His (*Mr. Punch*) text was, “Mind your own business.”

The Deputation, having thanked *Mr. Punch* for the instruction which he had given them in answering their application, withdrew.

COCK AND HEN ROBINS.

In many a country-house, during the late inclement weather, occasionally, at breakfast time, a pleasing sight has been presented by a cock-robin hopping up to the window, and a pretty little girl (or great one) feeding it with crumbs. The thought of it suggests the query, why is the red-breast always spoken of as cock-robin? Are there no hen red-breasts? would be a fool's question, but the fellow is uncommonly wise in ornithology who knows a cock red-breast from a hen. The hen red-breast is so like the cock as to be almost indistinguishable from him in appearance. To minds of a figurative tendency, the masculine semblance of the female red-breast may seem to render her an apt emblem of the Strong-Minded Woman.

A Prussian Joke.

That motto of the HOHENZOLLERN is *Sum Cuique*. It befits their history, and would be as suitable to their hatchments as *Resurgam*. No less appropriate would it be as an epitaph on a headstone over *Rob Roy*'s grave. How much less becoming a scrupulous Royal Family would be *Altemus Nobis*!

PUNCH'S COUNTY FAMILIES.

Revised and Corrected for 1871.

DE CRECY, Humphrey Bolingbroke Bohun, Esq., of Mandeville Manor, Carthusalemsire. Eldest son of the late Amontillado De Crecy, Esq., who was eccentric and irascible, and High Sheriff of Carthusalemsire in 1833, and never saw or spoke to his heir for the last fifteen years of his life. Born 1805; succeeded to his father's estates and mortgages in 1840; married for her money Betsy Ann, grand-daughter and heiress of Sir Jacob Wispington, Knt., Sheriff of London and wealthy soap-boiler, and has no issue, to his great annoyance and mortification. *Heir presumptive*, whom he detests, his cousin Ralph Ranulphus De Crecy, a retired Major in the Army, and a Club bore.

Mr. De Crecy is a lineal descendant of Waters De Cressy who commanded the artillery at the Battle of Poitiers, and whose walking-stick is still preserved at Mandeville. He is an obstinate magistrate for Carthusalemsire, and during the last five years ninety-two persons have been convicted for offences committed against the Game Laws on his estate, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and penal servitude. He is patron of three livings.

Mandeville Manor, Falmington, and Wisecres Club, London, S.W.

DASHWOOD-PARDEROY, Francis Dowdeswell, Esq., of Tantillion Park, Corkshire.

Grandson of the late Stephen Dashwood-Pardero, Esq., who was M.P. for the borough of Old Sarah, 1808–1830.

Born 1828; educated at Eton and Oxford, where he studied athletic amusements, and contracted expensive habits; married, for love, after a spirited competition for his hand and fortune by the leading unmarried ladies in Corkshire, Esther Ellen, tenth child and fourth daughter of the Rev. John Goodman, Vicar of Little Gainsford, and has, with numerous other surviving issue, Cyril Charles Hubert Alexander Goodman, now at Oxford, doing much the same as his father did.

Mr. Dashwood-Pardero is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Corkshire and Cornshire, and a Captain in the Corkshire Yeomanry; Lord of the Manor of Reynardsworth; Master of the Mah-stock Hounds; handsome, generous, and popular, and a determined opponent of humbug, cant, and indifferent claret.

Tantillion Park, Dryborough, and 77, Vivian Terrace, London, W.

ARTIMORE, Daniel Gillson, Esq., of Splendery Castle, Humberland.

Fourth son of *Mr. Robert Drogsworth* (familiarly called “Old Bob Drogsworth”), of Tipwhistle, grazier, by Sarah Jane, third daughter of *Mr. Thomas Pumpkiss*, of the same place, cowkeeper.

Born 1810; educated anyhow; apprenticed to a general shopkeeper at Tipwhistle; succeeded in life; head of the great firm of Drogsworth, Wagthorn, Gripmore, and Flaxondale, Shipowners, Ironmasters, Contractors, and General Carriers; married, first, in 1831, Miss Mary Ann Gumsworth, daughter of — Gumsworth, and by her, fortunately, had no issue; secondly, in 1854, the Honourable Idoliza Caroline Artimore, eldest daughter of Hugh, 12th Lord Launceston, by whom he has one son, Hugh Bellenden Fitzherbert, b. in 1856, now at Harrow, and four daughters—Blanche Eleanor, Victoria Idoliza, Edith Lilian, and an infant, Lorna.

In 1855, after his second marriage, *Mr. Drogsworth*, persuaded by his wife, assumed by Royal licence the name and arms of Artimore, in lieu of his own patronymic. He was M.P. for Bullionby, but unseated on petition, and has been High Sheriff of Humberland; Chairman of the Crowdsie, Fallowfield, and Windymoss Railway; a Director of the Interceanic Bank; D.C.L.; Fellow of the Royal Heraldic Society; and Honorary Colonel of the Humberland Rifle Rangers, to which corps he gives surpassing luncheons.

Splendery Castle, Teviotmouth; St. Ronald's Lodge, Gilgillan, N.B.; Villa Maritima, Waterspread; and 121, Ambassador Square, London, W.

BARMYAN, Dorothea Frances Jaquetta, of Ladyswell, Honeymoonshire.

Only child and heiress of Montague John Barmyan, Esq.; succeeded to her father's vast estates and choice cellar of wines in 1832; unmarried, and means to remain so; a vegetarian; wears her own hair; fond of dogs and distributing tracts, and extremely charitable. *Heir presumptive*, The Society for the Relief of the Indigent Evangelical clergy.

Ladyswell, Bridleforth, and Parfleet's Private Hotel, Stopford Street, London, S.W.



THE CARPET-DANCE.

First Whist-Player. "WHY, FUSBY, THERE'S YOUR WIFE DANCING! WHO'S HER PARTNER?"

Fusby. "O, GOODNESS KNOWS! SOME MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY, I SHOULD IMAGINE!"

[She was a lovely girl twenty years ago—the good-for-nothing old wretch!—and the wife she'd been to him!]

EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS.

(Prize Questions and Answers: Dedicated to the London School Board.)

- Q. Who was Zero?
 A. A Roman philosopher, who played on the fiddle while inventing the Thermometer.
 Q. State what you know of Plutarch.
 A. He was King of the Infernal Regions, married Porcupine, and subsequently re-wrote the Heathen Mythology.
 Q. Who was Theodolite?
 A. A native of Alexandria, and a Christian historian.
 Q. Give a short account of Abelard.
 A. He was a solicitor who refused to go to the Crusades. His partner was Heloise. They were both buried together.
 Q. How many Graces were there?
 A. Nine.
 Q. Mention them in order.
 A. A Grace before dinner, a Grace after, and Grace Darling.
 That's three. Three Graces of Canterbury, York, and Dublin.
 That's six. A Grace of the Cambridge Senate, a bad Grace, and a good Grace. That's nine.
 Q. How did Shakspeare make use of Niobe as a simile?
 A. He said she was like a large theatre; "all tiers."
 Q. When does a Russian Serf have a real holiday?
 A. When he gets a *knouting*.
 Q. Who were the Nestorians?
 A. They were followers of Nestor, one of the oldest and wisest Greeks of his age.
 Q. State what you know of the Marionettes?
 A. They were heretics living in Syria.
 Q. Do you remember any Vegetarians in the fourth century?
 A. Yes, certainly. They were a party among the Arians, just as the Vegetable-Marionites formed a distinct sect among the Maronites.
 Q. Who was the founder of the last-named sect?

A. P. Virgilius Maro, after whom they were called.

Q. Who was Hero?

A. A Heroine, beloved by Neander, who wrote his Church history, and was then drowned out bathing.

(Prize given. Examination closed.)

A MUCH-ABUSED MAN.

THEIR ex-monarch and idol the French who defame,
 Still allow him one very respectable name;
 For a Man, at least, LOUIS NAPOLEON they own,
 Man of Strasburg, for instance, and Man of Boulogne.

By his bitterest foes he's described as a Man,
 As the Man of December, and Man of Sedan.
 For misfortune, perhaps, more than fault they've maligned him.
 As the song says, we "Speak of a man as we find him."

When?

THE resolute ladies who, sticking at nothing, desire to be allowed to study Surgery, Anatomy, &c., in our public hospitals, are talking with triumph of GEORGIONE's picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition of the Works of the Old Masters—"A Lady Professor of Bologna"—and anticipating that glorious time when some one of the clever Scotch portrait painters will exhibit "A Lady Professor of Edinburgh."

UNION IS STRENGTH.

EVERY German soldier, a Correspondent tells us, carries a hymn-book in his pocket. Very nice this: No *Herr* never without a hymn.

"CREATURE COMFORTS."—Good Wives.



AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

NEPTUNE. "I'VE MADE ALL SAFE OUTSIDE, MA'AM! MARS, THERE, MUST MAKE ALL SAFE INSIDE!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



TOUCHING DRURY LANE.—Pantomime thoroughly successful, owing mainly to the clever "VOKES Family." We give MR. CHATTERTON a couplet of advice—

Place at the head of the Drury Lane Bill.
Here you'll see Vokes et prætere a nil.

Not that prætere a nil is strictly true, for the talented VOKES don't paint the scenery—

Which very cleverly,
Does MISTER BEVERLEY—

but we dare say they could if they only tried. They can sing, dance, and act, and MISS VICTORIA VOKES can, we believe, play a heroine in serious drama (and Amy Robsart was a very serious drama) as well as she can a burlesque part in a pantomime opening.

They are, generally speaking, invaluable to the management. Then again, the Lessee is fortunate in his Clown, MR. F. EVANS, who can do genuinely funny pantomime business, as well as tumble. First-rate Mime for children to see, and having said thus much we proceed to our review in our usual form.

In the Theatre. Time 7.35 or thereabouts. House nearly full; Pit and Gallery crammed. Farce just finishing. Buzz from Gallery; general humming sound about the house.

Enter Acute Person (finds his Stall, and a Friend). Ah! how d'ye do? Pantomime not begun, eh? What are they playing?

His Friend. Don't know.

[They try to catch anything that's being said on the stage.

Comic Man (playing in the Farce, at the top of his voice). We must be cautious for—

[Hullabaloo—buzz—hum. Remainder of speech inaudible.

Second Comic Man (evidently playing a very good part). I think MASTER GEORGE is—

[Hum, hum, hum, buzz, buzz, buzz, from all round the house.

Enter people into Stalls and Private Boxes.

Lady (in farce, smiling and saying something very nice to young Man). We mustn't—

[Noise as before.

Enter more people playing in the Farce. Housemaid sweeps somebody off with a broom; great applause; shouts.

Young Man (the lover in the Farce, advancing to the footlights, and bawling out the tag as loud as he can). And if our friends in front—

[Hum, hum, buzz, buzz, applause; shouts. They bow, and probably say to themselves, "Thank Goodness, that's over."

Curtain. Indiscriminate and unbounded applause. Every one very much relieved.

Chilly Gentleman (in Stalls, shivering). Dear me! Ugh! One really wants feet-warmers and rugs. Ugh! (Wishes he hadn't given his great coat to Stall-keeper. Looks towards Stall entrance vindictively) I wish they'd keep that door shut.

[Looks upon everyone coming in as his personal enemy.

Exciting moments. Orchestra tuning. Question and answer by Fiddle and Bassoon. Enter determined Conductor. Preliminary tap. All ready? Flageolet staggering on one note. Called to order. Ready? Off. Start of that magnificent and tremendous composition, the Drury Lane Pantomime Overture. Gradual cessation of buzzing and humming.

Box full of Children, awe-struck. They never take their eyes off the Curtain.

Anxious Little Boy. I say, Grandma, when's the Clown coming?

[Grandamma explains, but fails to satisfy his curiosity.

Naïf Little Boy puts this question with every change of scene.

Impassioned Lover (in Stalls during overture to the object of his affections). If I could only think that you—

[He has unfortunately been placed near the big drum and cymbals—whack—bang; impossibility of sotto-voce conversation.

Object of Affection (bending her head a little—tenderly). What? Impassioned Lover (straining every nerve to render himself audible in a whisper). If I could only—

[Bang, whack, clash, and the band plays "Rule Britannia," to which the Gallery chorus, and then applaud themselves vociferously. Curtain rises. Applause.

Old Time speaks, and presently says something about "Six being half-a-doing."

[Old joke, welcomed by audience. Elderly Gentleman in dress circle with his grandchildren is seen to weep. A little boy on stage speaks some lines distinctly.

Niece (to Uncle, who has brought her). What a clever little boy!

Uncle. Yes (referring to bill). That's Master Tinychap. Dear me! What an odd—(suddenly awaking to the fact)—oh, I see—(explains to his niece)—that's not his real name, that's a-a—(at a loss for a word)—a make-believe name.

[Is satisfied with himself, and thinks what exquisite humour it is to call a boy Mr. Tinychap—so droll.

Chilly Person (shivering). How very cold it is now the curtain's up. [Determines never again to leave his coat with the box-keeper in winter.

Late Arrival (with umbrella and coat, as if he expected it to rain in the Stalls, enters). Beg pardon—(cheerfully)—beg pardon—

[Treads on toes, passes along third row to his supposed destination.

Stall-keeper (calling). Here, Sir, that's not your stall.

Late Arrival. Hey? not? then, why the—

[Recollects ladies are present; retraces his steps over people's toes, bumping against their knees.

Chilly Person. Dear me! why can't people come earlier? (Swools at Late Arrival, and makes an obstacle of his knees.) Confound his umbrella!

[It falls on his toes.

Late Arrival (cheerfully). Beg pardon! (Chilly One swools.) Cold night, isn't it? (Smiling on the Chilly One.) They've begun some time, eh?

Chilly One (grumpily). Yes; half an hour. Why ~~would~~ they shut that door?

Late Arrival (rubbing his hands cheerily). Snowing tremendously.

Paterfamilias (from Clapham, overhearing this intelligence, turns to Materfamilias and Friends, aghast). How shall we get back?

Materfamilias (determined to enjoy all she can for the money now she is out). O, it will be better soon; and JARVIS has sent us a good horse with the fly. [Paterfamilias is disturbed for the rest of the evening.

[Wonderful Dance by the VOKES. Overpowering encore. Beautiful Scene—Haunt of the Water Nymphs—Crowds of Nymphs. Calls for "BEVERLEY! BEVERLEY!!" Enter from Prompt side the Good Genius of the Paint Brush, looking like the Ghost of Hamlet's father, "more in sorrow than in anger," at being called upon to appear. He bows mournfully, shakes his head diffidently, as much as to say, "You really mustn't, you know—no, don't—please, don't," and backs out, apparently to be carried away exhausted in MR. CHATTERTON'S arms, or, which is more likely, to step suddenly on the Prompter's toes.]

Niece (thinking MR. BEVERLEY a character in the Pantomime, and that perhaps his head will come off, or he'll be afterwards Clown). Who's that?

Uncle (after vainly referring to his bill). Eh? that's—that's—ah—I suppose that's—the—the—um—the Scene Decorator, you know.

[He evidently looks upon this art as on a par with the House painter, decorator, plumber, and glazier.

Critical Person. Pity the singing's not better.

[In consequence of some Nymph, perhaps a Water-Nymph with a cold, attempting a song.

Habitué (Charles, her Friend). Yes. One only wants to hear something lively. You don't want words in a Pantomime. It ought to be all VOKES and BEVERLEY.

Critical Person. Yes; here they are again—he's marvellous.

[Alludes to the VOKES who represents Moore of Moore Hall.

Playgoer (in Pit, admiring MISS VICTORIA VOKES). I say, she played Hamy Robsart.

His Companion. O' course. She did it no end 'stunning, too. Like this better nor that, eh, GEORGE?

George (with an orange, nods and winks his sentiments). Yes. (Stops suction.) I see t'other one do it—NELSON. She can't dance like this here one. Bravo, VOKES!

[Applauds with his feet and resumes orange.

Then follows a scene played entirely by children.

Materfamilias (to Paterfamilias). O! we must bring the children to see this.

Paterfamilias (craftily seizing the opportunity). Yes, dear, certainly. You can bring them, and I'll fetch you, afterwards.

[Says this in view of a bachelor dinner at his Club.

Materfamilias (checkmating, with a move towards a fly for the day, and doing some shopping). O, we needn't trouble you, dear, I can take them to a Morning Performance.



DESPERATE CASE!

M. A. (endeavouring to instil Euclid into the mind of Private Pupil going into the Army). "NOW, IF THE THREE SIDES OF THIS TRIANGLE ARE ALL EQUAL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN?"

Pupil (confidently). "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD SAY THE FOURTH WOULD BE EQUAL, TOO!"

IMPROVED PENNY-A-LINING.

AMONG the many valuable lessons to be taught us by the present War, may be noticed a style of narrative which ordinary reporters may learn from Special Correspondents. Even these eye-witnesses of the realities of War occasionally, indeed, present us with unadorned accounts of them, as harrowing as we can imagine any details which could have been revealed by the *Ghost in Hamlet*, if he had not been forbidden to tell the secrets of the prison-house. But by far the greater part of their letters from the seat of war are written in that lively and cheerful manner which, in modern English, is distinguished by the epithet "rollicking." Now, would it not be a great improvement on the usual language in which the British Public is wont to be supplied with information concerning common murders and executions, if the "rollicking" style were generally adopted by the gentlemen of the Press who chronicle those events? No civil murder, whether in respect of the number of victims, or the spectacle presented by their remains, however seriously considered, is comparable for horrors to the carnage of a battlefield; and no execution, not even that of DAMIENS, can be regarded as a scene of torture more complicated and atrocious than that presented by the wounded, on the plain, or in a military hospital. Yet a single murder, or infliction of capital punishment, described in customary terms, is much duller and more dismal reading than the most sanguinary battle, recounted in Special Correspondents' special way. Surely reporters would very much enliven our breakfast tables by similar treatment of common homicide and hanging.

The scenery surrounding the spot at which a murder had been committed, the costume, manners, and customs of the people thereabouts, and other like circumstances, would afford plenty of subjects for minute and lively word-painting. The journey to the prison wherein a murderer was to be hanged, would probably be attended

A SONG FOR THE STREET.

ANOTHER broken Treaty
Again we must deplore;
An act as base and shameful
As e'er was done before:
The pious KING OF PRUSSIA
His plighted word denies:
And goes down on his marrow-bones,
And turns aloft his eyes.

COUNT BISMARCK at his elbow,
For one we know to be;
We will not say, a Party
Besides, that we can't see.
By secret instigations,
Who prompts to deed like CAIN'S;
For instance, that invasion foul
And slaughter of the Danes.

Old NICK's son, ALEXANDER,
Was first, beneath his hoof,
To trample his engagements,
By means of GORTSCHAKOFF.
He waited his occasion—
He saw that France was lame,
And thought "'Tis now the time of day
To play my little game."

Young NICK's religious Kinsman
Now follows in his wake.
Believe no affidavit
Such characters may take.
They may impose on Chaplains,
And other clergymen;
But old JOHN BULL will never trust
That precious Pair again.

A Papal Periphrase.

WHAT does the POPE mean by constantly calling VICTOR EMMANUEL the Sub-Alpine King? To speak prophetically, believers in papal sacro-sanctity may imagine; his Holiness foreseeing the King of Italy buried, for sacrilege, beneath an Alp, like the Titan under Etna. If so, let us hope that, as a Prophet, at least, the Holy Father is not infallible.

NEW PROVERB.—Set an Ass to find a Mare's Nest.

with numerous incidents which could be put in a jocose light. A break-down of a cab, the quality and price of a cigar smoked on the way, and many other matters equally relevant, could be worked up likewise; and the whole relation, ten times its present average length, could conclude with the agreeable embellishment of a chat with CALCRAFT.

The advantage derived from "rollicking" reports of assassinations and executions would be that of inducing a very large, if not the largest, class of readers to regard murder and the gallows with a feeling no more painful than the levity with which they think of artillery and rifles, and the work wrought by means of those instruments of glory.

SALLY BY A SCOT.

At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Free Church Presbytery, a resolution "emphatically and solemnly" protesting "against the doctrine or opinion that the rulers of this Protestant country may, or ought to, charge themselves with taking any concern about the dignity, freedom, or independence of the POPE—even on the ground of there being so many in the country willing to own his spiritual supremacy," was carried, on the motion of DR. CANDLISH. Heh, mon, our CANDLISH, a'm thunkin, is a burnin' an' a shinin' light o' the Free Kirk; na Puseyite Rectualeest Roman Candlish bodie."

Piety Before Paris.

It is a wonder that the pious KING OF PRUSSIA has not long ago allowed Paris to be re-victualled. So Christian a Sovereign, one imagines, would naturally think that giving his enemies food and drink would be a method of heaping coals of fire on their heads more effectual than that of a bombardment.

THE UNNECESSARIES OF LIFE.

CHRISTMAS BOXES.
 Honorary Colonels.
 Commissions by Purchase.
 Paint—on the Face.
 Morning Calls.
 Long Sermons.
 After-dinner Speeches.
 Noisy Newspaper Boys.
 Street Music, Acrobats, Niggers, &c.
 Railway Directors.
 Grand Juries.
 City Churches.
 Temple Bar.
 Hamilton Place.
 CUMMING'S Prophecies.
 TUPPER'S Philosophies.
 Nine out of ten New Novels.
 Farthings.
 Black Beetles.
 Poor Relations.
 Game Laws.
 The POPE.
 The Lord Privy Seal.
 The Compliments of the Season.

UNDENIABLE SENTIMENT.—Charity says, "Take the Will for the Deed." "Bravo!" exclaims the Legatee.

SALUTING VESSELS.—Smacks.



HE SMILED—AS IF THE GOD THOR WERE ABOLISHED. THANK WODEN, THE THERMOMETER NEXT DAY WAS 42°.

FROM H. M. KING PHCEBUS TO MR. PUNCH.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM the most persecuted monarch. I don't complain of the Earth's revolutions. They don't affect me. But of all persons placed by Providence in an exalted situation, I, Sir, have to submit to the greatest annoyances. Talk of LORD LORNE being mobbed by photographers! why, his case is a joke to mine. Morning, noon, and night, in the four quarters of the globe, persons calling themselves ladies—aye, Sir, ladies—and gentlemen, are perpetually watching my movements with a curiosity which is as vulgar and ill-bred as it is impertinent and intrusive.

My Heavens! is this the nineteenth century? It is, alas! it is. And—I regret to have to say it—the more advanced the civilisation, the more prying and persistent is their curiosity.

I cannot even get my own day, Sunday, once a-week to myself. Ah, Sir, would that we could return to the ancient times of Rome and Greece, when I really was a Sovereign, and more, a Divinity! but this age of Progress and republican sentiments has reduced me to a mere second-rate power; and, my chariot and horses having long since been put down, I may as well give up my corona, too, and abdicate entirely, patiently awaiting the results of a reaction in my favour.

Thousands of people—snobs all—are daily out on hill tops, mountain tops, and house tops, to see me rise in the morning. They remark on my colour; if I am pale and weak, there is no commiseration for me. They (ladies, Sir, as I have already emphatically observed) watch me taking my vapour bath, and ingenuously notice that I am "watery." If I am red, they call me angry; and so I am, but I am blushing at the indignity to which I am being subjected. As to the occasional spots on my face—they're constitutional, and not the consequence of intemperate habits. I arranged with my dear Diana the other day (chaste Queen! she is utterly shocked at such conduct) for what you on earth call an eclipse. I was determined to retire and take a holiday, and Di promised to represent me for the day. The news got about; out came photographers, out came ships full of "scientific men," sight-seers and cargoes of the *prafanum vulgus, quos ego*—as my poor old Nep once sung out, and then stopped short—all determined to see what I intended to do, and where I was going to.

But this time they were disappointed. I had fortunately tipped the Clerk of the Weather, and he so "fogged" the enterprising snobs that they were unable to get anything more than a glimpse of one of my candles which were lighted when I was about to make myself comfortable for the evening. Diana was a trump on that occasion. And having registered my complaint, and kicked up this little *stunt*, *mon cher Punchus*,—I remain,

Your ever attached Luminary,

THE RAY GALANTUOMO PHCEBUS.

Sum Office, Apollo Lodge.

GENEROSITY TO IRELAND.

THE disestablishment of the Irish Church having now been consummated, certain vacancies in the House of Lords result from the retirement of Irish Bishops. A Correspondent calling himself "CONCILIATION" suggests that they afford a splendid opportunity to Her Majesty's Government of doing more than justice to Ireland, which is less than Ireland wants. He considers that the vacant Peerages enable MR. GLADSTONE, if willing, to treat Ireland with generosity. Let the Premier, he says, fill the seats in the Upper House, which the Irish Bishops have vacated, with Fenian journalists, and that they may feel the honour thus conferred upon them truly worth their acceptance, let him be sure to attach a sufficient pension to their several titles.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

"The inundation [at Rome] will, doubtless, be considered by many Italians as of ill omen. A lady, the wife of a Captain in the POPE's late army, said to me, yesterday, that she firmly considered it a judgment of Heaven on the people of Rome."—Roman Correspondent, *Times* of January 5.

"During the thunderstorm on the morning of the 26th, a thunderbolt fell on the Vatican, near the apartment of MONSIGNOR MINIATELLI; another fell in the Villa Ludovisi."—Roman Correspondent, *Echo* of January 5.

Two sides can play at this game of "Judgments." Why should not "the people of Rome" consider the thunderbolt on the Vatican a "Judgment" on the POPE of Rome?

Football.

DURING the present winter schooltime the game of Football has attracted considerable attention. A Medical Man has asserted that, in a short space of time, several hundred accidents to arms, heads, and legs have resulted from this game. His statistics have been contradicted, and a Calculating Boy has shown that, given a certain number of games in a certain time, the accidents can be reduced, in the instance of each game, to a mere fraction. Satisfactory.

FIGURES OUT ON ICE.

IN the graceful displays which youth of both sexes have lately been occupied with making on the frozen ponds, it has been remarked that the "Grecian Bend" has not been generally so remarkable as the "Roman Fall."

"THE BITTER END."—The last half-inch of a Halfpenny Cigar.



NEVER DESPAIR.

Nimrod. "THEY WON'T FIND A FOX HERE, MASTER, WILL THEY?"

Old Man. "WELL, I CANNA TELL, SIR. THEM PLACES WHICH SEEMS LESS LIKELY IS WERRY OFTENS MORE LIKELIER NOR THEM PLACES WHICH LOOKS MOST LIKELIEST!"

THE LITTLE BEAR.

[The other morning it was reported that a small Brown Bear, belonging to the Landlord of the Welsh Harp, Hendon, had escaped, and was wandering about the country.]

O WHERE, and O where is my little Bear gone,
O whereabouts can he be?
Should anyone meet him,
If Bruin don't eat him,
He'll bring him back kindly to me.

I hears as them messers,
The London hair-dressers,
Are all about everywhere;
With cakes, bread, and buns,
With pistols and guns,
To catch and to kill my poor bear.
Oh, where, &c.

They hopes to increase,
Their stock o' bears' grease,
A harticle now werry rare;
So if they've once got him,
And shot him, they'll pot him,
To shine up their customers' hair.
O, where, &c.

To ax p'raps how was
The poor Rhinoceros,
When pretty nigh drowned was he,
To call this poor friend on,
If he went through Hendon,
Why, there's a hend on him for me.
O, where, &c.

He may farther range,
And may reach the Exchange,
Not Exeter 'Change—'cos t'ain't there.
But perhaps in some spec
He's invested a cheque,
Or else of Consols he's a bear.
O, where, &c.

O, if he is pilled,
With a bullet and killed,
I hope as they'll send me his skin.
There are two bears I've heard,
In the sky, so a third
They'll admit,—just "a little one in."
O, where, &c.

He was an attraction!
And what satisfaction
He'll give, when once more in my care.
What grief still to see—
While he's roaming and free—
No bear in the cage! the cage bare!

O, where, and O where is my little Bear gone?
Just look at this notice.—N.B.
Should any one meet him,
If Bruin don't eat him,
He'll bring him back kindly to me.

A Quotation from Longfellow.

TOPHAM BANKES was at a ball on the 6th, where the ladies' dresses were excessively and inconveniently long. His remark at supper was, that he understood now what the American poet meant by "the trailing garments of the night."



A REAL CASE OF DISTRESS.
PITY THE POOR FOGGED-OUT PHOTOGRAPHERS!

A WATCHDOG'S BARK.

MR. SPEAKER,

How enviable is your position, considered with a view to the treat which you will shortly begin enjoying for some six months! Night after night you will have the pleasure of sitting up, often till three o'clock in the morning. So, indeed, will many people in high life, out of Parliament; but theirs will be the frivolous and petty pleasure of dancing, and small talk. You, on the contrary, will sit still, and hear talk of the very largest kind, and the longest. Ten or a dozen orators in succession will talk pamphlets to you; a pamphlet each almost every night. Every sentence in succession will be an epigram embodying wisdom and conveying information—if you need that. The language addressed to you will be so lucid that there will seldom be any necessity for your entertainer to repeat a statement, much less to say the same thing over and over again in different words.

The eloquence of the gentlemen whose hearer you will be—called, therefore, as though from not speaking, SPEAKER—will be exerted chiefly on the interesting subject of our National Defences. This will be treated in the most exhaustive manner possible, only not so as by prolixity to exhaust your patience. The immense importance of reorganising the British Army, indicated by the collapse of the French, will be fully explained, but not more fully than pithily. In the meanwhile, of course, military reorganisation will proceed at such a rate, that wise oratory will be accompanied by suitable action. And, Sir, in discussing the lessons to be derived from the Franco-German War, the gentlemen over whose discourse you will preside will, doubtless, not limit their rhetoric to the more obvious, but, though very important, perhaps less important one. Their utterances will not merely be delivered in view of the particular collapse whose likelihood is directly suggested by that of the French Army. They will, some of them at least, have a word or two to say tending to obviate the still worse collapse, of which the possibility should be suggested to us, by that national misfortune of our neighbours—I mean the collapse which, for us, Sir, in our position, would be the one most truly analogous to that which they have sustained—the not impossible collapse of the British Navy. You will presently be gratified by the big bow-wows. Among them, perhaps, will be echoed the warning bark which you have heard from your ever faithful

TOBY.

MOST IMPORTANT.—Eminently gratifying! No more alarm! No more anxiety! *Why?* Because in a recent telegram addressed to the world at large, Greece says, "OUR FOREIGN POLICY WILL BE PEACEFUL!" Hooray!

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

THE MUSICAL FAMILY.

I BELONG to a musical lot,
I've sisters, and brothers, and cousins,
I've grandpas and grandmamas got,
And uncles, like oysters, in dozens.
We all of us instruments play,
We practise night, morning and noon;
My father at six every day,
Gets up to awake the bassoon.

My grandmother, ninety about,
A widow was left all alone,
'Cos grandfather blew himself out,
One night on the gentle trombone.
My Uncle SAM plays on the harp,
In a wild and inspirited manner;
And my Aunt plays three tunes in F sharp,
On a strong-minded Broadwood pianner.

My Uncle BILL sits on a stool,
For his size he's uncommonly thin;
In the summer he keeps himself cool,
With airs on his own violin.
My young brother Tom, quite a boy,
Has written an op'ra called *Tasso*;
To sit up in bed is his joy,
And play his own tunes on the *basso*.

My Great Aunt's composed (she's a "*Sim*"),
Oratorios—one is called *Noë*,
And on Sundays she plays us a hymn
Arranged for the cheerful oboë.
My sister's attached to the flute,
And brings out most wonderful tones;
My nephew—a vulgar young brute—
Prefers nigger airs on the bones.

My youngest who says "*dat*" for "*that*,"
In fact he's of five the last comer,
Performs with two spoons on my hat,
And cries out, "*Papa! I'm a dummer.*"
My baby in arms has a way
Of playing the fife on its coral;
And my twins play the bag-pipes all day,
With a loyalty worthy Balmoral.

Through life we've in harmony passed
With a stock of some twenty or *more* tunes,
And a sum we've together amassed,
Which is equal to two or three fortunes.
Wherever our musical tribe
Took a house 'twas our aim, I admit it—
To make all the neighbours subscribe
A sum to induce us to quit it.

So all the great cities we've seen,
From the Thames to the banks of the Tiber;
And every one in 'em has been,
A heartily willing subscriber.
As thus Europe we've done, the word's sharp
To Jericho! thither we'll hie,
To learn the neglected Jews' harp
From native Professors. Good-bye!

The Greatest of all Functionaries.

HAPPY, thrice happy Rome! Not because of the downfall of the POPE, not because of the visit of the KING OF ITALY, but because it—the "Eternal City," the City of the CÆSARS—has a "Lord Mayor!" We hope this is only the commencement of a better order of things, and that before long we shall hear that Imperial Rome has also Common Councilmen, and City Companies, and Vestries, and Wardmotes, and a Toastmaster, and a large consignment of Turtle, and all the other luxuries London has so long enjoyed.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

A GENTLEMAN in the top story of a house near Hyde Park, the other day, incautiously Threw out a Suggestion. Luckily, no one was passing at the time.

THE ORACLE OF TRUE THOMAS.

(To BENNETT that sent him Verses.)



H! the cry of True THOMAS
of Chelsea!
In Cheyne Walk it arose;
Giving forth of an oracle
Concerning Verse and
Prose.

"Wherefore, O son of ADAM,
Through ass-ears strive
to tickle us,
By piping of wind through
key-holes—
The stringing of verse
ridiculous?"

"Why any breath be
wasting?
For that wind-bags to
leak are wont?
Lo, my counsel to all per-
sons
About to write is—
'Don't!'"

"Though I hold life no
stage-play;
To give me satisfaction,
Its rule should be that of
ROSCLUS,
All action, action, action!"

"The immensities and the verities—
Not by talk-light shalt thou rummage 'em:
But if for the Gold of Silence,
Thou must have Speech's Brummagem,

"All that speech can show of passional,
Pathetic, pictorial, plastic,
Let it show in prose that's rational,
Not in verse that's fantastic.

"Ask you, 'how I, True THOMAS,
Have uttered forth my oracles?'
Shall the course of the *Great Eastern*
Be questioned by rowers of oracles?"

"But know, thou son of ADAM,
Style is the dress of thought.
And I to mine own measure
Have mine own language wrought.

"With rhyme-tags, and rhythm-gauges,
In lengths it is not broken:
For Prose it is too coloured,
For Poetry too plain spoken.

"None can wield it, but I only,
But I can wield it with ease:
And 'tis good for utt'ring of oracles,
And they call it Carlylese."

PUNCH'S COUNTY FAMILIES.

Revised and Corrected for 1871.

MERYON, The Reverend Frederick Lauderdale, of Laxington Hall, Brackenshire.

Second son of George Walter Meryon, Esq., the eminent agricul-
turalist and inventor of the steam-hoeing machine.

Born 1812; educated at Cambridge, where he made two unsuc-
cessful attempts before he passed his B.A. examination; succeeded
his brother, who represented the county in the Tory interest for
fourteen years, without ability to make an intelligible bustings
speech, without any political ideas beyond the belief that Radicals,
Dissenters, and poachers are the ruin of the country, and without
troubling himself (except on some great party division) to attend
the meetings of the House of Commons; owner of the entire parish
of Laxington, and patron of the living to which he was presented by
his father immediately on leaving college (population 613, value
£1375, stipend of curate £90); an active county magistrate, a leading
supporter of the Riddlesworth Hunt, and one of the best shots and

whist-players in Brackenshire; married Charlotte Frances Gorges,
eldest daughter of The Very Rev. the Dean of Donoughmore, and is
completely under her thumb. *Heir*, his son Cecil Gorges, a Captain
(by purchase over the heads of older and better officers) in the
33rd Lancers, who is heavily in debt, and raising money by bills,
post-obits, &c.

Laxington, Castlebridge, and 16, Granderson Square, Brighton.

CHAMBERFIELD, Mrs., of Abbotsholme, Cheddarshire.

Mary Gertrude, youngest daughter of Henry Havering, M.D., of
Chiverton, and widow of Raby Chamberfield, Esq., who was one of
the best of fellows and billiard-players, but shortened his life by an
immoderate taste for port wine; the estates of Abbotsholme and
Monkswell (together worth £15,000 a year) left to her by her hus-
band's will; has had many offers of marriage since this document
was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury in 1855, but is
far too wise to marry a second time; an admirable landlady, an
excellent woman of business, and would make a much better Magis-
trate than half the Justices on the County Bench; holds her tongue,
lives on her estates the greater part of the year, and has always
abundance of partridges and pheasants for her friends, without
disgusting her tenants, or burdening the county rates with the cost
of the prosecution and maintenance in prison of offenders against
the Game Laws. *Heirs presumptive*, some of her nephews and
nieces.

Abbotsholme (with a ghost story), Risehurst, and Monkswell (with
a gallery of Old Masters, principally spurious), Bewbury.

JENISON, Sir Brooke, Baronet, of Tyldesley Court, Seawall.

Tenth Baronet. The Baronetcy was originally conferred, by
Charles the Second, on Bernard Jenison, for distinguished services on
horseback, in the Commissariat Department, at the Battle of the
Boyne, on condition of the presentation, by him and his successors
for ever, of six new-laid eggs, enclosed in an embroidered cherry
satin bag, annually, at Martinmas, to the Dean of the Chapels Royal.

The present Baronet is distinguished as a traveller and naturalist,
and has destroyed wild animals in every corner of the globe. He is
a Vice-President of the Mutual Glorification Society, Fellow of the
Piscatorial Society, and author of papers on the "Domestic Habits
of the Whistling Chit-Chat," "The Mollusks of Merionethshire,"
&c. He is also an active Member of the Pedestrian Club, and has
seen the sun rise from Primrose Hill and every other available
mountain-top in Europe. Unmarried, poor, and a great smoker.

Heir, his half-brother, Roderick, a sheep-farmer in Canterbury,
New Zealand, with twelve children, the youngest in arms.

Tyldesley, Great Goring, and Pedestrian Club, S.W.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

WHERE shall we go?

Happy Thought. The Grecian, to see CONQUEST'S Pantomime.

We arranged for an early dinner; we uttered touching farewells
to our friends in the West, promising to write soon, or to telegraph
during the journey down East, and then tearing ourselves away
from all that was dear to us—and everything in the West is very
dear to us—we wrapped ourselves up, and committed ourselves to
the experienced driving of Number Two Thousand and Something,
who, in twenty-five minutes from the time of our starting from
Covent Garden, set us down at the door of the Grecian. *Only
twenty-five minutes, and we didn't change horses once!*

We were received at the Gallery door by an enormous crowd
making an almost deafening noise. A courteous gentleman, unoffi-
cially employing himself in opening cab doors, informed us that we
should find that an easier entrance could be effected a few steps
further down. Bestowing largesse upon this useful and ornamental
individual, we followed his instructions, and presented ourselves at
the bar of the Grecian, where we were confided by the most obliging
and attentive Proprietor himself to the care of a servant of the
establishment, who preceded us across a sort of Old Vauxhall Gar-
dens in little to the entrance of the Theatre.

And now to business.

SCENE. *Interior of the Grecian. Time, Pantomime Time, 6'45.*
N.B. *The Pantomime begins the Evening Entertainments,
which are of a varied character.*

*The place is crowded. The appearance presented by Drury Lane
gallery on a Boxing-night is here repeated in every part of the
house. The hubbub arising from the entire mass may be perhaps
faintly described as what might be imagined to be the sound of
Noises boiling. Niagara and Vesuvius, with the "machinery in
motion" from the Polytechnic (by way of trying another descrip-
tive simile) have come out to see Mr. CONQUEST'S Pantomime on
Saturday night. This quotation from the Playbill will give some
idea of the Thousands able to gain admittance:—"Persons wish-*

ing to avoid the crowd can do so by paying sixpence extra at the Private Entrance. Doors open at 5. We had been some of the Persons herein alluded to, and had avoided the crowd.

Overture to the Pantomime of "Herne the Hunter."

Overture almost inaudible; what we did catch occasionally we thought very good indeed, though as this was only the drum part it would be scarcely fair to found any critical opinion upon the whole as a work of art. Roars of delight at the end of the Overture from all parts of the house, which could only be aware of its cessation by seeing the musicians stop playing. Lights down. Increasing excitement. Interval of awful suspense. Expressed delight of a Small Boy in the corner of the side gallery at seeing a Fairy standing between the proscenium and the curtain.

Small Boy (exultingly). 'Ooray! I see yer! [Responsive shouts.

More awful suspense. A sort of operatic prompter's box suddenly appears on the stage in front of the conductor of the orchestra.

Voices (all about the house). Order! Order! Order!

Noise slightly, very slightly, subsides. Bell. Music (we believe), to which curtain rises, discovering somebody, a fairy (we imagine) behind a cauldron. All is mystery and sulphuric smell. Fairy speaks, that is, we see her lips moving. Man in operatic prompter's box turns on a set of magic lantern slides illustrating, we fancy, the four seasons, and finally showing a picture of HERNE THE HUNTER. All this is received with loud applause, and a good deal of coughing in consequence of the smell above mentioned. Fairies enter, and speak. Dumb show.

Voices of the Night. Order!

Rough Voices. Order there!

Civil Person (somewhere in the gallery, persuasively). Order, please!

Somebody in Gallery (to Invisible Friend). BILL, where are yer? Bill the Invisible. 'Ere!

Somebody (evidently annoyed with Bill). Then why ain't yer 'ere? [BILL evidently posed.

Voices of the Night (indignant with Bill and Friend). Order! Order!

Civil Person (again, and more persuasively). Order, please!

Here follows a duet by two fairies, which commands silence at once, and is very well sung. N.B. All the singing is quite equal to anything in the West-End pantomimes. Ballet of MRS. CONQUEST's pupils very pretty. Entrance of HENRY THE EIGHTH. Vociferous applause. Entrance of CARDINAL WOLSEY on horseback. Then WILL SOMERS.

Henry (to Wolsey). No larks, or I'll smash yer.

[Roars of delight. HENRY whacks everybody. MASTER CONQUEST, Junior, as a monkey, capital.

Henry (to Anne Boleyn). I love yer so much I must smash yer. [Roars of delight.

Voices of the Night. Set down there!

Other Voices. Set down! Order! Order!

The Polite Person. Order, please!

Female Voice (imploringly). Why don't yer set down!

Will Somers (to Wolsey). Who's yer hatter?

Henry (to Mabel Lyndwood). I love yer. Come 'ere, or I'll smash yer!

Wolsey (keeping up his moral and ecclesiastical character). O, naughty, naughty! [HENRY whacks him.

Appearance of HERNE (MR. CONQUEST). Enormous applause. He flies down in fireworks. Wonderful make-up. Row in pit consequent upon some one refusing to "set down."

Voices (in Gallery). Set down!

Other Voices. Set down, will yer?

Voices (in Pit). Set down! Come out, will yer?

This request is evidently refused. Pit rises en masse. Row and disturbance.

Mr. Geo. Conquest (as Herne, addressing his audience sensibly). Now keep you seats, or you'll lose them.

People at once sit down again. End of row.

Grand Combat scene. Herne pursued by HENRY and WOLSEY.

Herne. Ha! ha! [Appears in the Centre.

Henry. I'll smash yer!

[Hits at HERNE, who immediately disappears, reappearing at once on the left.

Wolsey. O, naughty, naughty!

[Hits at HERNE and falls. HERNE disappears and reappears, springing up about half the height of the stage from a trap on the right.

Henry (after him again). I'll smash yer!

[Falls foul of the CARDINAL. Herne (reappearing on a trapèze at the top of the stage). Ha! ha!

[Swings across, and flies down on the right. Wolsey (feebly). O naughty, naughty! [HENRY whacks him.

Herne (astounding them by suddenly starting up on an anvil). Ha! ha!

[They hit at him, he takes a header through a small trap in the stage just large enough to admit his shoulders, and disappears. Immense applause. The Monkey now joins in the scrimmage.

Henry (at intervals). I'll smash yer!

Wolsey (whenever he isn't falling down or being whacked). O, naughty, naughty!

[HERNE pops up one trap and down another every other second. The stage appears honeycombed with traps. Bang! Whack! Smash! Appearance and disappearance of HERNE in all sorts of unexpected places. Monkey after WOLSEY, HENRY after HERNE. All exhausted. Fireworks. End of scene. Vociferous cheering. HERNE and talented assistants bow their acknowledgments.

The Pantomime goes on, but the Great Scene being now over, we leave, feeling ourselves well repaid for our Nicht wi' CONQUEST at the Grecian.

Red Fire. Curtain (after we've gone).

A ROYAL EXAMPLE.



N Mr. Punch's opinion the following bit of news deserves the widest circulation, and he is therefore tempted to admit it to his all-pervading columns:—

"Valuable presents of Game have been forwarded by Her Majesty the QUEEN and His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, for the patients in the London hospitals."

What great folks do, the less will prattle of; and the more such Royal doings as those above recorded are talked about the better, because people may thereby be led perchance to copy them. Britons are ever prone to imitate their betters; and it may be hoped that many a noble sportsman, when he hears of what the QUEEN and the PRINCE OF WALES have done, may conceive the happy thought of doing something like it. Mr. Punch has a horror

and a hatred of battues; but if anything could justify the slaughtering at "hot corners" of whole hecatombs of pheasants, it would be the plea that they were wanted for poor patients in a hospital. Mr. Punch would gladly chronicle the fact that my LORD BLAZEAWAY had been lately entertaining a distinguished set of swells, and had sent the game they slaughtered to the nearest parish doctor, for the use of the poor people who were then on his sick list. Few things are more stupid and more snobbish than the paragraphs one sees relating how my LORD TOM NODDY has been shooting through his coverts, in company with SIR TOBY CRACKSHOT, GENERAL BANGUP, CAPTAIN ROCKETER, and MR. NEVERMISS, and, with the assistance of an army of beaters, has bagged eleven hundred and thirty-seven pheasants, ninety-nine partridges, six hundred and three hares, two thousand and ten rabbits, twelve woodcocks, and one snipe. Some interest would however attach to such a record, were a postscript to be added, merely stating that, in humble imitation of HER MAJESTY and His Royal Highness, his Lordship had presented to the County Infirmary, and the Royal Free Hospital, all, except the snipe and woodcocks, of the game his friends had bagged.

A Remembrance.

ARTEMUS WARD, when contributing to these columns, observed (it was on the 1st of September, 1866), "I say to that gifted but bald-headed Prushan, BISMARCK, 'Be good and gentle in your hour of triumph.'" The hint of the kindly humorist has been forgotten by the stern Chancellor.

MUSIC.—Falsetto singing is not punishable with penal servitude. But it is very much like uttering forged notes.



"NOT BY NO MEANS WHATSUMDEVER."

The Hon. Cecil d'Argentcourt, eldest son of Viscount Silverlacks (to Mrs. Alderman Jones). "MOST CHARMING YOUNG LADIES, YOUR DAUGHTERS, REALLY! CONGRATULATE YOU! S'POSE THEY ALL LOOK FORWARD TO MARRYING—A—FUTURE LORD MAYORS LIKE THEIR PAPA?"

Mrs. Alderman Jones. "O DEAR NO, MR. D'ARGENTCOURT. FUTURE LORD SILVERLACKES, LIKE YOU!"

TRUE BLUE.

Of every hue,
I best like blue,
It is the colour of the sky;
Denotes the place,
Where happy case
Awaits good niggers, by-and-by.

Celestial dye!
Thou clothest, I
Delight in thee, too, therefore take
That Angel Boy,
A daily Joy,
Who brings me outlet, chop, or steak.

One reason more,
Makes me adore
Blue, though a blue of darker shade;
My brave Police,
Who keep the peace,
My Bobbies, are therein arrayed.

Blue doth attire,
(Tint I admire
So as to idolise, almost)
Our British Tars,
From hordes of Mars,
The sailors who defend our coast.

Our one blue band,
On English land,
'Gainst native robbers holds its ground,

Our other blues,
On watch do cruise,
Whilst foreign thieves are prowling round.

Or else would those
Two kinds of foes
Both do the deeds they long to do;
Steal, burn, and kill,
And work their will—
But they both dread the British Blue.

LITTLE-GO FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Examiner. Can you cite any instances of unparliamentary conduct.

Candidate. Yes, Sir. One from *Shakspeare*. In *Macbeth*, when *Malcolm* asks—

"What is the newest grief?"

—the answer which he receives from *Rossee* is—

"That of an hour's age doth hiss the **SPEAKER**."

Hissing the **SPEAKER** is a case of unparliamentary conduct. Another is that of *JACK FULLER*, who threw his wig at him.

King Mob as King Richard.

THE diplomatic and punctilious **GLADSTONE**
No more shall be the Premier for our counsels:
Hath he so long held out with us untired,
And stops he now for breath? That halt's no go.

A **TROUBLESOME ANTAGONIST**.—The most difficult task of the whole War must have been silencing Fort Noisy.



“ATTENTION!”

MARS. “LOOK HERE, CARDWELL. YOU SAY *YOU* CAN KEEP GEORGE UP TO HIS WORK! MIND YOU DO; OR, BY JINGO! I SHALL ADVISE HER MAJESTY TO SACK YOU BOTH.”

THE PHILOSOPHER'S BRIDE.



ARTICULARLY wanted, by a Gentleman bordering on middle age, and moderately well off, a WIFE. She must be a few years younger than himself, healthy, and well-proportioned. Beauty of face not absolutely objected to; but preference would be given to a plain girl, that is to say, not an ugly but a commonly good-looking one, whose face will not soon spoil. No money expected with her; but the more she has the better. Must be sufficiently well educated to read and understand *Punch*. Need not personally play or sing, or be endowed with any pictorial skill, but must be capable of enjoying Art, and have Music in her soul. Her reasoning faculties, at the same time must be sufficiently well developed to enable her to draw a correct inference. It is

necessary that she should be well versed in cookery, needlework, and all the ordinary provinces of feminine usefulness.

She is required to be further characterised by the following peculiarities. Natural repugnance to earrings and chignons. Loathing and abhorrence of rouge and skin-powder. Love of finery and good living, no matter how ardent, if of the latter rather than the former, accompanied by content to let both be limited by pecuniary circumstances. Solicitude about dress and decoration with a view to pleasing her husband; perfect unconcern as to pleasing anybody else. Utter contempt for the ridicule of acquaintance, incurred by necessary economies. Unfeigned dislike to balls and evening parties. Preference of a box at the Opera to an amphitheatre stall, if it can be well afforded; otherwise, of the amphitheatre stall to the box. Disposition to cultivate all the elegancies of life, always in subordination to comfort, and when retrenchment is necessary, choice to retrench first of all in show. Any amount of passion for furniture, so long as the dinner-table is cared less for than the dinner, and the dinner is not extravagant. The utmost fondness of trips, travelling, staying at the sea-side, theatres, concerts, and every sort and kind of real pleasure and amusement, provided always that self-denial of enjoyment imposed by circumstances, can be borne without repining, or melancholy. Finally, she must have no relations. Any young lady whose abilities, inclinations, and conditions, coincide with the foregoing, will find in the advertiser a most affectionate and indulgent husband, who will let her do whatever she pleases.

MODERN MEN OF LETTERS.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL has written a book. Not his first work, as he has previously written *The "Gentle Life,"* which we, not being disciples of old ISAAC WALTON, did not read. We dare say that to those interested in bottom-fishing *The Gentle Life* was an invaluable guide. MR. HAIN FRISWELL's present book is entitled *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*. Its great point is, of course, its honesty, and so, giving every possible credit to MR. HAIN FRISWELL for the best intentions, we beg to offer him a few hints, for which doubtless he will be sincerely grateful as they will enable him to correct occasional mistakes in such important details as he has introduced concerning the height, manners, and dress of his *Modern Men of Letters*, in that Second Edition which an impatient public will soon demand at the hands of his happy publishers. Modesty has of course prevented MR. HAIN FRISWELL from including himself in his recent volume, but we, emulating MADAME TUSSAUD's alacrity, will add him to "the collection," and to make a good beginning, will commence with him.

MR. HAIN FRISWELL.—The question may be put by an ignorant and uneducated portion of the public, "Who is MR. HAIN FRISWELL?" We venture upon a paraphrase of "*Kate Kearney*" by way of reply:

And did ye never hear of HAIN FRISWELL?

What! not know by photos his phiz well;

"We don't know his books,

And we don't know his looks,"

Says the public of honest HAIN FRISWELL.

We will tell you. He is an eminent Modern Man of Letters, without whose works no gentleman's library can be considered complete. His volumes will constitute the chief ornament of the student's book-shelves for many years to come, and great care should be taken to dust them regularly, as they are indeed well worth that trouble. Had it been the good fortune of either LORD MACAULAY or HALLAM to have had MR. HAIN FRISWELL as his master for style, what might have been the result? Perhaps we may yet look forward to a new edition of the *Critical Essays* or the *Constitutional History*, reset, as it were, in good grammar by MR. HAIN FRISWELL. In order to show how eminently fitted he is for the task of editing these classics of our language, it will be sufficient to quote two passages from his *Modern Men of Letters*. Of one of his *Modern Men* he says:—

"He only sneers at what he and society does not believe in."

Again:—

"These true pictures * * * have found an excellent illustration in a man who has great merit, but which the age persists in accepting as an illustrative artist."

If it is true that Genius is above rules, then assuredly MR. HAIN FRISWELL is a Genius. That our author should, indeed, be a literary giant might be (on what appears to us to be his own theory) expected, as he is of commanding stature, has imposing manners, a tendency towards fire worship in the winter, and a telescopic nose.*

MR. SWINBURNE.—A veteran writer of humorous prose for our cheaper almanacks. Some of his jokes have materially contributed towards the prosperity of small tobacconists who are accustomed to roll up "screws" of bird's-eye in papers bearing evidence of MR. SWINBURNE's literary industry. None of his conundrums are without some excellent moral. He also contributes in the same style to the crackers which adorn our tables at Christmas-time. MR. FRISWELL will be delighted to know that MR. SWINBURNE is ten feet high, and has dealt with the same washwoman for the last six years. We believe he pays her weekly. However, in order to be strictly correct, MR. H. F. can find out this for himself.

CHARLES LEVER.—One of our most promising writers on mechanism. His style is somewhat laboured, but he is always well dressed, though still a trifle careless about his bootlaces. His works are at present little known, but no doubt his fame will soon be widely spread in consequence of his having been honourably mentioned by MR. HAIN FRISWELL.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—An Irishman of the real old type. His lyric works are only valuable as catalogues, in verse, of Derby winners, and containing racy anecdotes of distinguished sportsmen. As to his personal appearance, his short crop of light flaxen hair, fresh complexion, and jaunty bearing, are as well known in the London streets as are his blue tail-coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches, and white hat with the short pipe stuck in its band. His object, perhaps, of late years has been to gain rather the appreciative applause of the music-halls than the indiscriminate laudation of the *salons*. The public, however, would never have accorded him a place among modern men of letters but for his good fortune in having been included in MR. HAIN FRISWELL's series.

CHARLES (CANON) KINGSLEY.—A nervous, timid, young man. He is fortunate in possessing a nose, two ears, a forehead, and a Saxon chin. He has, moreover, two eyes, hair on the top of his head, a couple of arms, and the average number of legs. Thus rarely gifted by bounteous Nature, he might have been anything, but he is only a Canon. He employs a knife and fork for the purpose of cutting up his food, and never eats tart except with a spoon. These are not the habits of genius, and we cannot conceal our astonishment that MR. HAIN FRISWELL has considered him as in any way worthy of his notice. However, it is graceful in Genius to give mere Talent a lift.

CHARLES READE.—A goody-goody writer of the Sandford and Merton school. His books give promise of a certain excellence which we trust he will, in time, redeem. Praise from MR. HAIN FRISWELL is praise indeed; and this may urge MR. READE to fresh exertions, though it is perhaps a pity that he should continue to wear such remarkably tight coats.

MR. R. BROWNING.—Author of some of our most charming nursery rhymes, "*Ba! ba! black sheep!*" and "*Jack Horner*." He has not done much else. He is never subtle in expression, and may be termed a Superficial Songster. He is called "*BOBBY B.*" by his friends for the sake of alliteration. He is fond of taking a little hot water with his bath, but, beyond this, is in no way addicted to intemperate habits.

* * * We present MR. HAIN FRISWELL with the above stock of information, and beg him to make what use he likes of it in his next edition of *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*.

* This description is intended, on our part, as a piece of the sincerest flattery (i. e., if imitation be the sincerest flattery), for MR. H. FRISWELL says of another gentleman that "he cares little about religion, but has a photographic eye." Surely the connection between Parsee worship and a telescopic nose is as clear as this.



"WHILE BREATHING CHANTERS PROUDLY SWELL."—SCOTT.

Mr. McSkirtiguy (beguiling the time with some cheerful pibrochs on his national instrument):—



Mr. Southdown (travelling north with his Family by the Night Mail).
"DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! WHAT A SHAME THEY DON'T GREASE THE WHEELS OF THESE CARRIAGES! I CAN'T GET A WINK OF SLEEP! (Mrs. S. groans in sympathy.) I DECLARE I'LL COMPLAIN TO THE DIRECTORS!"

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

BISMARCK is throwing his promised *bouquets* on the tomb of Napoleon. We hear that the bombardment of Paris has begun, that the infernal inventions of Science, Moloch's toady, are slaying the women and the little children, and that a Sunday night has been appointed by the religious and gracious Germans for a *feu d'enfer*. Take that as the war news in little, for I have no heart to write out in full the chapter of murder. I suppose the end is at hand.

As if the last six months had not sufficiently sickened us with the horrors of war, with slaughter, agony, and starvation, a party here is agitating, as the vile phrase goes, for English interference, which means, if it means anything, that unless we can patch up a peace (and that is impossible), Englishmen are to be sent to be shot, mutilated, and starved. The original movers in this are so obscure that they could do no mischief beyond irritating the ignorant part of the German nation, and encouraging false hopes among the ignorant French. But the enemies of the Government are hounding on the agitators, for factious purposes; and but that Parliament is about to meet, when a few statesmanlike speeches (if the Ministers have courage and grace to make them) will set the popular mind straight, I should see grave danger. But unless the Cabinet shew itself a real Defence Committee, eschewing falsifications, I may have to write to you of overthrow. The war has made us, I will not say sullen, but very serious, and it will be ill work playing with us now.

I remember telling you a good thing that was said at the time when Scotland had it all her own way at Court. It was remarked by

a friend of ours that there was no keeping Scotch topics out of the way, and that if the Speech from the Throne should begin,

"What beauties doth Flora disclose,"

the inevitable following would be

"How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed."

We shall have a Speech from the Throne very soon. But, as you know, Scotland is not much favoured by illustrious personages now, so nobody but yourself will be reminded of the song.

My good friends the Americans have amused me. They are fond of celebrations of all kinds, and I read that they have had one "in honour of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." This is not at all laughable, mind, for I look upon that landing to be the noblest gain that mankind has had for ages. But how do you think it was honoured by the descendants of the Fathers? By a Ball! And I am happy to inform you that the ladies were, according to the "fashion-reporters," most elegantly attired, and that it was difficult to know which to admire most—their beauty, their robes, or their dancing. I daresay they had a *Mayflower Mazurka* and a *Pilgrim Polka*. Perhaps, after supper, some silver-voiced enchantress (American for a good soprano) sang MRS. HEMANS' song:—

"When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

You do not deserve a letter at all, for I have heard nothing of you for ten days, but I suppose that you will allege disturbed communications. Perhaps our new Postmaster will make some better arrangements. Meantime, the papers say that he has placed his Irish country-seat at the disposal of Infallibility, should the Holy Chair be uncomfortable. But you in Florence ought to know more about this than we do in London. If S. S. comes to Ireland the best way will be to make him L. L. There may be a law or two in the way, but a law is a thing which a *breath* can unmake as a *breath* has made, according to our modern school of jurists, who have no

sympathy with the old Barons and their Nolumus. Don't you love a man who can write a charming book for children? Then rejoice that Mr. Knatchbull-Hugueness is promoted into office, for he has that good gift. Children are the only people worth writing for, because they are the only critics of whom you can buy neither flattery nor silence.

At a dinner the other night, at a house which you know, but which I will not mention, some Painters were present. Also, there was a huge specimen of the blatant "self-made" man, as ugly as sin, in fact a capital type of the British Baboon. He, being rich, was very civilly treated, and at last, pleased with the attention shown him by a distinguished Artist, said, "I'm likely to have my portrait done for our Town 'All. I should like you to do it." "You pay me a high compliment," said the R.A., who would as soon have painted a whale. "Higher than you seem to see," said another, quietly; "for you are evidently mistaken for Landseer." But a knavish speech slept in a foolish ear.

I seldom go to the theatres (about which you asked me, I suppose, because you did not know what else to ask) in fine weather. Judge you, my dear Sir, whether I am likely to go with the snow on the ground, and the earth either a mirror or a marsh. I send you a newspaper, whereby you may perceive that a lady-manager has been fined by a Police-Magistrate for assaulting and scratching a ballet-girl, to make her go on the stage. It is a new sort of prompting, certainly. The lady is she whom I once rather praised to you for rebuking an audience which took the liberty of judging a comedy. It is clear that she is energetic. I do not know that I admire energy. Who is it that says, "O that people would learn that doing nothing is often a Measure, and full as important a one as the most diligent activity!" My good friend Melbourne's first question, when any difficult business was proposed was "Can't you let it alone?" But that fine art is not common. An American poet had it, and declared that it was enough for him *not to be doing, but to be*. You laugh at this from one who drives out, goes to the opera, then sups, and sits up playing Loo with ladies. Why do you laugh? Is that doing anything? Do you argue in such fashion with your diplomatists, Sir Horace? But read that case of the manageress, not for the matter itself, which is very commonplace, but note the tone of the evidence, and how singularly some of the witnesses lost the use of their eyes and ears when the quarrel occurred. I always thought loyalty a sort of miracle, but did not know it could work miracles.

There, my longest paragraph is made out of a ridiculous theatrical scandal, and that at a time of crisis. But I am not ashamed of it, for are we not all fools, and should we not talk according to our folly? In Japan they retain the exquisite courteousness which the English never had, and which the French have lost. There, when a person commits an offence, they only say that he has behaved "otherwise than was expected." I am no wiser nor better than other people, and I shall not commit the offence of trying to be either, and disappointing your expectations. Nevertheless I am,

Yours faithfully,

HORACE WALPOLE.

A Genial old Gentleman.

"No, Ma'am," said Mr. GRUMBY at a Twelfth Night Juvenile Party, "I do not like to see young people enjoying themselves. It is a sight that awakens the memory of enjoyments of which we are capable no more. Suppose we have a rubber at whist, Ma'am. Which of all those boys and girls do you think will say that they like to see old people enjoying themselves? Eh, Ma'am!"

BENEVOLENT NEUTRALITY.

BOTH the Germans and the French keep abusing us for observing neutrality between them. We incur this invective by helping neither one side nor the other. Possibly we might avoid it by giving help to both, and assisting the Germans with a Fleet, and the French with an Army.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC FOR THEATRES.—The "Waits" between the Acts.



VERY NATURAL.

"THREE PENNIWORTH O' GIN, 'OR."

"BE OFF!—THIS AIN'T A GIN-SHOP."

"HAINT IT? WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS, COS THE DAWG WOULD COME IN."

THE MAN AND THE MAN'S FIELD.

BRITANNIA bent her coasts and hearths to guard well,
Nor let the foe pitch into, or pooh-pooh her,
Has come to feel that *though* she speak by card well,
Equivocation may, e'er long, undo her.*

No more she'll keep two stools, lest she should fall
Betwixt War Office and Command-in-Chief;
And in her military mess-books all,
Determines to turn over a new leaf.

Army reformers Colonels may call "rad,"
The prejudice 'gainst purchase deem a silly'un,
Declare the service going to the bad,
And as a triple villain rate TREVELYAN.—

Her War Office, that maze *without* a plan,
Britannia yields, for new brooms and their plans field,
And calls out, "Do but you supply the man,
And you shall have the War Office for *Man's field*."

* "We must speak by the card,
Or else equivocation may undo us."—*Hamlet*.

Bismarck's Bad Business.

It is declared, by resolute Frenchmen, that the reduction of Paris will not be the reduction of France. Sooner or later, however, if the War goes on, France will be so reduced in circumstances as to be unable to pay Germany the damages which WILLIAM THE PROUS might have secured after Sedan. Then the victors will be saddled with their own war-costs, and the overtaxed German people will find the investment of Paris to have turned out a very bad one for themselves.



À FORTIORI.

Ticket Collector. "NOW, THEN, MAKE HASTE! WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?"

Bandsman (refreshed). "AU'VE LOST IT!"

Ticket Collector. "NONSENSE! FEEL IN YOUR POCKETS. YE CANNOT HEV LOST IT!"

Bandsman. "AW CANNOT?! WHY, MAN, AU'VE LOST THE BIG DRUM!"

Alexander Munro, Sculptor.

(Died at Cannes, January 1, 1871. *Æt.* 45.)

A HEART pure as the marble
His genius loved to mould,
But soft as that was stony,
And warm as that was cold.
Lips never tired of kindness,
Nature unwarped by guile;
Hands liberal in giving:
Sweet voice and sunny smile.

'Tis sad to think upon him,
Sleeping his hard-won sleep,
Among olive-woods and rose-fields,
By the blue Provençal deep.
Far from his Northern birthplace
On Ness's heathery shore,
Where old lives for this young life
Sit darkened evermore.

But why should weight of sadness
Burthen our minds for him,
Who to peace his way has wrestled,
Out of suffering strange and grim?
Leaving triumphant record
How little pain could do
To make that gentle nature
To its happy self untrue.

How, when big drops of anguish
On the wan brow would stand,
Still the swift-working fancy
Would guide the cunning hand.

Till beauty out of suffering
Was strangely seen to grow,
And Death seemed kept at distance
By Art's creative throes.

His death was not a lone one:
His dearest were at hand;
And he was of the lovable
Who love can still command.
'Tis we that are the losers,
Who lose such love, not he
Whose life here was but training
For the better life to be.

THE POPE AND HIS KING.

WHEN the Foreign Ministers at Rome on New Year's Day went to the Vatican to wish the Pope the compliments of the season, his Holiness, according to the *Daily News*, asked the Austrian Ambassador whether he had seen the KING OF SARDINIA. The Minister answered that he had not. His Holiness, smiling, rejoined:—

"And yet I am assured that he passed under your window at 12 o'clock, and that your flag was hoisted out of window."

If the Holy Father had been in the Austrian Ambassador's place, and the Ambassador in the Holy Father's, COUNT MASTAI-FERRETTI would perhaps have explained that he saw not the KING OF SARDINIA, but the KING OF ITALY. PRO NOSTRO can crack a joke, if he cannot take one.

Speaks for Itself.

"Who is Sylvia?" Visit the delightful Exhibition of Pictures now open at the Royal Academy, Burlington House; go into Gallery III., stand opposite No. 132—Your question will be most satisfactorily answered.



"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING!"

First Swell (in great-coat). "HOLLO, FWED! WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY COSTUME!"

Second Swell (in tartan). "YA-AS, RATHER NEAT AND APPROPRIATE, I FANCY, AS A LOYAL SUBJECT AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING."

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

ANYTHING that you tell me, my dear Sir, I receive with an interest which you will understand better than any one else. But what will you have? Frankly, I care very little for anecdotes of hypocrisy. The world is telling them to me all day long, and a good part of the night into the bargain. Did you ever hear of the Tzeremisch Tartars? I do not believe you if you say that you did. But hear this. They have no particular religion, and they have an odd way of excusing the fact. They say that they once had a religious book for their guidance, but one day a cow came and ate it. Many folks whom you and I know have not the excuse of the cow.

Why are you surprised at that strange piece of scandal having been kept from society so long as you say it has? In that charming play, *Le Duc Job*, there is a delightful word on the subject. *A secret need not be respectable, to be respected.* Now that it has come out, who is the worse, except those who have no longer the private happiness of having a spiteful tale to reveal?

I met your friend X. (I omit the name—envelopes, like the rest of creation, yield to steam) at a dinner. He sat near me, and rather pleased me while he spoke only to his neighbours. But when he wished to be heard all over the table, he had the bad habit which shows a man not accustomed to be listened to for his own sake. He began with some paradox, or something intended to startle. This sort of thing should be left to a certain kind of preachers, who, I am told, find it attract vulgarians—the vulgar mind loves surprises. X. has plenty of time before him, and may take his social position without jumping from spring-boards. Samuel Rogers, the poet, had a valid excuse for his uncomfortable talk. "My voice is very feeble,"

he observed, "and unless I said disagreeable things, no one would attend to me." My dear Sir, imagine a man's caring about the attention of a table full of persons for whom he cares nothing!

Your Italians affect great interest in commercial things; once they were splendid merchants, and the affectation is not ungraceful. At all events, it is better than that of our half-breeds, who pretend to think that anything mercantile is beneath their notice. The word bankrupt came from Italy, a fact you can preface to the little story I am going to tell you. If I tell it wrongly, it is from no assumption of ignorance; but I believe I have it right. A man forged a bill on a well-to-do tradesman. He got wind of this, and warned his bankers not to pay it. They naturally asked to see a list of the paper he had out. They saw so much, that they closed his account, and he was ruined—if any man can be ruined in these days.

We have no election battles fighting at present. The Radical got himself turned out of Norwich because the Whig's agent bribed a man, and Whig and Radical having coalesced, the Law turned the latter out. But do not talk to me of elections. They are tame things in these days. In my time they were either the most gentlemanly arrangements conceivable (a borough-holder returned you conditionally on your never going near his borough, lest you disturbed the faith in his authority), or they were ferocious battles, that ruined a couple of families. Also there was humour about them. Even so lately as the Liverpool Election, when George Canning, Lord Sefton, and General Gascoigne stood, in 1818, I remember we "laughed consumedly." For whenever the Liberals put up a Sham Candidate, the Tories did the same, and before the fight was over there were eighteen Shams. The Clubs never venture on sending down more than one or two, now, and this with fear and trembling, for sometimes the sham man walks in, to the confusion of all decorous bribery and corruption.

I shall write nothing about the War, but if you want to see how the whirligig of Time brings about his revenges, look at this. In 1806 Prussia made war upon France. What did Napoleon say?

"I am innocent of this war, I have nowise provoked it; it did not

"WATER-PIPES."

PATERFAMILIAS'S SONG OF THE FROST.

AIR—"Cherry Ripe."

"WATER-PIPES, water-pipes, pipes," I cry!
"Been and busted!" Low and High.
If I ask the housemaid, "Where?"
She will answer, "Here, and there,—
Here and there and everywhere."

Whence they come, and where they go,
Is just the thing I want to know;
But I don't, and that is why
"Plumber! Plumber!" is the cry.
Plumber! Plumber! left and right;
Plumber! Plumber! day and night.

Why are you and I such fools
As submit to Builders' rules?
You and I, my friend, and all,
High and Low, and great and small?
One thing Builder understands—
How to play in Plumber's hands:
And for one thing Builder cares—
To leave openings for "repairs."
So loose tiles and slates defends,
Drains that finish in "dead ends,"
Tanks and boilers safe to leak,
Chimneys warranted to reek;
Doors and windows placed with craft,
Still to catch you in a draught;
Green-wood panels in the doors,
Warping new deal in the floors;
Pipes that run just where they shouldn't,
And burst each frost. O, if they wouldn't!

Feminine Phraseology.

ONE species of refinement, at least, is highly cultivated in girls' boarding-schools—a peculiar refinement of diction. An euphemism admirably in keeping with that verbal nicety, one which has not been as yet inculcated by governesses at Seminaries for Young Ladies, would be that of calling mutton-pie mutton-tart.

ECONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

By Blood and Iron BISMARCK wins, behold!
But conquest always costs us Blood and Gold.

enter into my calculations. May I be defeated if it has been of my making! One of the principal motives which I have for my trust that my enemies will be destroyed is, that I see in their conduct the finger of Providence working that the traitors should be punished; God so deprives their counsels of wisdom, that thinking to attack me in a moment of weakness, they have, on the contrary, chosen the time when I am strongest."

You see that he was as glib with his references to Providence as any legitimate monarch could be. You remember what happened. In a month from leaving St. Cloud he was at Potsdam. He wrote to his wife, that, "with the help of God, complete triumph was certain." He gained it. What said the Prussians, asking for terms—"What more can you want from us? The Duke of Brunswick is dead; our generals are all killed, or wounded, or taken; the greater part of our army has fled; surely your successes are sufficiently grand."

How answered my gallant, good-for-nothing old acquaintance, Soult, whose silver-topped coach was about the only thing worth seeing in the last coronation procession (a coach, which, I believe, was afterwards offered to a theatrical manager, who declined to buy). The Frenchman said to the Prussians, "Lay down your arms, and I will await the Emperor's orders in your regard."

The tables are turned—but not risu.

Always yours,
HORACE WALPOLE.

THE STRENGTH OF RUSSIA.



ARGUING (with respect to physical power) upon the raw material from which Russia has to manufacture an army designed to face the troops of England or Austria, the Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, at St. Petersburg, states, as the result of his long experience, that "the Russian peasant, though capable of a passive endurance bordering on the incredible, has little more than half the muscular power of the average Englishman." It may well be that the poorly-fed Russian peasant is very greatly inferior to the average English-

man in muscular power. But in one particular, at any rate, the former exceeds the latter in strength enormously. The practice of daily ablution deprives the average Englishman of much strength which he would otherwise possess. The Russian peasant is unaddicted to that weakening habit. Hence, according to the report of travellers, he is, in a way, very strong.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

MR. ROBERTSON'S *War* at the St. James's was a failure on the first night. We italicise the "first night," and wish to draw attention to the fact. A first night's audience is an exceptional audience, which expression might mean an audience fond of taking exceptions. Its verdict ought never to be accepted as final, nor, in the present state of things dramatic, ought professional critics to pronounce upon the merits of a piece until its third or fourth representation. Generally speaking, in spite of all the rehearsals, the author himself only sees his play, as a whole, on its first night. Admitted that this is not as it should be,—yet so it is. We, in our own patented form, and holding the first night's representation to be the one on which no fair opinion can be formed, generally wait until the piece has reached its fourth night, and then, being probably at its best, it is fair matter for criticism. We venture to say, that if the public could have seen *War* for the first time on its fourth night, it would not have been condemned.

The First Act would have passed muster as a specimen of one of MR. ROBERTSON'S Prince of Wales' pieces without the Prince of Wales' company; the Second Act should have been called a Tableau,

and Monsieur HENRI NERTANN ought not to have been allowed to go mad. In the Third Act all the young ladies, excepting, of course, the heroine, might have been advantageously omitted, and then the excellent rendering of a capital situation by MESSRS. YOUNG and BROUGH, and the well-contrived dénouement, would have brought down the curtain on a real, though not, perhaps, a great success. The piece should have been in two Acts and one Tableau.

The public, on the first night, was led to expect some strong exhibition of partisanship apropos of the present state of affairs on the Continent, not only from the title of the piece and the announcement that MR. O'CONNOR, the scenic artist, had been to Sedan for the express purpose of illustrating the Second Act, but also from the injudicious selection of French and German national airs by way of Overture; a "happy thought" of the conductor's which went far, we are convinced, to help the failure of the piece.

Having said thus much, we will now proceed on the usual plan.

SUMMARY OF CHARACTERS IN "WAR."

Lotte, charmingly and intelligently played by MISS FANNY (no, not "FANNIE," though the bill does say so in blue print) BROUGH.

Blanche, Jessie, Agnes, Katie (four frivolous and utterly pointless young persons).

Colonel de Rochwannes (of the Theatre Gymnase, Paris. Pleasant, when sane; uninteresting, and, in fact, a nuisance when mad).

Oscar de Rochwannes (very good jeune premier—a rôle not easily filled), MR. FREDERICK (not "FRED," as in the bills, which abbreviation smacks of Music Hall vulgarity, of which there is not a trace in this young gentleman's performance) MERVIN.

Herr Karl Hartmann (excellent every way), MR. A. W. YOUNG.

Captain Sound, R.N. (a first-rate performance. His reading the letter, in Act III., is such a genuine touch of nature as has not been seen since ROBSON played SAMPSON BURR in the "Porter's Knot." We certainly say, "Go and see," in this part), MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

ACT I.

SCENE (on the Stage)—*The Last, Sevenoaks. Time, Midday.* SCENE (off the Stage)—*The Stable. Time, 3 o'clock, P.M.*

BLANCHE, JESSIE, AGNES, KATIE, all on Stage with *Lotte*, talking. They talk on.

Lounging Habitue (to Friend). It's not unlike School, at the Prince of Wales's.

His Friend. No. (Yawns.) Only—it's a bore.

Fidgety Person (to Stall Keeper). Has it begun long, eh?

Stall Keeper (only interested as far as sixpence goes). No, Sir, not long. [Points out Stall, and offers Programme.]

Fidgety Person. Ah, thank you. (Takes Programme, gives nothing to the Stall Keeper, and goes to his seat. To his Neighbour, pleasantly.) It's begun some time?

Sedate Neighbour. Yes.

[Wishes people wouldn't come in late. Hopes he's not going to talk to him.]

Fidgety Person (while dialogue on stage goes on). Dear me! Where's my—(feels in his pocket)—No—(dives under seat, and brings out his hat, looks into it)—No—(dives under seat again, replaces hat, comes up rather out of breath, as if after a plunge in the sea, knocking against Sedate Person's legs). Beg pardon—but—very odd. (To Sedate Person). Would you kindly allow me to look at the bill?

[Sedate Person hands it to him. Sedate Person's wife looks across at Fidgety Man angrily.]

Near-Sighted Lady (very much interested). I don't quite understand who these young ladies are. (Refers to bill.) They're called BLANCHE, JESSIE, AGNES, and KATIE. They've no surnames.

Military Man (in attendance). No. (Struck by the idea.) Very odd. (More struck than before.) Dear me, yes, very strange. (Examines bill, and is quite staggered.) Yes—dear me—how very—

[Is utterly overcome, and doesn't recover the whole evening.]

Mr. Young (as HERR KARL HARTMANN, speaks in German accent). There will be no VARR. (With the terminating, "r-r-r's" in his throat.) Diplomacy shall settle it.

Oscar (half aside, profoundly). I am not so sure of that.

Colonel de Rochwannes (Frenchman, in broken English). Vat is deese Varr! (Enthusiastically.) It is gloire!!!

[Goes on for about two minutes about war and gloire.]

Habitue (dubiously). Um! Mistake!

Attentive Elderly Lady (charmed with MR. YOUNG as HARTMANN). What a very good Frenchman he makes, doesn't he?

Elderly Husband (attentive, but obtuse). My dear, he (alluding to MR. YOUNG) is a Frenchman.

[Is a little annoyed at his wife not having found that out at first.]

Elderly Attentive Wife (enlightened). And is he (meaning MR. HENRI NERTANN, but not venturing on another guess)—what is he meant for?

Elderly Husband (with, evidently, the clearest idea of the whole

piece.) He? Why, he's a German. (*Kindly explaining.*) But it's played by an Englishman.

[*The pair, being now in a hopeless muddle, sit out the piece, and "don't quite make out what the story is."*]

Captain Dyngwell (*in Stalls, after dinner, giving his opinion on Mr. YOUNG*). Ja, mein Herr! quite the gay German.

Here follows 'a lively meal on the stage, which isn't luncheon and isn't dinner, but an airy banquet, consisting chiefly of a large bouquet and an unripe pine-apple. All the young ladies seem to enjoy it, and become more capd than ever. They call on COLONEL ROCHVANNES for a song. He sings. All join in chorus.

Critical Musical Amateur (*in Stalls*). They must be a wonderful sharp set to catch the tune and words the first time of hearing, and then be able to sing it correctly.

[*Old HARTMANN then sings a student's song with a Latin chorus, "Edite, bibite, &c."* The rapid Young Ladies and the nautical CAPTAIN SOUND catch words and music at once, and sing them correctly. After which a letter arrives announcing that War is proclaimed.

Astute observer (*in Circle*). Ah, yes, by Jove, that's why it's called War. [*End of Act.*]

In Act II.

Colonel de Rochvannes (*in an uncommonly short military jacket, apparently the tails have been shot or cut off in some fierce engagement, is attending his son*). You suffer for France, &c., &c., &c.

[*More about "war" and "gloire," as before.*]

His son, Oscar (*wounded*). For France!

[*As there is a church near, of course an organ plays.*]

Enter Sisters of Charity in procession.

Habitué. They must be distant relations of Charity, I should say, as they don't take any notice of the two wounded persons.

Military Person (*observing their admirable order*). By Jove, they've been well drilled; they march like soldiers.

[*The Sisters pass Colonel and son unnoticed and exeunt. Business of scene continues. More service in church. More organ. The Colonel, not being a religious man, can't stand this, and goes mad. More about "war" and "gloire." His lunacy ekes out the Act, until a pathetic situation finishes it.*]

Captain Dyngwell (*astutely*). The French Cockalorum's rather a caution when he's off his nut.

Captain Dyngwell's Friend (*from the Rag*). Do you think he comes out strong as a lunatic in the Third Act?

Captain D. (*who has not yet given his great mind to this problem*). Ah—(*vaguely*)—yes. I dare say he'll bustle 'em a bit.

[*Turns round and examines the house through his lorgnette.*]

Fidgety Person (*to Sedate Neighbour*). You don't know what time this is over, do you?

Sedate one. No. (*Thinks this answer is a little too abrupt, so adds* :) I should say about ten.

Fidgety Person (*starting, and alluding out aloud to some private arrangement cleverly made*). And they won't fetch me till eleven!!

ACT III.

Roars of laughter at MR. BROUGH as Captain Sound. Judicious applause for his pathetic bit with the letter.

Elderly attentive Gentleman (*to Wife*). You'll see that the son isn't dead after all.

His Wife (*equally attentive*). Yes; but I don't quite understand which is the German—I mean, which is the Englishman—

Her Husband (*annoyed*). You mean which is the Frenchman. Why, it's as plain as—(*thinks, and then adds*) But I'll tell you when we get home.

DENOUEMENT.

Oscar, alive, embraces Lotie. Suddenly the surnameless and rapid Young Ladies all appear from somewhere at the back, as if by clockwork, and strike attitudes expressive of nothing in particular.

Critical Habitué (*rising to go*). Yes. Last Act's the one. Might have all been played in one Act.

His Friend (*Theatrical Amateur*). How?

Critical Habitué (*coming down steps*). Why: Scene Sevenoaks. Lotie in mourning. Very sorry, just married to Oscar, but Oscar's killed. Sound arrives to tell 'em he isn't. That's the whole point. Sound breaks it to the two fathers and the girl, Oscar turns up; there you are. Have a cigar. Allons!

[*He's not far from wrong, and exeunt omnes.*]

National Advice.

NEVER go to war unless you are morally certain that you are in the right, and physically sure of being able to crush your enemy.

A WHOOP FOR WAR.



YES, MR. MERRIMAN, sound your alarms, ODGER and APPLEGARTH, shout ye, "To Arms!" At the war's outbreak you peace were all for— Now have your windpipes grown trumpets of war.

Had ye not reason to alter your cry, You and the workmen on you who rely? France that made war was an Empire. That's gone; But a Republic the war carries on.

War with a monarchy, France to befriend! Money and blood bid the nation to spend; What if you neither, yourselves, bleed nor pay? Agitate, clamour, that other men may.

For a Republic can never do wrong, King Mob by right divine reigns when he's strong.

Now the French people continue the fight, War, at first wrong, becomes perfectly right.

Which of you would not an Income-tax stand, On his week's earnings by head or by hand, Though a large impost it were on small gain, So that it went the French fight to sustain?

Which, to serve France, would mind being shot dead, Pierced through the stomach, the heart, or the head? Having a bayonet thrust into his eye? Or by a shell smashed his shin or his thigh?

Which would not hazard a jaw shot away, Afterwards life to be borne as it may, Minus the means he at present employs Wisely in making a valorous noise?

Heed not the scoffers who meanly inquire Why not yourselves join the French under fire, 'Stead of demanding, with wild waste of breath, Mission of others to torture and death?

O, by the Royal Command you are tied, Being forbidden to help either side, But to keep neutral both nations between: Here you stay out of respect for the QUEEN.

A CAPITAL NOTION.

A PROVINCIAL contemporary, reporting an evening festival, says, "The Chairman at intervals gave the audience permission to join in conversation, a permission which was accepted most readily, and added considerably to the enjoyable nature of the proceedings."

This is probable enough. Whether the enjoyment would have been shared by the platform speakers and the vocalists, if they had heard what was said about their efforts, is a matter of speculation. But the precedent is a good one, and might be followed with advantage at most meetings. Audiences would listen with more attention, if they knew that they would occasionally have "an interval of five minutes for abuse of the performers."

In the Interest of Peace!

It is not the intention of Government to employ the Italian organ-grinders in re-organising the British Army. The re-organisation of our Army is designed to avert war, an object that would be frustrated by any means comprehending those noisy vagabonds; for there is no peace wherever they are.

"FANCY WORK."—Imaginative poetry.



THE "NEC PLUS ULSTER" GREAT-COAT.

(INTENDED FOR COLD, BUT NOT MUDDY, WEATHER.)

HER BAPTISM OF FIRE.

We saw her, the witching, the wanton, the winning,
In the flush of her music, her meats and her wine,
The Circe that gave such a glory to sinning,
That dalliance seemed duty, and evil, divine.
Such the spell of sweet eyes, and bright beautiful face,
Men swooned to behold them, and died to embrace.

We walked in her chambers, amidst a soft dimness
Of folds wreathed and woven and cunningly flung
To tame into touching and tender the grimness
That under that weird face's witchery clung:
And through the white veils came a tremulous glow,
Like the rose of the sunset through wind-winnowed snow.

And more bright for those clouds gathered artfully round her
Shone the light of her cheek and the lure of her eye,
Till we asked not whence came the allurement that crowned her,
But yearned for her kiss, though to kiss were to die.
All races and regions their worshippers gave,
And none but was fain to be some time her slave.

So she revelled and ruled, wiled, and wantoned, and won,
Like to her seen in Patmos in purple attired,
Deckt with gold and fair stones that shot light as the sun,
In her hand a gold cup, for their lips that desired,
Of all filthiness full, and a name on her brow,
That seemed fitting *her* then, but so seemeth not now.

For behold, o'er her borders the foeman has stormed,
And her guards set to meet him like straws swept away;
And now at her gate his battalions have formed,
And close and more close draw their iron array:
Sure the white, wanton witch in her drap'ries must cower,
As the breakers of battle beat loud at her bower.

But lo, what a change in that face false and fair,
And those soft supple limbs, late in dalliance entwined!

She has torn off the rose-wreath that trailed in her hair,
She has knit up her loose locks that played in the wind;
For her silks and her laces, hath clothed her in steel,
And from wanton grown warrior, from proud head to heel.

For her meats of the costly, her wines of the choice,
She eats of the coarse, and she drinks of the cheap:
The smooth limbs that wont in down beds to rejoice,
On the straw by the bivouac watch-fire can sleep;
And her brow hath ta'en sternness, and hardness her hand,
And the lips that lisped love-songs sound words of command.

Nor the shot and the steel of the foeman alone
She has found—this soft wanton—endurance to face;
With worse waste of the heart, than the shot's of the stone,
The slow tooth of Famine its way gnaws apace;
And the warmth in her blood aiding famine to kill,
The winter Frost creeps with its death-dealing chill.

And at last with the Famine and Frost has come Fire,
On that head, erst so dainty, its baptism to pour,
Till her crown of proud towers topples down in the mire,
And death-shrieks are shrill through the crash and the roar.
Is 't despair or defiance thus nerves her to stand,
Though shivered hilt-high is the sword in her hand?

Bids her hold her bent brows still confronting the flame,
Whose hot hungry tongue licks her beautiful hair,
As if in its fires she would purge sin and shame,
Draw strength from starvation, defence from despair,
Till we ask in amazement and awe—Can it be?
Is this Dalilah, Queen of Earth's Wantons, we see?

Is this Amazon, shrunk, stricken, scathed, but still proud,
And so staunch in hard steel, the soft silken-robed dame,
That with wine of her witchcraft made drunken the crowd,
Till from men they waxed beasts, and thereof had no shame?
Can War's fire so wickedness, wantonness slay,
That her foul shall grow fair, and her dross slough away?



HER "BAPTISM OF FIRE."

PECULIAR PEOPLE.



HE extravagant man hired a cab to look out for an omnibus. The man of gallantry escorted his Scotch mother-in-law underneath the mistletoe, although he knew beforehand that she had been taking snuff.

The sanguine man expected to find a policeman when he waited one.

The credulous man believed the assurance of a cab-driver that a long circuit was needful, because the streets were being paved.

The lazy man allowed his fire to go out, rather than ring the bell to bid somebody to poke it.

The cheerful man enjoyed the half-hour that he spent in waiting for his dentist.

The punctual man served out the soup for his eleven expected guests, when only three of them had actually arrived at the appointed hour for eating it.

The hasty man sat down to read *Paradise Lost*, and afterwards was heard to boast that he got through it at a sitting.

The hopeful man twice gave a cab-driver a sovereign for a shilling, and twice cherished the delusion that it would be returned to him.

The man of fortitude was brave enough to open his front-door himself, when he saw the tax-gatherer, the gas-man, and the rate-collector knock at it.

The cautious man never went a mile away from home without taking his umbrella with him, and putting a corkscrew, pen and ink, and a bill-stamp in his pocket.

The gluttonous man, by bribery, went beforehand to the supper-room, and devoured the liver-wings of all the fowls displayed there.

The reckless man was bold enough to take his wife down Regent Street, and tell her that he had a ten-pound about him.

The modest man was tempted to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and, to avoid his chaffing friends, was caught next day at Gravesend in the act of emigration.

PUNCH'S COUNTY FAMILIES.

Revised and Corrected for 1871.

ROCKINGHAM, Geoffrey Devereux, Esq., of Fernhurst, Yoickshire.

Born 1790; fine old English gentleman; wears a blue coat and brass buttons, and uses gilt-edged letter paper; drinks port; still hunts with the Brinkley hounds, and has shot several woodcocks his season. Married, in 1811, Marian Chaloner, only child of Sir Lawford Cumberland, Bart., of Four Parlours, Parkshire, and has ten children living, fifty-three grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren; his eldest son, Bertram Cumberland (author of *The Rifle and the Rod*), is M.P. for Mid-Yoickshire, the husband of the handsomest woman in the county, and almost as popular as "the old Squire" himself.

This is the family which is in possession of the celebrated "Rockingham" ghost. Great reserve is maintained as to the behaviour of this uncomfortable visitor, but the following account may be relied on as an authentic version of the story, compiled with considerable care and expense from family muniments, county histories, the lips of terrified maid-servants, and the resources of a fertile and cultivated imagination.

In the north wing of Fernhurst, which is overgrown with ivy, and haunted by the hooting owl and fitting bat, there is a long wainscoted gallery of polished oak, hung round with family portraits, hereditary samplers, stags' antlers, pikes, arquebuses, burgonets, morions, *chevaux-de-frise*, and other precious heirlooms from the time of the Crusaders. This favourite resort of the family was lately in the hands of the painters, who are in the receipt of weekly wages, and reside, when at home, in the neighbouring market-town of Byecross. (These and other particulars may seem irrelevant, but they are absolutely indispensable to the full elucidation of the mystery.) The most athletic and intelligent artisan of the party, a high-shouldered man, with a slight defect in his hearing, and a patch on his waistcoat, was passing along the gallery in the twilight of a winter's afternoon, whistling a popular melody, and thinking of the upper housemaid, to whom he was engaged to be married at Whitsuntide, when the

door of an apartment at the extreme end slowly opened, and a figure emerged, cloaked from head to foot in white, and bearing under its right arm a small mahogany chest, which glittered in the moonlight, and was evidently bound with brass, and as good as new.

The figure approached, and beckoned to the terrified mechanic. In his agitation he dropped a new paint-brush, and ceased to think of the upper housemaid, who had that very day given notice of her intention to leave at the expiration of the month. It beckoned him a second time. He stood rooted to the carpet, and wiped his brow with a checked handkerchief, on which the dew of agony stood in great beads. It beckoned to him for the third and last time, pointing with an angry gesture to its bared throat, and advancing with hasty but noiseless strides towards the spell-bound journeyman painter, uttering the while an unearthly cry, which reached the whist-party in the blue drawing-room, and led to the match being finally broken off.

An hour afterwards, the high-shouldered painter, with a defect in his hearing and money in the savings' bank, was found by the upper-housemaid in a dead faint on the gallery floor, the basket of tools lying untouched by his side, and a faithful hound licking his face and hands. His first words on coming to himself were—"It made me touch the place on its throat and—" he fainted away again. The upper housemaid, who had been six years in the family, and lived before in good places, burnt brown paper under his nostrils steeped in vinegar, and had recourse to her smelling-bottle, his gift to her on her last birthday. He revived again, but no persuasion could induce him to resume the thread of his narrative. They were married, and went out to New Orleans, but no clue to the mystery was ever obtained, except in a soda-water bottle which was washed ashore on the coast of Labrador, and is now in the hands of the constabulary.

Fernhurst, Wraybury, and Cumberland House, Brandenburg Square, W.

CLARENCEUX, the Honourable Boothby, Chester, of Waterfall Park, Wessex.

Youngest and most unmanageable son of the Earl of Ambleside, and great-nephew of the Princess of Tivoli, who was lost in the fog at the coronation of George the Fourth.

Born 1822, or thereabouts, for he is shy as to his age, inherited his grandmother's queer temper and estates; married Christabel Geraldine, daughter and co-heiress of Markham Vavasour Smith, Esq., of Sadlethorpe (this is a branch of the Smith family settled in London), but is separated from her on account of her violent and uncontrollable sneezing fits; turned gray in a single night after the loss at sea of some particular old East India Madeira; wears a wig, and goes up in a balloon whenever he has an opportunity; has been both in the Army and Navy, and is now in difficulties; is short-sighted, but capable of great physical exertion; possesses the largest and most valuable collection of walking-sticks in the world, which he has announced his intention to leave to the Travellers' Club; a homeopath, a Spiritualist, a Freemason, a dilettante, a fly-fisher, a Toxophilite, a Positivist, an incessant grumbler, and a member of the Dyke Regis Book Society. Heiress, his maternal aunt, Dame Zaoyntia Burkinthorpe, relict of Sir George Jawson Burkinthorpe, who was knighted for his classical attainments in the Crimea—he attained the great age of a hundred and one, and never wore an over-coat until he was ninety-nine, and drank a bottle of port wine every day of his life after arriving at years of discretion, and was the senior member of the Wrendlesham Bowling Club.

Waterfall Park, Dyke Regis, and 22x, The Cosy, Piccadilly.

FROST AND SNOW.

A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN presents his compliments to Mr. Punch: and you might make a good joke about SIR FRANCIS GREANT's servants' neglect to sweep away the snow, thereby causing the respected P. R. A. to be fined. I think the joke should be that *Frost* having been lately favoured by the Academy, the servants did not like to be hard upon *Snow*, or something of that sort, don't you see? and so oblige

R. A.

Shakspearian.

At a recent meeting of one of our learned Societies a paper was read on "Prospero's Clothes-Line." This, we are glad to understand, is only the first of a series of similar essays to include "Othello's Blacking-brush," "Shylock's Carving-knife," "Desdemona's Pocket-handkerchief," "Falstaff's Clothes-basket," "Euler's Girdle," and "Malvolio's Garters."

INSCRIPTION FOR A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.

"With all appliances and means to boot."—*Shakspeare*.

"OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES."—The Sea and the Garrison.



INGENIOUS.

Farmer. "JIMMY, D'YE SEE THE WIND HAS BLAWN THE FLAY-CRAW DOWN? GET AWAY, AND SET IT UP!"
 Jimmy (at his Lunch). "IT'S BETTER AS IT IS, MAISTER. THE CRAW'S 'LL THINK IT'S STOOPIN' TO PICK UP A STYVEN."

[North Country, "Stone."

SHRIMPS AND STATESMAN.

GREENWICH, unsolicited, elected GLADSTONE. Well, for once in its life, Greenwich did a worthy thing, and might quietly have reposed upon its mud and laurels. But Greenwich has been stirring up its mud, and is likely to lose its laurels. It has permitted meetings to signify to the world that Shrimptown is displeased with GLADSTONE. The Premier has been asked to resign. *Mr. Punch* has awaited a counter-demonstration, which should have atoned for the impertinence to MR. GLADSTONE. But as this amends has not been made, *Mr. Punch* deems it right to let the world perceive the intellectual character of the personages who, in the name of Shrimptown, decline the honour of being represented by the Premier. The following paragraph, extracted from a contemporary, should be cut on a marble slab, and set up in Greenwich Hospital:—

"The speech delivered by Captain Dominy, the chairman of the Greenwich meeting on Monday night, was unique in its way. The speaker having a weak voice, could not make himself heard, but he kindly handed his manuscript to the reporters. We quote the document:—'The succour render to Mr Gladstone in this Brorough he has indignatly Repeled By Driving upwards of 1000 families to seek a Forrign Shore. Not only closing the Dockyard with all ship-building yards is felt by every Tradesman in the Borough. Even the Greenwich Tayerns has felt his Pruning Knife. Mr Gladstone had the opportunity of making Greenwich With the Numerous Manufactorys and shipbuild yards one of the Greatest Boroughs in England He could have created it a Royal Borough had he been so disposed Particular so has Royalty Resides thereat. He could not introduce his Radicalism to overturn the constitution of England in which the country took so great a pride. (Cheers).'"

MR. GLADSTONE is as well as can be expected, considering this terrific speech and the bad weather, but his friends are anxious.

ANTI-MATRIMONIAL READING.—The Cingalese language. [Our unhappy Contributor evidently means "single ease," and thinks our Readers will find it out without explanation.]

A SOLID RECOMMENDATION.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

I WAS a dancing-master till my figure grew too fat." Now, I am too rotund to rotate as I used to do. Yet here is a situation which I think might suit me:—

AUX PROFESSEURS de DANSE.—Une bonne SITUATION, permanente, dans une ville du Nord de l'Angleterre, pour un homme respectable et solide.

I have often sighed, with *Hamlet*, that this "too, too solid flesh would melt." But, in spite of all my efforts to reduce my waist, I still weigh nineteen stones five pounds and thirteen ounces, in my stockings. Surely, then, I may consider that I am by Nature fitted for the above professorship. If I am not a "solid" man, I wonder where they'll find one. Yours, panting with expectancy,

GASPAR JONES.

Terpsichore Villa, Tuesday.

P.S. I can't read French myself, but my eldest daughter speaks it like an oyster, I mean to say a native, so I got her to translate for me.

Hint to Housewives.

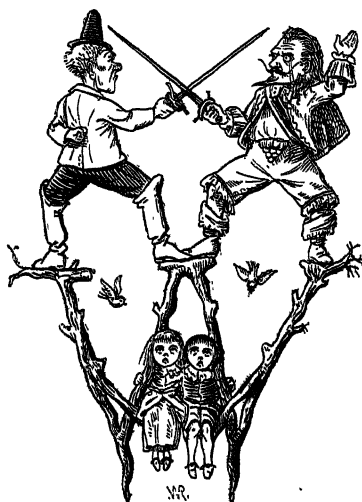
SPEAK no more of bread-and-butter,
 Truth if you desire to utter;
 Would you give the right name to it?
 Then you'll call it bread-and-suet.

A HINT FOR A HERO.

WHEN next England goes to war, the battle-cry of her future NELSONS and WELLINGTONS must be, "Westminster Abbey, MADAME TUSSAUD'S, or Victory!"

QUESTION BY A SEWING MACHINE.—What is Woman's true sphere?—The Hemisphere.

WHO WILL TEACH THE TEACHERS?



HO, indeed? Now that universal education is the order of the day, and everybody has decided upon educating everybody, the question where to get the teachers is becoming a momentous one, and everybody nearly is endeavouring to answer it. A correspondent of the *Times* fills a column and a quarter with his notions on the subject, and tells us he considers training-colleges for teachers are the only source by which sufficient educating power can be nationally supplied. It appears from the statistics wherewith he backs his arguments, that in 1869

"25,342 teachers had charge of an average of 1,062,999 scholars, or there was one teacher * * for rather less than 42 scholars."

Forty-two to one are longish odds against a master, and one can hardly wonder at the ignorance of people who never had a chance of being taught by something better than the forty-second fraction of a man. But it is estimated now that "in England and Wales teachers will be needed for more than 3,500,000 scholars," and there is therefore ample reason why our present training-colleges, which, if full, can only furnish and keep up a staff of five-and-twenty thousand teachers, should be increased and made sufficient for the work they ought to do. These colleges are not so attractive to young men as those at Oxford or at Cambridge, for it seems in sixty-nine there were not twelve thousand teachers from them in our schools. So the suggestion is thrown out that scholarships be founded, "to be awarded annually, upon competition, to the best pupil-teachers completing their apprenticeship." It is thought that such a bait will catch a shoal of candidates; and it is suggested that "the trials of teaching in classes should be conducted before some master of a model school." As, doubtless, every master deems his school a model one, there may be some slight trouble in deciding who shall be the happy man elected to occupy this post. Perhaps the wiser course would be to confide the duty to the hands of *Mr. Punch*. Elementary education is not much in his way, but LORD LAWRENCE very probably when Governor of India had small notion of becoming Chairman here in London of an Education Board. Elementary education does not merely mean an education in the elements; and, even if it did, *Mr. Punch* knows quite enough of earth and air and water to stand the fire of criticism on any of the questions he, as Model Schoolmaster, might see fit to propose. With what sort of test-questions *Mr. Punch* would teach the teachers, he will not for worlds now venture to proclaim. Still, as a smattering of everything, from chemistry to classicality, and from history to hydrostatics, is by many folks considered elementary education, the following may serve as well as any other as a sample of the problems *Mr. Punch*, in his omniscience, might determine to put forth:—

1. Who invented plum-pudding? And what did he do with it, after he invented it?
2. Who were the GRACCHI? And did their mother know when they happened to be out?
3. Why, except for profit, do so-called Christian butchers raise the price of Christmas Beef?
4. Do you know the question whereof this is the answer, Because one is a mistletoe and the other is a missal too?
5. History relates that next morning he repented of that last cigar he smoked. Of whom is this related, and where is the record writ?
6. An ounce of ozone is as heavy as a feather-weight of oxygen. Describe the process of determining this interesting fact.
7. Was it JUNIUS or JULIUS CÆSAR who said that England's best bulwarks were her wooden heads?
8. Can a bill at sight be legally made payable at a Blind Asylum?
9. Multiply £983,257 8s. 1½d. by £3,429,628 7s. 6½d., and divide the proceeds between the Hospital for Incurables and the Idiot Asylum.
10. In what year were the Greek Calends established? How many were there, and what was their relation to the Three Calenders in the *Arabian Nights*?

11. Why does an English cook, when she wants to broil a chop, make up such a fire as is enough to broil an elephant?
12. State, from history, your reasons for believing that ALFRED THE GREAT was in reality a dwarf.

NEW FORM OF AUTOGRAPH-BEGGING.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING a desire to possess the autographs of distinguished persons, I respectfully take the liberty of soliciting your signature. But, desiring that it should be inscribed upon something less common-place than a scrap like this, I venture to ask you to place it at the foot of one of those pieces of tinted paper to be found in your cheque-book, and forward. I will not trouble you further, but when I shall have prefixed to your signature a few words and figures in accordance with a certain entry in my ledger—one to which I have had the honour of calling your attention at several half-yearly intervals—I will cause the document to be deposited, for safety, at a well-known banking establishment, and this course will, I trust, explain to you the value which I shall set upon your autograph. Your early reply will oblige, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

To Sir Lionel Rattlecash, Bart.

TIMOTHY JONES.

PIANO! PIANO!

THE *Musical World* contradicts a report that MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD meditates retiring from public life. It was proper that the report should be contradicted, although no one believed it. MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD will retire from public life when *Mr. Punch* shall request her to do so, and not until then. We may add, that that lady is engaged to perform a symphony, in honour of his Hundredth Volume, which will appear twenty years hence, and she will continue to perform publicly on all fitting occasions in the meantime. It is a good while since he wrote of

"the gifted MISS GODDARD,
Whom with admiration all the critical squad heard,"

but his affections are as unaltered as her powers, or rather, both have strengthened by time. Bless him, how elegantly he can turn a compliment when he gives his mind to it!

PARLIAMENTARY ECONOMY.

THE saying that "Half a loaf is better than no bread" is a perfect truism, but a defective proverb. Half a loaf is, indeed, in so far as it can sustain life, a great deal better than no bread whatsoever. But half an Army is not, likewise, better than no Army at all. On the contrary, if half an Army means an Army not more than half enough to suffice for national defence, it is worse than no Army. It is worse by the money which it costs, and the taxation which it therefore necessitates, that is, by so much useless expense. What is true of the Army is equally true of the Navy. Do you hear, Gentlemen of the House of Commons, about to waste breath, and perhaps money?

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

"A CURIOUS discovery has been made among LORD PALMERSTON's papers, namely, his manuscript Diary of two visits to Paris, in the eventful years 1814 and 1815. As the Diary was found only after the publication of the *Life* by SIR H. BULWER, the HON. COWPER TEMPLE will give it to the public through the *Temple Bar* magazine."

THE HON. COWPER TEMPLE has evidently an eye for the fitness of things, in selecting the *Temple Bar* magazine as the proper channel for the publication of the Diary of HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, Viscount Palmerston.

Comfort for the Afflicted.

THIS is a luxurious age. Our houses, churches, schools, gaols, museums, &c., are warmed with hot air or water; and now it seems that even our musical instruments are to be made comfortable by similar means, for we see advertised "Warm keys (for cold hands), in pianos and harmoniums."

NEW INVENTION IN FIREARMS.

THE Betty-Martini Rifle. It will possess all the disadvantages of the Brown Bess and the Henry-Martini.

"COMPANY DRILL."—Instructing the Servants before your Party.



CIVIL SERVICE MISERIES.

Mamma (who has been Shopping at the Co-Operative). "GOOD GRACIOUS, DEARS, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THESE PARCELS?"
Youngest Daughter. "OH, PA' CAN TAKE THE LARGE ONE, MA, AND HE MIGHT CARRY SOME OF THE SMALL ONES IN HIS POCKETS!"
[Pa', who has been waiting outside, feels he's in for it.]

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

TRUE-HEARTED BEN.

BEN BOBSTAY, a Tar of the jolly old sort,
 Could keelhaul a mainbrace and luff hard-a-port;
 And BEN he was smiled on by SUE, MEG, and MOLL,
 But all o'er the world he was faithful to POLL.

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

Wherever he sailed he was faithful to POLL.

'Twas just past six bells when the ship sprang a leak
 Nor-west o' the point of the Great Mozambique;
 Young BEN swam ashore, dried his clothes by Old Sol,
 And cried to his messmates, "I'm faithful to POLL!"

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

He let 'em all drown, to be faithful to POLL.

He met a Princess, of the tribe Kikaroo,
 She ogled and eyed him. Says BEN, "How d'ye do?"
 Says she, "Marry me; on a throne you shall lol!"
 Says BEN, "You'll excuse me: I'm faithful to POLL."

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

Says BEN, with a bow, "Miss, I'm faithful to POLL."

Says she, "If you don't, you'll be hung up and killed."
 Says BEN, "You fair creatures are all so self-willed."
 So he gave her his hand, to avoid *sus. per coll.*;
 But still in his heart he was faithful to POLL.

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

He married her, saying, "I'm faithful to POLL."

Another Princess, all gold rings and tatoo,
 Saw BEN, and was jealous of MISS KIKAROO.
 Says BEN, "Fight it out, while I sit on a knoll.
 If t'other kills both, still I'm faithful to POLL."

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

"Whichever kills either, I'm faithful to POLL."

Their battle surpasses my figures of speech;
 They each whacked the other, and t'other whacked each;
 Then both lay down stiff as a jointed wood doll,
 And BEN sings aloud, "Ain't I faithful to POLL!"

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

BEN capers while singing, "I'm faithful to POLL."

They both then revived, and jumped wildly on him,
 But BEN saw a ship, so he jumped off to swim.
 The Captain calls out, "Your brave deed I extol.
 In England I'll tell 'em you're faithful to POLL."

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

"Good-bye," says the Captain. "Be faithful to POLL."

He breasted the waves, and he fought with the breeze,
 Till, exhausted, he landed at Stockton-on-Tees,
 And thence, for a change, he walked on to Bristol,
 Where he clearly explained he'd been faithful to POLL.

Faithful to POLL,
 Tol de rol lol!

He married, and always was faithful to POLL.

Con. at a Christening.

WHAT is the difference between Godfathers and Godchildren?
 The former are bled, the latter cupped.

REAL AND SHAM ROSES.



THE healthy exercise of Skating, young Ladies, is highly conducive to the development of Bloom on the cheek of Beauty. Development of Bloom, dears, is easily distinguishable from superimposition. That is to say, everybody who has eyes, and is not totally colour-blind, can tell the daub out of the rouge-pot from the natural rose. Now, loves, to any man except a fellow of the baser sort, the paint-spot on the cheek is as a plague-spot. It is worse than the hectic patch which poor consumptive girls cannot help; a painter by profession would rather admire a face flushed with scarlatina. Far less becoming is it than the crimson contracted by a good domesticated eligible girl at the kitchen fire, in basting a leg of mutton. A sham erubescence, alas, is sometimes visible, and remarkable, on certain cheeks which would be reddened all over by knowledge of the sort of patterns taken in wearing it. Darlings, it may not be impossible to give you some idea of the imitation which you practise in painting your faces.

Suppose the custom of dyeing hair and whiskers had become prevalent among young men. Perhaps even you yourselves would rather despise the impostors who adopted it. Imagine, however, that, besides, you knew that this custom was originated by the vilest and most vicious scamps, and used to be peculiar to them, and distinctive of their class, what would you say to any man, who, having made himself look as much as possible like one of them, asked to dance with you?

Brand yourselves, sweets, no longer with the Jezebel-smear.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

At the Lyceum. Italian Opera Boufffa Company. Done in Two Visits.

VISIT THE FIRST.—To see *Crispino e la Comare*. Remarkable, as a Comic Opera, for its peculiarly heavy lightness, the long "waits," i. e., intervals of about twenty-five minutes between the Acts, its charming costumes, and elaborate scenery. Magenta inexpressibles and blue velvet coat were, perhaps, the least striking among the dresses; while the scene being generally the same, there was plenty of time given to the audience to discover its beauties. *Habitué* of the Italian Opera had seen *PATTI* in it, and wouldn't care for anyone else; and those who hadn't seen *PATTI*, began to wish they had. The Trio of Doctors, "*Batti batti, tira tira*," obtained a hearty encore, and was unquestionably the successful thing of the piece.

VISIT NUMBER TWO.—In state, to see *SIGNOR BOTTESINI's Ali Baba*, for which we will suggest the more appropriate title of

THE MUSICAL ALI BABA;

OR,

THE PIANO-FORTE THIEVES.

ACT I.

SCENE 1 (on the Stage).—The Ground-Floor of ALI BABA's house. (In the Auditorium.) The Stalls and Private Boxes.

Musical Amateur (arriving in Stalls after the Curtain has risen). Ah! how d'y'e do? (To friend, who of course replies with

another question—"How are you?" and no answer being given by either, both are equally satisfied.) Overture over, of course?

[As if he had expected it in the course of the First Act. His Friend (Supercilious Amateur Critic). Yes: you didn't miss much.

Irrascible Elderly Gentleman (with a book, frowns at the two above-mentioned talking in front of him. This to his companion, a mild person in spectacles.) I wish people wouldn't talk. I want to hear the music.

Young Lady (in Stall behind Irrascible Party). O Mamma, ask Uncle to get a book.

Mamma (to Uncle). JOHN, can you ask for a book? (Then struck by a brilliant notion.) You might get three, and then we should have one a-piece.

Uncle John (who has "taken" them, and wishes to limit his expenses to the purchase of the Stalls only, depreciatingly). A book's not much use. The words of an Opera are never worth anything. ("Except," he thinks, "to the Stall-keeper, and then they're a shilling each, and something for himself," which he doesn't see. Adds, aloud.) It's the old story, you know, of the Forty Thieves.

Irrascible Gentleman (aloud, and surrily). I do wish people wouldn't talk. I've paid to hear the music.

People (in front, and about him). Hush! hush!

[Irrascible Gentleman very angry, and begins at the Second Act in his book by mistake.

His Neighbour. Would you mind lending me your glasses for a minute? I'm unfortunately shortsighted, and I've left mine at home. (Almost taking them.) Thank you.

[Irrascible Gentleman wonders to himself why the — his neighbour can't hire a pair, and begins to settle himself down to the Opera.

Habitué of Italian Opera (lounging in late over toes and against knees to his Stall, cheerfully). Pardon—thank you—Ah!

[Stops just in front of Irrascible Person, to shake hands with a friend.

Irrascible Person (very uncomfortable, leaning back, with his knees drawn in). I really do wish—that—

Habitué (in answer to something). No, not yet. See you again. (Treads on Irrascible's toes.) Pardon—

[Passes on triumphantly. Sits by a Club friend.

Club Friend. Nothing new in it. Second time I've heard it.

Amateur Critic. O, one knows all the tunes. (A quintette is sung.) There! (To his Amateur Friend.) You recollect that movement in the Ballo?

Amateur Friend (frowns meditatively, as if recalling all the Music of the Ballo in Maschera, which he has only heard once, six years ago, and replies.) O, of course: it's the very thing.

[Thinks he'll buy a shilling book of the Ballo, and find out what he's talking about.

Mrs. Somebody (to Mr. Somebody). What is the story of the Forty Thieves?

Mr. Somebody (with scant politeness). Why, what one read as a child, you know, years ago. (Tries his hand at it.) ALI BABA gets into a cave, and hears the robbers, you know—and "Open, sesame" comes in it—and then (vaguely) there's Morgiana, who pours oil into the jars, and—you recollect?

Mrs. Somebody. O, yes. But I don't recollect DELIA and NADIR in it. [Referring to programme.

Mr. Somebody. Eh? Yes, I think they were in it.

[Watches these two characters with interest. Enter NADIR, the Tenor, DELIA's lover, through the window. He is neatly and elegantly dressed in, apparently, a pair of brilliant bed-curtains, with a lady's jacket, of an exploded fashion, over them. But DELIA loves him; and though she doesn't notice these trifles now, yet she'd never let him go out like that when they're married.

Duet (of course, in Italian).

DELIA.

When first met our glances,
My joy so unmeasured
For aye shall be treasured.

NADIR.

When first met our glances,
Thy beauty divine, love,
My heart made all mine, love.

[Joy! Then enter old ALI. Kicks NADIR out. Despair! End of Scene.

SCENE 2—Outside the Robbers' Cave.

Enter NADIR, sadly. (Noise without.) Some one approaches. (Happy Thought.) Perhaps it's the Forty Thieves. I'll hide myself, and watch.

[Hides himself, and watches somebody else. For concealment he chooses what appears to be a large artichoke, behind which his bed-curtains are distinctly visible.

Enter the Forty Thieves. They, very injudiciously for people who wish to avoid discovery, sing a stupendously loud chorus. A gong sounds three times whenever the cave opens or closes.

Nadir (behind the artichoke, probably to himself). Where are the police?

The Forty in full chorus (drum, trombone, and gong, all thrown in for the same money)—

"With silence and prudence we'll soon seize the prey."

NADIR re-appears, incautiously, before the robbers have quite gone, but is not perceived. [Exeunt omnes.]

Nadir (happy in the self-delusion). They're gone, far yonder. "Sesame! open be you!"

[Gong sounds, like the summons to "Walk up! Walk up!" at a booth, and NADIR, taking for granted that there's no one at home, rushes in.]

Amateur (shrugging his shoulders). Ahem! Slight. Nothing new. Niece (to Uncle). Isn't BOTTESINI a great violoncello player?

Uncle. Yes. (Pauses in doubt as to whether it isn't the double-bass for which he is celebrated.) Yes—or the double-bass.

Inquiring Niece. What's the difference between a double-bass and a violoncello?

Uncle (under the impression that other people are listening, and wishing himself well out of it). Well—(thinks)—in one case a man sits on a high stool, and plays it—and in the other he (hesitatingly, then boldly)—he doesn't.

Mamma. I've heard BOTTESINI—(thoughtfully, and owing UNCLE JOHN a turn for not getting the books)—and I don't remember that he sat on a high stool.

Uncle (triumphantly). No; because he plays the violoncello.

ACT II.

(Chiefly interesting as exhibiting NADIR, after having made a fortune out of his visit to the Cave, in a new suit of bed-curtains. NADIR tells ALI the secret of the Cave.)

Ali (aside). "But, as my memory is not quite bright."

"Not to forget it, the spell-word I'll write."

[Produces a betting-book, or a Lettis' Diary for 1871, and books it. Enter all DELIA's friends. Sweet things in shawl patterns and dressing-gowns. The Custom House officer ABOUL is to take away DELIA. NADIR in despair.]

Expressive Finale.

Nadir.

Aboul.

Morgiana and friends.

Ali.

{ Different people
evidently have
different opinions.

{ Joyful man!
Ruthless man!
Joyful man!
He's the man!

ACT III.

SCENE 2—Interior of the Cave. Vast treasures heaped up in a corner, consisting, apparently, of six candelabras and some "property" stage goblets. ALI enters, and is overjoyed at seeing such valuables.

Ali (enraptured). "Sight prodigious! past all thinking—"

(evidently a person of very limited ideas)—

"Ne'er was treasure rich as that!"

[He is discovered by the Forty. DELIA, his daughter, has, it seems, joined the band.]

Thoughtful Person (to a friend). I don't recollect this in the story. His Friend (giving his mind to it). No—(gives more of his mind to it)—No—no more do I.

[Determines to buy the "Arabian Nights," and refresh his memory.]

ACT IV. AND LAST.

The Comic Opera ends with the remarkably humorous situation of some Official connected with the Turkish Civil Service rushing on with a flambeau, and setting light to five jars supposed to be filled with coffee, and capable of containing the entire band of the Forty Thieves, who thus perish in the flames. This is an excellent jest, as of course coffee itself catches light so easily, and the men, faithful to the last, would rather stay and be burnt than make any attempt to extricate themselves. With this real bit of regular practical Pantomime fun (it ought to have been done by a Clown with red-hot poker) this uproariously Comic Opera ends.

Motto for "Family Parties."

"Et consanguineum mensas odere timentque."—Lucretius.



"COLD DRAWN!"

Mamma (after endeavouring to administer a Spoonful of Castor-Oil). "NAUGHTY BOY! O, NURSE, HE'S BLOWN IT ALL INTO MY FACE!"

Baby (sententiously). "TINK 'OO GOT WORST OF IT DIS TIME!"



AFTER FIVE WEEKS' FROST!

A THAW—YES, BUT HUNTING IS HARDLY POSSIBLE—QUITE—THE NEXT DAY! HOWEVER, JONES, WHO HAS LATELY TAKEN TO IT, IS CERTAIN THE HOUNDS WILL BE OUT, HURRIES FROM TOWN, AND GALLOPS TO THE MEET.

[Cheerful result!]

STRAWBERRY LEAVES.

A SELECTION FROM THE VERY LATEST LETTERS OF THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, OF STRAWBERRY HILL. FAVOURED BY OUR PRIVATE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

WE hear that Paris is ready to surrender, unless the German Emperor demands more than, even in her distress, she can grant. Favre vibrates between Versailles and the city. That is all I know, and more than I care to know. So that the bloodshedding be stopped, I am content, for the hour, and he is not very wise who looks much further. Who is guilty of the slaughter worked by a bombardment, those who bombard, or those who turn a vast capital into a fortress which by the laws of war may be bombarded? I am not concerned to allot shares in the crime, but when I read that a shell descended among four little children, chatting in the street, and blew them to pieces, I could wish to see the commanders on both sides tied to the mouths of guns—soft-hearted as I am, I believe that I could *with instock then the devilish cummon touch*.

I am not quite such a buzzard, dear Sir, but that I see your hint not to write too freely about your masters. Well, I will say that the present Government is the noblest, finest, wisest, grandest, safest that ever was, or ever will be—until the next comes. If everybody else does not think so, that is not my fault. As the children say, I am not Everybody. No doubt the Ministers themselves are of my way of speaking, and sing admiringly to one another, as Miss Seward sang to Temper Hayley.

Bob Love.

"Noble Premier, England's glory,
Mr. Gladstone, that is you."

Gladstone.

"Sir, you carry all before ye,
Trust me, Brilliant Bob, you do."

And, sincerely, I admire them both, and several of their colleagues. There! As you, like Don Quixote, are afraid to have your helmet

tried by a sword-cut, for fear the head-piece should give way, when it would be so much more prudent to let it be split on your head, I have done. Only, should there be a *split*, you will be good enough to remember who was the deaf adder that stopped his ears. Not, my dear Sir, that you at all resemble an adder, though I must own that in the business you tell me of with the brace of soldiers you showed yourself endowed with some of the serpent's craft. You checkmated them both, but then what says George Meredith—*When for one serpent were two asses match?*

Father Hyacinthe, the eloquent, hath indited a long letter to the Bishops of his Church. He speaks of "the thunderclap that burst over the Vatican in reply to the impious dogma." Also, Hyacinthus protests against the celibacy of the clergy. It is a difficult question. If you let a priest marry, there is danger of his thinking too much about his own wife. If you don't—but what have you or I to do with the ecclesiastics? By Dodo, who was the mother of Zoroaster, they give a deal of trouble, considering the amount of good they do. We have been favoured with their assistance for some thousands of years, and at this moment some hundreds of thousands of men are cutting one another's throats. But then the priests say we won't listen. That is surely very childish. Why do they not make us listen, as anybody worth listening to always does? However, I am imitating them, and preaching an absurd sermon.

I have been dragged to some theatres lately, but I have seen nothing to afflict you with. The women in society have only one word now, and it is "awfully." I hate it, but it suits me at the moment. I have been awfully *ennuyé* with all I have seen. Urso Major Johnson said, truly, enough, of Congreve that his comedies surprise rather than divert, and so have in some degree the operation of tragedies. What I have witnessed certainly did not divert me, but it had the operation of tragedy to the extent of causing surprise that such productions are called plays. There is very little real acting, which is not so much the actors' fault as their misfortune, for they have neither models nor schools, and they have a most ignorant public that neglects the best and applauds the worst efforts. There are a few pretty faces on the stage, not many, and their owners are

not usually of the cleverest sort. Still, a charming face is to be admired. O, my dear Sir,

"Fuge suspicari
Cujus octavum trepidavit astas
Claudere lustrum."

The weather is savage. I had thought that the god Thor was established, but he has had his Sedan. The mercury is ever such a way below freezing. Those anthropophagi,—or is the word antipodeans?—are revelling *al fresco*, with wisterias and winecups, and in the sunshine, until, as with Gargantua's friends, it is a sweet and a heavenly sound to hear them laugh. I read the insulting tale in the Times the other morning, and I annotated it with execrations because I could not unnumb my fingers. When I meet my ancestors in Elysium, they shall have a piece of my mind about their settling in this abominable island, whose only merit is its beef, which I hate. But the silver sea? I hate that too, for it makes me sick. But Liberty? My dear Sir, now it is your turn to begin to preach. Moreover, we have no liberty. I sent my footman to drive away a brute of an organ-player from before my window in Arlington Street last month, and because the wretch would not move Tom, gave him a shove, and next day was summoned for an assault. Liberty, indeed! The Romans represented her with a cat at her feet, but here she is the cat herself.

I was teadrunkwit'd, t'other afternoon, by some pleasant ladies, mostly known to you. One of them dropped the cream-jug. An elder one, of the sort that loves proverbs, one who should have sat to Dean Swift for his *Polite Conversation*, said, "Well, my dear, no use crying over spilt milk." "No, Mamma," was the answer, "I dare say there's water enough in it already." Now I look at it on paper, I do not think that it is so very clever; but we laughed consumedly, and you are to do the same. It could not have been premeditated, but came out *anshum scranshum*, as we say in Lincolnshire. Perhaps, as you have once or twice rudely observed, Sir, I make too much of anything said or done by my favourites. Do not be ungrateful; I always praise you, and prophesy your being our foreign Minister, though I wish you a better office, in these days when England is utterly humiliated and degraded, and blotted out from the map of Europe as much as Britain was when Horace wrote of us. There, I see you laughing at me again. Really, Sir Horace Mann, you very great diplomatists have very little manners.

Adieu. I forgive you. I might have been harsher, but that Sol is actually pouring half a pint of sunshine into England, and I must go out and get my thimbleful.

Ever yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. An *alumnus* of Owen's College, Manchester, Mr. John Hopkinson, of that city, is the Senior Wrangler this year. I must get my friend Gray to vary his charming poem to suit the event:—

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen wise and Owen strong,
Rich in every liberal art, &c.

Oddly Titled.

"THE Queen, the King, and the Virtuous Lady." You shall have three, nay three times three, nay thirty chances, and yet never guess what these names represent. They are not Twelfth Night characters, or characters in a Christmas pantomime, or persons in an allegory, or devices in a transparency, or figures on an Odd Fellows flag, or sculptures on a Town Hall, but—Three Mines!

"Nothing Like Leather."

ONCE, the shoemaker, 's a man
That has himself surpassed,
He always doth whate'er he can
To go beyond his last.

FROM THE "L. E. G."

THE poet GRAY must have been painfully aware of the want of manners in the rural districts, to make him reflect on "the rude forefathers of the hamlet."



MARK TAPLEY, JUN.

Paterfamilias. "HULLO, TOMMY, YOU'RE UP EARLY! WHEN DO YOU RISE WHEN YOU'RE AT SCHOOL?"
Tommy. "O, ANY TIME WE LIKE; BUT WE MUSTN'T BE LATER THAN HALF-PAST SIX."

A QUESTION FOR EVERYBODY.

CAN I AFFORD IT? Pay your Newsman 3d. for a Number of *Punch*, and a reply.

The cost of increasing our military armaments on a scale exceeding that of the forces maintained by the Great Powers of the Continent, so as to enable us to fight them, on their own ground, and at the same time defend our country and our colonies, is pointed out in *Punch's* Cartoons and Articles.

The additional cost of keeping up a Navy sufficiently powerful to defy a combination of all the fleets in the world, is set forth in the Cartoons and Articles of *Punch*.

Punch's Cartoons and Articles indicate that it is impossible for a nation to be both a commercial and a military one, and for an island which has not a large commercial marine to have a sufficient Navy.

In the Cartoons and Articles of *Punch*, the useless expense of doing things by halves is insisted on.

The necessity of organising a perfectly complete system of national defence before going to the further expense of preparations for intermeddling in our neighbours' quarrels, is inculcated in the Cartoons and Articles which *Punch* contains.

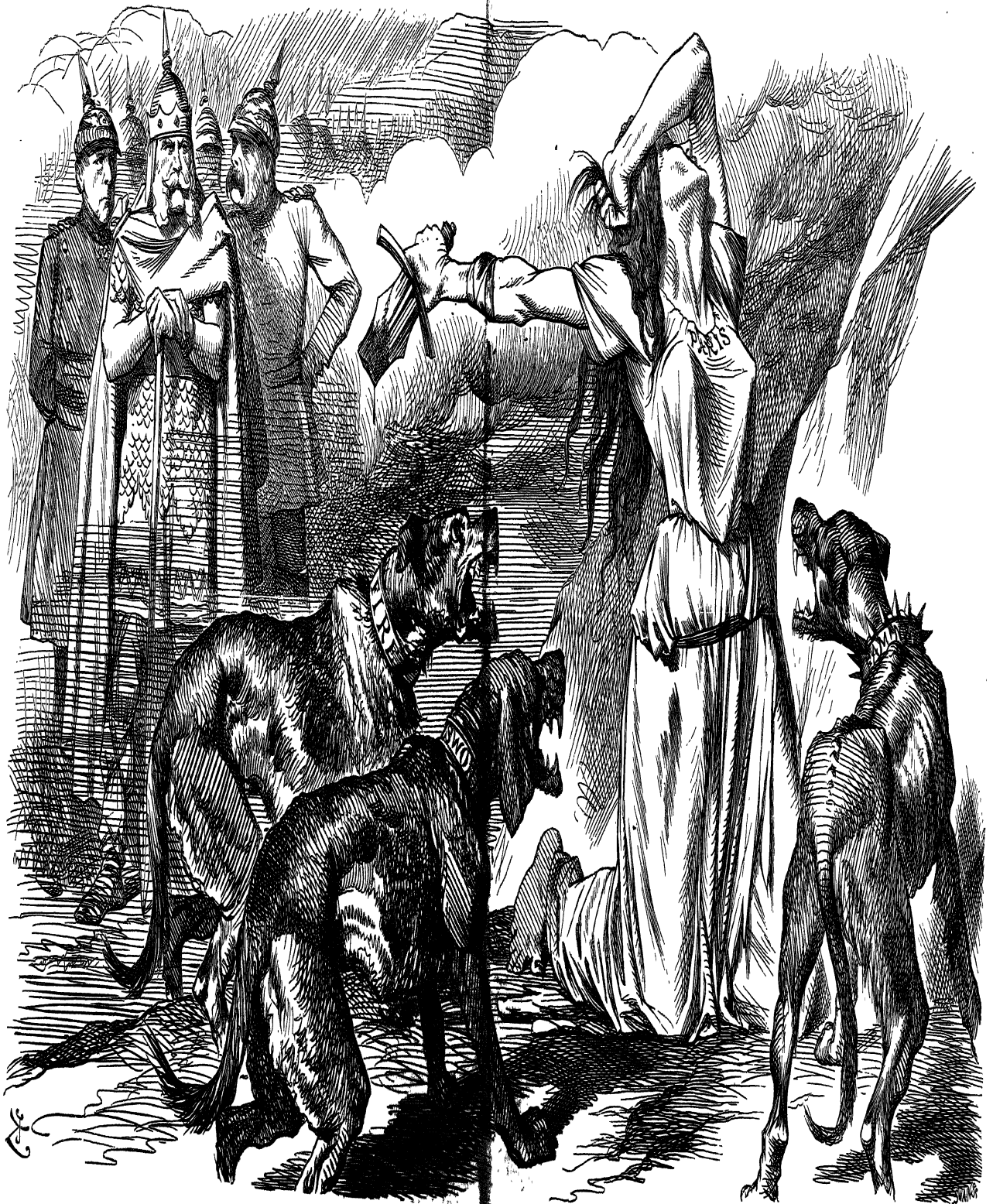
For some idea of the Income-tax which will be the consequence of a departure from the policy of non-intervention in foreign affairs, see the Cartoons and Articles in *Punch*.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

THE Gad-fly is a rover, never staying long in one place. The favourite amusement of the Arctic Bear is swarming up the North Pole. Of all the Mammalia the Ounce weighs the least. When I ask a Boy in the street to run after a Cab for me, I call him my Fly-catcher.

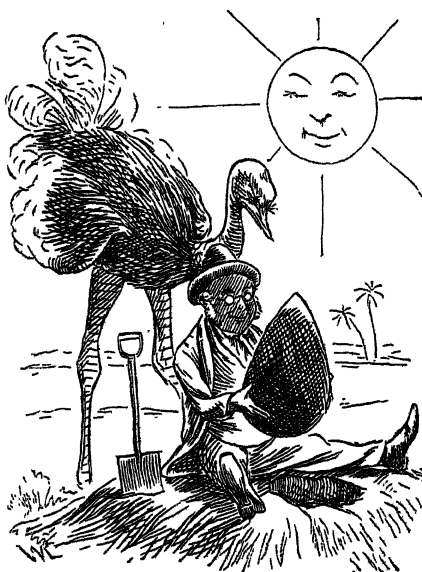
The rarest kind of Shell-fish is, undoubtedly, the Siberian Crab. The notes of the Sand-piper are especially appreciated in Scotland.

The Opossum is a quadruped of great ability, able to do almost anything you ask him, as, indeed, his name signifies, for, translated out of Latin into English, it means neither more nor less than "O! I can."



"CALL OFF THE DOGS!"

NEAT, BUT ALSO GAUDY.



PUNCH has more than once signified his opinion of his contemporary, called *Public Opinion*, "A gatherer and disposer of other men's scraps," it usually empties a wallet of acceptable matter, and is especially to be commended for its extracts and translations from foreign papers. Even the Turkish and Arabic organs, the *Rahat el Halkam*, and the *Mafesch*, are looked after, by some erudite member of the staff, and their Mahometan mumblings are translated for us. Thus far we have only praise for *P. O.* But it has a department devoted to the

lucubrations of amateur correspondents, and truly we wish that these articles could be eliminated, and their place filled with something readable. For of all the bumptious bores who afflict the public, *P. O.*'s correspondents are the biggest. They are exceptionally a nuisance. Yet to the exceptionals there is exception. If the following letter has not slipped from under its proper heading "Amusing," the vigilant sub-editor must have been at fault in sticking it amid the pretentious dulnesses of other correspondents.

SIR,—The bombardment of Paris is a piece of savagery which it is the sacred duty of neutral Cabinets possessing an ounce of manliness to prepare themselves to avenge by a compact coalition against the brutal and thievish stratocracy of Germania, led on by the accursed blood-spiller and lying blood-hound of Prussia—now the mushroom Emperor of Teutons—and his Chancellor BISMARCK, the most unmitigated scoundrel and blackguard that ever called himself, or was called, a statesman.—Your faithful servant,
Stratford, E.

EDMUND NEATE.

If this style is after the present school of Stratford atte le Bow, we hope that academy will long prosper, for the diversion of mankind. And if our friend *P. O.*'s other correspondents were a tenth part as entertaining as the impetuous MR. NEATE, we should not recommend the editor (as we respectfully do) to "reform them altogether." See what disturbance such a writer causes in Europe. We *know* that in consequence of his letter, the German EMPEROR has abdicated, COUNT VON BISMARCK has gone into a monastery, and all the "Teutons" are preparing to emigrate, under assumed names.

A GEM OF A WITNESS.

WE admire Testimonials, whether presents or letters, and we believe implicitly in all the merits which they reward or proclaim. Here is a lovely one, of the literary kind. We take it from a chiropodist's advertisement.

"Four or five years ago, MR. ***** successfully extracted several corns from my feet, without pain, as also a member of my family, which have not returned since that time."

We have not the least idea as to what has happened to this gentleman, but whatever it is we believe it, and especially congratulate him on the non-return of a member of his family. For one's relations are often as much bother as one's corns—and won't always be out.

The Present Art of Poetry.

WRITE a profusion of rhythmical and melodious nonsense, amidst which, at distant intervals, here and there introduce an intelligible line. The dulllest idea therein expressed will shine like a star amid surrounding darkness.

A WANT IN THE STATUTE-BOOK.

A LAW should be passed without any further delay, early in the coming Session, if possible, making the importation into this afflicted country of foreign street musicians—contraband.

"CALL OFF THE DOGS!"

" . . . At his heels
Shall Famine, Sword, and Fire, leashed in like hounds,
Crouch for employment."

Shakespeare, Henry V., Chorus Act I.

COUNT-HUNTSMAN, wind a *mort*—Tahaut, tahaut!

The stubborn quarry stands no more at bay:
With blood-fleck'd sides, great eyes of pride and woe,
That half disclaim the pity which they pray,
Faint and fore-spent, he strives, in spite of wounds,
To bear a brave show of defiance still,
And to the onset of these eager hounds
Opposes barrier of a desperate will.

Had royal hunter e'er more royal game,
Than this that these trained war-dogs have pulled down,
While his hosts crowned their master, by the name
Of Kaiser, with the Reich's Imperial Crown?
Was e'er great hart more staunchly run to death,
After long agony of hopeless fight,
Than this, that now draws agonising breath,
With dragged skin, and eyes of tearful light?

A thing it seemed for pleasure of a Queen,—
Formed to add loveliness of moving life
To the still beauty of some woodland scene;
Daintily nurtured, for no sterner strife
Than that of white hands, vying which should wreath
The stately crest or stroke the glossy side;
No ruder breath than summer's wont to breathe,
Nor worse chace than fair ladylove's to bide—

Not fit to face these war-dogs, chested deep,
Strong-limbed, steel-sinewed, silent, tough and true;
Whose fanged jaws spring-like shut and vice-like keep;
Muzzled and eyed to hunt by scent or view:
And the more wonderful, that, war's work o'er,
More docile beasts ne'er guarded house or herd;
More patient drudges ne'er all labour bore
That masters' cunning has to dogs transferred.

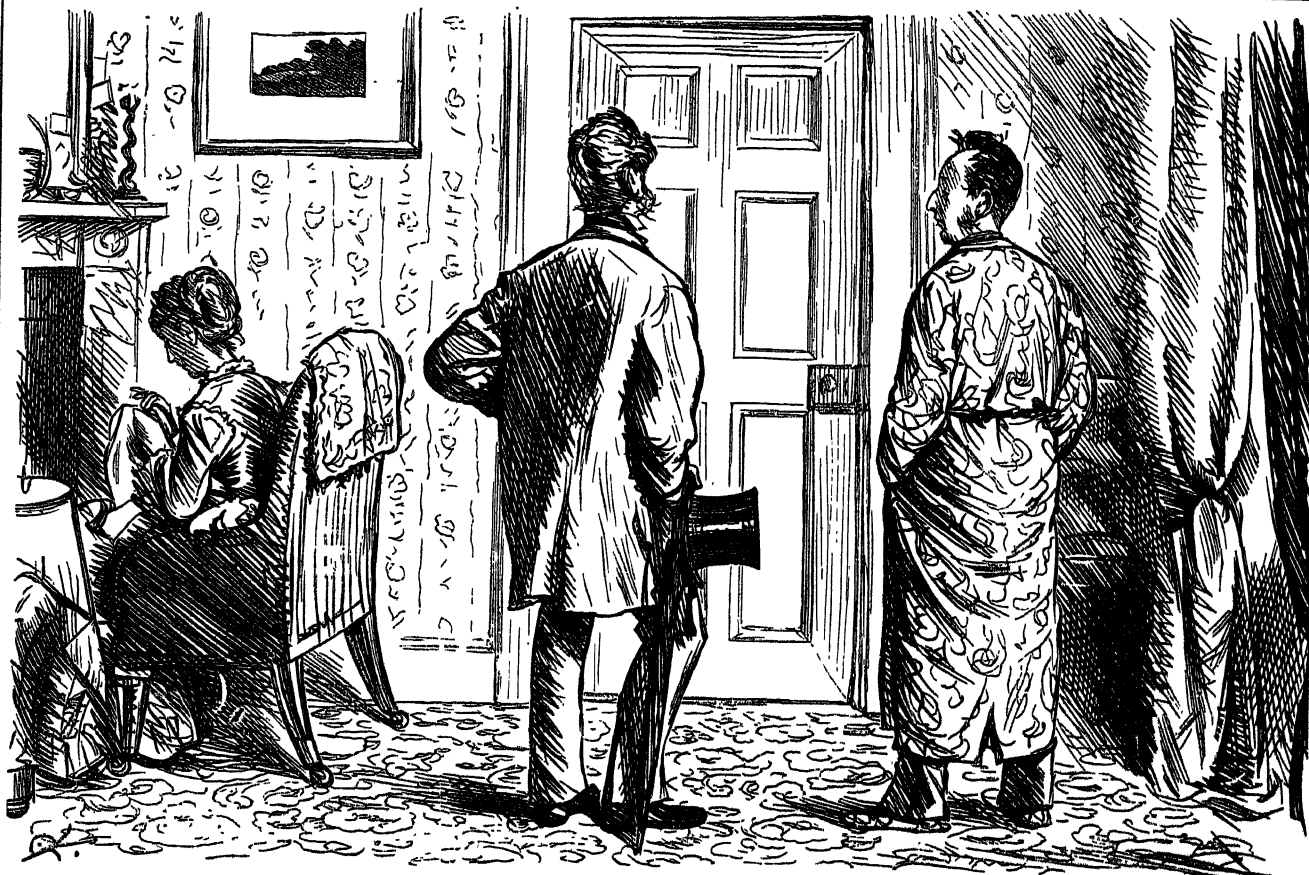
But nought save war-dogs' training now they show,
With hot breath and hoarse bay and savage bound
Circling their over-matched and out-worn foe,
That rests a torn flank on the bloody ground,
Betraying what defiance fain would hide,
That strength no more can wage unequal strife,
Yet to ill-fortune scarce can conquer pride,
And unto hounds or huntsmen sue for life.

Well has the quarry striven, and, lacking skill
Of fence, yet done its best to use its times,
With thrusts too short, yet swift and sharp to kill,
But baffled by the hunter's cunning lines,
Tripped and entangled in the toils it lay,
And the fierce dogs leapt on it, one and all,
Which, blind and bleeding, still 'twould shake away,
Stagg'ring to feet again, again to fall.

Till the strength wasted, and the raw wounds chilled,
All the more, when to aid the war-dog Sword
Came his fierce fellows, Fire that is not filled,
And Famine, hound of Hell, lean and abhorred:
And for the task that shot and steel defied,
Famine and Fire out of the leash were sprung,
And fixed their fangs in the sore-wounded side,
And on the bleeding flanks and fore-hand hung.

And now the work is wrought—the hunt is done:
Hunter and hunted both may count the cost;
They, what the strength or glory they have won,
It what the worth of all that it has lost.
Call off thy dogs, O huntsman stern and strong,
With life, at least, let up thy bleeding prey;
Couple thy war-hounds—who knows for how long,
Or what the chace that next shall hear their bay!

There have been hunters, famous ones of old,
Rent by their own dogs, by a master rash
Aroused to strange wrath under too tight hold
Of leash, too savage smiting of the lash.
Kaiser for King thou art; but they that gave
Imperial robe and crown can take away:
Strength based on fraud or force still finds its grave
Dug by the hands that vied its base to lay.



COINCIDENT.

Young Pumpcourt (not being quite ready with his Rent when his Landlord calls, thinks it best to find fault with his new House). "Now, LOOK AT THESE DOORS! DON'T FIT, YOU SEE!"

Landlord and Builder. "OUSE MUST HAVE TIME TO SETTLE, YOU KNOW, SIR!"

Young Pumpcourt (struck with the idea). "AH! JUST SO. EXACTLY! PRECISELY MY CASE, MR. WENTSCOTT!"

A SONG FOR SMALL GERMANS.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Ye German Princes puir an' proud,
 You sae do Commerce scorn,
 Ye wadna hae LOUISE allowed
 To wed the LORD o' LORNE,
 In trade's honest line, you fools,
 In trade's honest line;
 Because o' kinsmen to ARGYLL,
 In trade's honest line.

Your wealth and wits alike are sma',
 Ye pack o' lazy loons,
 You that were in your mouths born a'
 Wi' German siller spoons.
 In trade's honest line, you fools,
 In trade's honest line;
 Wad ye'd the wit your bread to get
 In trade's honest line!

Are ye na blate, ye pauper chieles,
 Ye burdens on the soil,
 To think ye're owin' for your meals
 To ither people's toil?
 In trade's honest line, ye fools,
 In trade's honest line;
 Their livin' whilst your betters earn
 In trade's honest line?

They are your betters, to nae man
 Wha their subsistence owe;
 That auld-established CAMPBELLS' clan,
 MAC CULLUM MORE & Co.
 In trade's honest line, ye fools,
 In trade's honest line;
 That wark, instead o' doing nought,
 In trade's honest line.

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH OF TWINS.

A CONTEMPORARY thus announces:—

"A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A few days ago the bear at Rosherville Gardens gave birth to two fine cubs. According to BUFFON, this class, *Ursus Arctos*, rarely have more than one at a time."

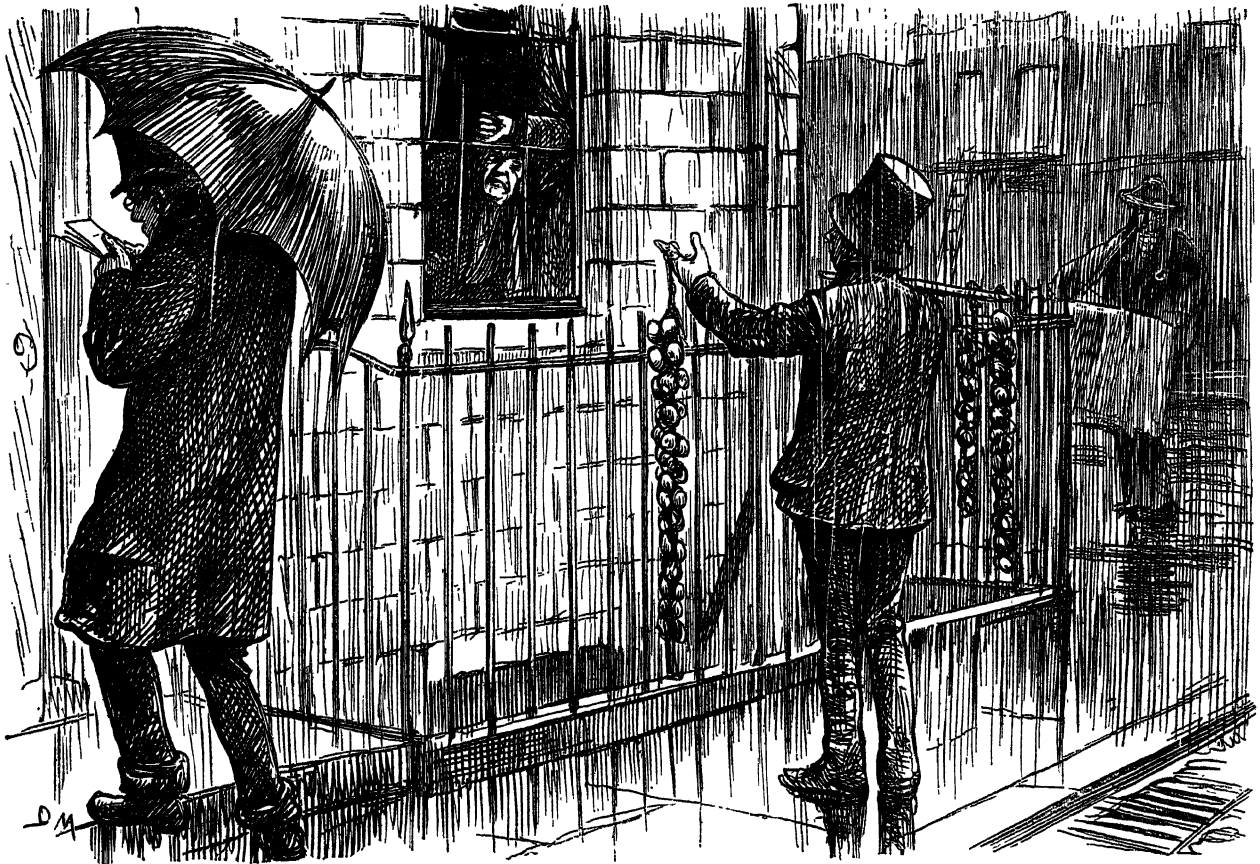
It is too early to advise the Lessee of Rosherville Gardens to get the case of extraordinary fecundity which has occurred on his premises made known to the QUEEN with a view to the probability that Her MAJESTY would, with her accustomed liberality, be graciously pleased to present him with a gratuity for the poor bear. It is now two months to the First of April.

VERY HARD LATIN.

SOME classical authorities, calling for a reform of our pronunciation of Latin, urge that *c* before *e*, *æ*, or *i*, ought to be sounded like *k*, so that *cicer*, *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, should be pronounced *kiker*, *Kæsar*, *Kikero*. It is not clear that *c* ought to be kicked out of the Latin language in this way; such violent kicking hurts the ear; and schoolboys will perhaps generally agree that those who want to introduce it deserve monkey's allowance—"more kicks than halfpence." Let persons addicted to the use of slang, in whose dialect two-and-a-kick means half-a-crown, remark, if they please, that they would twelve times rather have a kick than a halfpenny.

"Love Rules the Court," &c.

"ATTACHMENTS in the LORD MAYOR'S Court."—In what unlikely places do we find all-conquering Love assert his irresistible power! Nothing now would surprise us; not even "Flirtations in the Old Bailey," or "Broken Engagements in Basinghall Street," or "Offers in the Divorce Court," or "Marked Attentions in the Queen's Bench."



FACES ONE SEES AT THE WINDOW.

THIS FACE BELONGS TO PATERFAMILIAS, WHO HAS JUST BEEN TOLD THAT THE NEW KITCHEN-BOILER HAS BURST. AS A CONSOLATION IN THESE TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, THE RAIN IS POURING STEADILY DOWN, AN ORGAN IS GRINDING A HATEFUL TUNE ROUND THE CORNER, THE TAX-GATHERER IS JUST GOING TO KNOCK AT THE DOOR, AND AN IMPUDENT COSTER PERSISTENTLY OFFERS HIM FOR SALE A VEGETABLE WHICH HE (PATERFAMILIAS) PARTICULARLY LOATHES.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

"OLD TIM THE TEETOTALLER."—*After Hatton.*

OLD TIM the Teetotaler keeps a rare store,
Of black and strong green tea,
Of Souchong—and who can tell how many more,
For a thirsty old soul is he—e!
A thirsty old Soul is he.
Of Pekoe and Twankay he never doth fail,
Which all the day long he drinks out of a pail.
For he never ale-th, he quaintly doth say,
While he sticks to his fifty-two cups in a day—
For ho! ho! ho!
Old TIM can't know
How much of birch-broom there is in Pekoe.
Chorus—"For ho! ho! ho!" &c.

His Landlady sits in her own still-room,
Alone with the cat sits she;
Except when she asks in the maid or the groom,
To join her in taking tea-e,
To join her in taking tea.
Now, TIM has a tea-chest, but isn't aware,
That his Landlady helps herself freely from there.
Tho' the maid and the groom of the Landlady told,
Yet TIM held his tongue,—it was no use to scold.
For ho! ho! ho!
He now doth know
Where all his Bohea and Souchong doth go.
Chorus—"For ho! ho! ho!" &c.
Old TIM he reclines in his high-backed chair,
And plays a few tunes on a fife;

He blows it for joy, for he doesn't care,
Since he puzzled her out of her life—
Yes! his Landlady out of her life.
For he's got a lock on his tea-chest so strong,
And the Landlady tried it for ever so long
With hammer and tongs till she fainted away,
And was then handed over to P'liceman 1 A.
And ho! ho! ho!
Old TIM will show
His Landlady up in the Court of Bow.

Chorus of Teetotalers in their Cups—
For ho! ho! ho!
Old TIM will show
His Landlady up in the Court of Bow!

[Dedicated, without permission, to the Author and Composer of
"Old Simon," "Old Cyril," &c., &c.]

A Card for Cads.

THE Republican gentlemen of the pavement have exhorted the Volunteers to disobey orders by taking part in a certain political demonstration. The British Volunteers will prove themselves worthy of their name. A Volunteer is so called because he is a voluntary soldier, choosing to be commanded by his commanding officer, and not because he is one accustomed, in matters of military discipline, to be commanded by a will of his own.

Divinity and Physic.

In an advertisement announcing the third edition of "DR. CUMMING'S New Work," that production is described as "*The Seventh Vial; or The Time of Trouble Begun.*" In its alternative part this title might be improved. Had it not better be changed to "*The Seventh Vial; or Another Dose from Dr. Cumming?*"

RUSKIN'S REMEDY FOR INUNDATION.



Y DEAR JOHN,—Let's begin at the beginning. First catch your oracle. I have caught two — you and THOMAS CARLYLE — and I feel I ought to be thankful. I consult you alternately, and go by the answers. But the worst of it is no oracle, since the Pythian, is good for all questions. Even it wasn't always clear. You are

always clear, you will say, but then are you always right? On Old Painters and Modern, Art and Nature, Clouds and Trees, Mountains and Minerals, Ethics of the Dust and Glories of the Sky, Crowns of Wild Olive, and Cestuses of Aglaia, and Sesamum and Lilies, and Lamps of Architecture, and Stones of Venice, you may be. Some of my friends tell me you are; others tell me you are quite the reverse. But at least all you say on these matters reads very mystical and musical, and sounds uncommonly like an oracle; and if I can't always understand, I can always shut my eyes, and open my ears and swallow what RUSKIN sends me.

But then you have lately insisted on starting an oracle for Political Economy. There, as a wretched Philistine, and low shop-keeping scoundrel, I do seem to see a little daylight, only a little, I admit, but, by what I can see, your oracles on that point are by no means such as I can swallow. I can shut my eyes, and open my ears, but I can't get down what you send me. In short when you come "unto this last" I feel you've got beyond your last: and I take it *ne sutor* is one of the best old work-a-day oracles ever delivered.

But let Political Economy pass. I said I saw a little daylight there, but I admit there are a great many very nasty bits of thorny-brake, and sour, quaking bog, in that wood, still, and anybody who brings his axe, and helps to make a clearing is welcome. Only he must come as woodman and workman, not as wisacre and oracle. The worst of Political Economy sums is that they have to be worked with men's interests, principles, passions, and pockets for factors, and these are very difficult counters to cipher with. You can't *prove* your sums, as we used to have to do at school. But when it comes to engineering, and you proceed to give oracles on that, I'm down on you. We are on safe and sure ground here among figures and quantities, measures of length, liquid measures, and measures of capacity. And I am afraid, when I bring my gauge to test your measure of capacity as an engineering oracle, it don't "come out" at all as it ought—for an oracle.

You have lately been teaching the Royal Institution how to prevent inundations of the Tiber. It doesn't seem exactly our most pressing business—but let that pass.

Here is your remedy in your own words.*

"Every mountain farm ought to have a dyke about two feet high—with a small ditch within it—carried at intervals in regular, scarcely perceptible incline, across its fields;—with discharge into a reservoir large enough to contain a week's maximum rainfall on the area of that farm in the stormiest weather—the higher uncultivated lands being guarded over larger spaces with bolder embankments. No drop of water that had once touched hill ground ought ever to reach the plains till it was wanted there: and the maintenance of the bank and reservoir, once built, on any farm, would not cost more than the keeping up of its cattle-sheds against chance of whirlwind and snow."

Now really, my dear Oracle! Do you know that rain has fallen over London at the rate of four inches in the hour? That about Rome, such falls may take place for several hours, and at not distant intervals? That thirty inches of rain in twenty-four hours have been recorded at Geneva?

Why how often have you yourself noted the effects of sudden mountain storms in Switzerland and Italy: dry ravines turned suddenly to torrents; beds of gravel dragged over great slopes; huge boulders whisked about, like shuttlecocks under the battle-dore, and large areas left as bare of soil as the back of my hand.

Where would your two-foot dykes and conduits and tanks be, in a storm like that?—As JOHN THOMAS would say, "gone to everlasting smash."

Seriously, are you aware what an inch depth of rain means?

It means 22,400 gallons, or one hundred tons, of water on every square acre of land; and supposing four inches to come down in an hour, this means four hundred tons of water per hour per acre. And

you talk of tanking the maximum rainfall for a week! Have you considered that for the gathering ground that feeds Father Tiber, this would mean storing millions of tons, thousands of millions of gallons, each gallon weighing ten pounds, and having destructive force in proportion to volume, and the depth and declivity of ravine discharging it; that a farm of one hundred acres, to accommodate one hour's rainfall only at the maximum London rate, would require a tank one thousand feet long, one hundred wide, and ten deep, which, make it as rudely and cheaply as you can, would cost many thousand pounds; while larger reservoirs in the higher mountain gorges would swallow up hundreds of thousands of pounds, and then might be filled to overflowing by the rains of one week!

My dear JOHN, I don't advise you to go into the City with a Roman Anti-Inundation Company; or, if you do, shirk the arithmetical, and stick to the oracular.

The truth is, old Father Tiber is suffering, like other rivers, in Italy and elsewhere, for want of having his bed made. He has had pitched into that bed the solid rubbish and detritus of centuries; and I doubt if any *Ædile*, from the first on record to MR. AYRTON's latest and stingiest contemporary, has ever so much as relieved the poor old boy of a barrowful. Dredging and embanking in the right places—by the advice of an engineer, not an oracle—may do something to keep the yellow old Father in bounds. But till he has had his bed properly made, and his poor old sides comfortably padded with cunningly placed embankment cushions, he *will* kick over his banks occasionally, and small blame to him.

But, that J. R. his oracle won't help him, believe me, my dear RUSKIN, on the assurance of your constant reader and warm extra-oracular admirer,

WM. G. W.

TEMPTING ARTICLES.

THE *Times* quotes the following pleasant paragraph:—

"Breakfast Delicacies.—According to the *Chemist and Druggist*, Americans are manufacturing golden syrup with sulphuric acid and starch. It is said to blacken the teeth, and chaw up the gizzard. From the same land of innocence we read of currant jelly being made out of old boots."—*British Medical Journal*.

This is bad enough, but there is worse to follow. The *Chemist and Druggist* has not revealed half of what it might have disclosed. We are reluctant to make those of our readers uncomfortable who are particular about what they eat and drink, but private advices from America speak of the following delicacies as being manufactured in large quantities, both for home consumption and importation into this and other epicurean countries.

Treacle from coal tar.

Anchovy paste and sauce from old fishing-tackle.

Cayenne from rusty tenpenny nails.

Preserved ginger from doormats.

Ketchup from old hats.

Isinglass from shirt-fronts.

Caviare from old Russia leather book bindings.

Sponge-cake from flannel garments.

Other novelties are in preparation, and will shortly be introduced into the market.

AN AFFLICTED UNDERTAKER.

UNDERTAKERS do not, as a rule, possess much of Mr. *Punch's* affections, but let that pass. He is not going to compose a homily against extortions, or vanities. Nor, of course, is he going to be flippant on a topic that should repel flippancy. But he has to announce a discovery. Needless to say that the Affliction usually manifested by the undertaker is not supposed to be very genuine. But Mr. *Punch* has lighted on an Afflicted Undertaker, a real one. From a newspaper—one of the best and ablest of our provincial contemporaries—he has cut an advertisement. The advertiser cannot get his money from the representatives of some lady whose funeral he has performed. We have, of course, utterly altered all names.

MRS. JACKSON, DECEASED.

JAMES JONES, Funeral Undertaker, **** Street, **** would feel obliged to the Friends or Representatives of the late Mrs. JACKSON if they would inform him who are the proper parties to pay her Funeral Expenses.

After a detailed description of the business, which appears to have been conducted in "a very superior manner," the advertiser bursts out with a mixture of sorrow and sarcasm, thus:—

"JAMES JONES is not aware that he is in any way connected with the Jackson Family so as to entitle him to bury her and not be paid."

There! Have we said that the above appears in an Irish paper? Was it necessary? Where but in Ireland could we expect to find such an *Advertisement* as an Afflicted Undertaker? MR. DISRAELI'S *Melancholy Ocean* is a wonder-worker, after all.

* See letter in *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 19.



FREAKS OF NATURE.

Waiter. "NOW, THEN, LOOK SHARP! HERE'S THAT MUTTON-CHOP A BILING WITH RAGE AT BEIN' KEP' WAITIN', AND A BEEFSTEAK GONE AWAY IN A TOWERING PASSION!"

PAROCHIAL BARBARITY.

At Marlborough Street Police Court, the other day MR. NEWTON, on the application of MR. RICHARD HARRIS' barrister, instructed by MR. COLAM, Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, granted summonses against MR. CHARLES LOWE, Assistant-Surveyor of Marylebone, and MR. WILLIAM GREEN, foreman of the works, for causing cruelty to horses. The roadway extending from Regent Circus, Oxford Street, to Margaret Street, was stated to have been repaired with granite chips six inches in depth, much larger than usual, and laid down in a rough state, nothing having been done to crush them so as to enable horses to cross them without pain. This was contended to amount, under a section of an Act of Parliament, to the offence of causing horses to be tortured. Humane persons in general, and particularly those who keep valuable horses, will be glad to know that MR. NEWTON, in granting the summonses, said he considered the case a very proper one to be tried. In such cases, which are disgracefully numerous, there are two questions. One of them regards the culpability of the accused, who may or may not have had it in their power to macadamise the parochial granite. *Bumbles* are parsimonious, and steam-rollers cost money. The other question is whether allowing granite, by neglect, to be laid down in the state above described, is indeed a barbarity equal to the offence of causing the torture of horses. If it is not, then there would be no cruelty in paving carriage roads, as walls are fenced, with broken bottles.

A Sad Discovery.

It is a grave accusation to bring against a great writer and a famous poet, but we fear WORDSWORTH must be charged with favouring the horrible practice of Cannibalism, for does he not say that a Woman (a Woman, mark ye!) is

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food?"

Can't Be.

WE read that a Burlesque had lately been enacted to amuse the poor Idiots at Earlswood, and that they were delighted. Surely there is some mistake.

NO WAR WITH AMERICA.

THE following most important details will be read with an eagerness amounting to avidity.

This telegram arrived from the United States:—

"GENERAL BUTLER has introduced, and the House of Representatives by 172 votes against 21 has passed a resolution welcoming MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA and the other recently arrived Fenians in this country."

Snatching his Waverley pen, but in no wavering mood (the wit is SIR WALTER'S), Mr. Punch wrote as follows:—

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

Own up, old hoss, and be spry. Is that message about BUTLER fax? Don't snarl, my yarn.

PUNCH.

In about five hours a messenger came in, and brought back the above, stating that it had taken him all that time to find the Regent's Park, that he had delivered the document, and that the PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY had returned it, with his kindest compliments, as he thought that there must be some mistake.

Mr. Punch looked—only once—but it was more than enough—at the dawdling and blundering messenger.

To make a generous settlement on his widow, and to dispatch his successor to the telegraph office, was the work of a moment.

This was the reply:—

To LORD PUNCH.

My sakes and gracious and deliverance! You *don't* make no count of that bunkum? Take half a single squinny at it, and you'll see straight.

GRANT.

Then came these exchanges:—

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

I don't know what a squinny means, and I do want to know what you mean.

PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

Don't wake snakes. What we feel for you is real nice, and we are going to send your Princess a wedding present.

GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

Snakes be scotch'd. Quite right about H.R.H. But no evasions, old hoss. What dew that Resolution imply? Answer right away, as I hear the dinner-gong, and GRANVILLE dines with me—do you understand?

PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

Ain't he riled? Sir. The Resolution is a Faction's bid for the Irish Vote, which, moreover and moreunder, the Faction won't git. Won't you respectfully ask your Monkey to come down?

GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

When my Monkey is up he ain't easily down'd. Faction is a good word, and so is stupefaction, in which I must be to regard 172 votes out of 242) which the *Statesman's Year Book* tells me is the number of your Reps.) as only factious.

PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

You Britishers don't understand us, and, please the pigs, you never will. Am I the President of this here free and enlightened Republic, or am I not? And don't I know my own subjects—sovereigns, I mean? Sum up that, and pass the bottle to GRANVILLE, with my sentiments of estimation. You'll spile your digestion if you go on wobbling, and you ain't a young person.

GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

ULYSSES, I shall "wobble" as much as I please, and I scorn your allusion to pigs. GRANVILLE drinks with me and thinks with me. Will you rescind that Resolution, or make your Senate pass an opposite one, lamenting that the Fenians were not spificated, and promising to take an early opportunity of rectifying that error?

PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

"Spificating" ain't in *Webster*. Is dinner a time to be sending co-nundrums across the mighty Atlantic? GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

Is dinner a time for sauce? I have been consulting my friend OTTO VON BISMARCK, by telegram, and he sends his love, and advises me to say this. Rescind that Resolution. Give me a receipt in full for all demands about the *Alabama*, and so on. Cede your side of Niagara. Return MADemoiselle NILSSON. And send over HORACE GREELEY. PUNCH.

P.S. Last article open to modification. He may come by instalments.

To LORD PUNCH.

Terms inadmissible, except the last item. GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

Quem vult perdere. Let me name DER BREITMANN. Where is dat Barty, now? Why, in this city, and at a quarter of an hour's notice I can surround his hotel with the Guards from the Albany Barracks? PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

You wouldn't? GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

Wouldn't I? PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

Ain't no option. All your terms are acceded to, and HORACE GREELEY has orders to pack his portmanteau. He uses strong language, but we are accustomed to that, and must bear it among our other afflictions. I venture to express a hope that DER BREITMANN will not be molested in any way. To-morrow the Reps will pass a resolution regretting that they should have been betrayed into an unworthy attempt to cajole the least respectable part of our population, especially as it ain't no use. MR. THORNTON may walk into Niagara whenever he likes. Alabama receipt shall be mailed. But leave us NILSSON, or we shall have a revolution, which would be very inconvenient at this time of year. She has had a good time with us, and we can't bear to lose her just this very now. GRANT.

To PRESIDENT GRANT.

I flatter myself that I am not one of those who extort too much from the vanquished. Signify to the great artist that she may remain as long as she desires to do so. As a voluntary concession, I remit HORACE GREELEY. Assure yourself that DER BREITMANN is held in as much regard here as at home, and that if state exigencies had compelled me to incarcerate him, it should have been in one of the towers of Windsor Castle, and GRANVILLE bids me add that he would have dined with him three times a week. I shall send the Victoria Cross to the minority of 21, and you will alter your Constitution so as to permit their wearing it on Sundays, and Independence Day. For they are truly Braves. Your health, old hoss, and never may the American Eagle, &c. PUNCH.

To LORD PUNCH.

Yours, old cow, and never may the British Lion, &c. GRANT.

Therefore, thanks to Mr. *Punch's* statesmanlike promptitude and masterly adroitness, not only will there be no row in consequence of BUTLER's vulgar faction-dodge, but all the American difficulties are cleared away, and the national melodies blended, they arise to the welkin in one grand chorus of "Hail Britannia, Columbia rules the waves, Happy Lands of Britons (more or less) who never, never, never will be slaves."

A New Accomplishment.

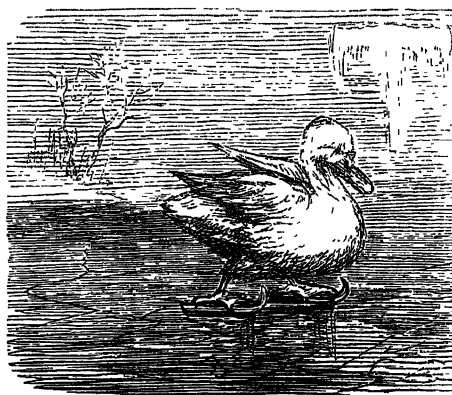
An advertisement for "A superior young person, required as parlour maid and to wait on lady," stipulates that she must "understand," along with dressmaking,—what does the experienced reader imagine? Not setting the table, not keeping plate in order, not ushering in callers, not plain sewing, not getting up small things, but—"chignons!"

"THE MILK JOURNAL."

A SUITABLE motto for this new periodical would no doubt be found in "LAC-TANTUS."

[We are requested to contradict the statement that the office of this publication is in Pump Court.]

A SON-IN-LAW FOR A SOLICITOR.



THE subject of Education is just now full of interest, graver rather than lively. A smile, however, may be excited by the following specimen of it:—

TO ANY SOLICITOR.—

A Solicitor that will Get Me My Property, the valuation is a Good Sum of Money, he would Marry the solicitor's daughter if the solicitor was willing for him to do, the advertiser

is from a Good Birth, Born a Respectable farmer's, son out o' a Good family, he is pleasant-looking rather slender a Genteel appearance, letter to be addressed the name and the Place where the solicitor lives, W, M, &c. &c. &c.

This uncommonly elegant extract is derived from the *Staffordshire Advertiser*. In an educational point of view it is remarkable as presenting evidence of intelligence developed by cultivation to as high a degree, perhaps, as it is capable of attaining. One faculty with which the advertiser may appear to be eminently gifted is that of self-appreciation, and there may be solicitors and others who even think they would like to acquire him at their valuation, and dispose of him at his own. But that, as regards the property which he may be really entitled to, is truly, perhaps, as he describes it, a "Good Sum of Money." The worship of the Golden Calf is an idolatry of which a respectable Solicitor would be incapable, but he might nevertheless rejoice in the acquisition of a treasure which might, in a sense, be so denominated. Any Solicitor, respectable or otherwise, burdened with a portionless daughter, is offered an opportunity of becoming possibly blest with an opulent son-in-law. Solicitors' daughters whose faces are their fortunes, would, doubtless, many of them like to know more about the author of the foregoing advertisement. It would be but natural for them to wish to have some idea of what he is like. Not much is conveyed by his own statement that "he is pleasant-looking rather slender a Genteel appearance;" and he might as well have announced that, on application, he would send his photograph; a word which he very probably might have contrived to write in phonetic spelling. We are sorry that we have not been provided with the means of surmounting this notice with a Portrait of the Gentleman whom it concerns.

A THOROUGH FRENCH GAMECOCK.

FRANCE always will be France, as long as she is led by such men as M. GAMBETTA. The commencement of that Statesman's late proclamation is the truest French possible for such an appeal:—

"Citizens! The foreigner has inflicted upon France the most cruel injury in this accursed war, in the unmeasured chastisement of the errors and weaknesses of a great nation."

"Errors and weaknesses." What admirable euphemisms for the motives and miscalculations which caused the invasion of Germany!

M. GAMBETTA proceeds:—

"Paris the impregnable, forced and vanquished by famine, could no longer hold in check the German hordes. On the 28th January she succumbed. The city remains still intact, as a last homage which has been wrested by the power of moral grandeur from the barbarians."

These noble words make us feel ashamed of ourselves. We had no notion that Paris was a city of any moral grandeur. On the contrary, we always supposed its grandeur to be chiefly of an opposite description. Again, we imagined that the soldiers of Germany had conquered the French armies mainly by their superiority as to the strategy and science of their commanders, and also as well by their greater individual instruction and intelligence. But now we learn that the conquerors of M. GAMBETTA's countrymen are "German hordes," and "barbarians." The language of the Grand Nation, as employed by M. GAMBETTA is as lofty as that of the Celestial Empire. A German Mandarin would denominate the Germans and all the civilised world besides by the letter "I." This may be regarded as a peculiar species of national egotism; but in that way M. GAMBETTA's above-quoted address is the most magnificent thing perhaps which has ever appeared out of China.

ADVERTISING VALENTINES.



As some people are lazy, even when in love, there is little doubt that post-cards will in future be used largely in the service of Saint Valentine. Few lovers now will undertake to give themselves the trouble to indite a sonnet to their mistress's eyebrow, or indulge in any other sentimental form of poetry. The most that young men do in this prosaic age is to walk into a shop where Valentines are sold, and purchase something stupid and exceedingly expensive, which they send off by the post to the young lady they are "nuts on," as their horrible slang goes. The post-card will, however, afford an easy way of sending Valentines about, being specially adapted for anonymous effusions; and, possibly, young men may take advantage of the fact, and may be tempted to devote a score of hours or so of leisure to the concoction of, say, half-a-dozen rhyming nonsense verses. To fit the limited dimensions of the postal cards, couplets and quatrains may possibly be hammered out, after an unwontedly protracted spell of head-work; and young ladies will be startled out of their serene and passionless composure by receiving an attempt at original rhyme-writing, in lieu of the stale poetry which is sent them by the acre, as soon as the sweet season of Saint Valentine returns.

Puffing tradesmen, doubtless, with their usual ingenuity will imitate these post-cards, for neither lovers' feelings nor even lovers' letter-boxes are safe from such insidious and merciless attacks. Couplets setting forth the merits of MUGGER'S cheap crockery, or BUGEIN'S jet-blackening, will be scattered through the world in the shape of post-card Valentines; and we can readily conceive the mingled wrath and indignation of a sentimental person at receiving, in the lieu of a sentimental quatrain, a scrap of prosy poetry in the manner of the following, haply headed with the picture of a true lover's knot, or a heart with one of Cupid's arrows stuck clean through it, still further to keep up the terrible deception:—

I.
The rose is red, the violet blue,
The grass is green, and so are you—
If, when your Valentine you wed,
You do not go to BROWN for bread.

II.
Fair maid, were I thy Valentine,
I'd toast thee in the choicest wine:
Such the champagne at FIZZER'S shop,
'Twill make shy men the question pop.

III.
Sweet Valentine, pray name the happy day,
And we forthwith to GIMCRACK will away:
GIMCRACK, amid a thousand useful things,
Supplies the best and cheapest wedding-rings.

IV.
Saint Valentine, thy votary bless!
Aid all fond lovers in distress:
Bid them, if they would fain look smart,
To buy their clothes at AARON'S mart.

V.
Say, wilt thou be my Valentine?
Then, sweet, at SKINNER'S we will dine.
For what is love without good dinners?
The choicest "spreads" are had at SKINNER'S.

VI.

To-morrow, to-morrow is Valentine's Day!
And JENKINS will make then his usual display
Of rugs and of wrappers, the cheapest e'er seen,
All fit for a journey to Gretna its Green!

VII.

I heard a gentle spirit sing,
"Go buy of TRASH a diamond ring,
And send it to your Valentine,
'Tis ten to one she'll then be thine."

VIII.

Love is a fire that quenchless burns,
When Valentine's great day returns:
But lovers need, like other souls,
In winter drear a fire of coals:
So, lovers, lose no time, but go
Lay in your stock from SLATE & Co.

IX.

I would I were a humming-bird,
How prettily I'd sing!
And let my little voice be heard,
And joy to thousands bring,
By warning them that WIGGINS keeps
Of Valentines the biggest heaps.

INHUMAN TRAFFIC.

"THE POST-OFFICE.—The new halfpenny post has necessitated a large addition to the staff of the circulation branch of the Post-Office. The authorities accordingly advertise for 130 boy sorters. They are to be delivered at St. Martin's-le-Grand without delay, and are to measure not less than 4 feet 10 inches each."

We cannot, we will not, believe for an instant, or any shorter period of time, that the Post-Office authorities have in a public advertisement, paid for out of the taxes levied on a toiling people, so outraged the tenderest feelings of our common humanity as to dare to propose, with the eyes of all the sorters and stampers upon them, that one hundred and thirty boys should be "delivered" (ours are the mute but indignant italics) at St. Martin's-le-Grand, in the very heart and centre of this great, prosperous, wealthy, dirty City of London. "Delivered"! as though they were bags of letters or sacks of newspapers, instead of intelligent, able-bodied, hungry youths, each at least four feet ten inches in height, sons it may be of citizens, grandsons, perchance, of freemen, of livermen! Is slavery about to be introduced into this happy country, at the request of the Postmaster-General? Is serfdom on the point of becoming one of our cherished institutions, with the concurrence of the Lords of the Treasury? Not even in the worst and darkest times before the days of WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON, not even in Jamaica or New Orleans, could a more callous and heartless proposal have been issued to shock the public breast, and arouse feelings of horror and indignation in the minds of all right-thinking ratepayers.

Is this our boasted civilisation and progress? We wait impatiently (at home from ten to four) for a reply, and shall not use another halfpenny card until we have received it.

FRIGHTFUL DISSIPATION.

AN Antipodean, a new Zealand "Grand Lottery," with its alluring announcement of "All prizes and no blanks," has an inviting sound; but an examination of the terms of the speculation leaves in the mind a suspicion of its desirability as an eligible investment for their unemployed capital on the part of those who may have been tempted to the drawing in "the Goodfellows' Hall, Waipawa."

The tickets were ten shillings each. The prizes were forty in number. Of these, three were—"A fat bullock, valued at £10;" "horse (broken to carry a lady), saddle and bridle;" and "a silver hunting-watch and guard."

Of the other thirty-seven prizes, nine were "two glasses of brandy hot and cigar;" nine more "two glasses of whisky hot;" nine more "two glasses of rum hot and cigar," and the remaining ten "one glass of old English ale."

The prevalence of malt and spirituous liquors may, possibly, be accounted for by the fact that the tickets for this great venture were to be had "at the bar of the Empire Hotel," but we should like to know why no cigar was allowed with the whiskey.

TO THE CARELESS.—Be cautious how you let fall a remark. It may hurt somebody seriously.



A LUCID DIAGNOSIS.

"WHY, JARVIS, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE CHRISTMAS? YOU SEE WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO WITHOUT YOU."

"WELL, MISS, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I WAS TOOK VERY HIN-DIFFERENT, AN' 'AD TO GO TO THE AWSPITAL, WHERE I'VE BIN EVER SINCE?" "AND WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

"WELL, MISS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL IT; BUT THE YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMAN AS LOOKED AFTER ME, HE SAYS:— 'WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR 'ED, HE SAYS, 'IM AS LIES IN THE NEXT BED TO YOU, HE'VE GOT IN 'IS HINSIDE.'"

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND!

ST. GEORGE'S banner led the van,
Of old in England's fight;
On English gold, for Englishman,
St. George upheld the right;
But when to fight shy we began,
We put him out of sight.

Where pluck no longer sovereign reigned,
Why should our sovereigns show
The Saint, whose sword the fight maintained,
That laid the Dragon low?
That Saint, out of JOHN'S mettle drained,
His metal ceased to know.

In vain some who the loss deplored,
St. George tried to retain;
Striving the Dragon that he floored
In trade-sense to explain,—
'Twas Poverty writhed 'neath his sword,
His sword was Trading-Gain.

They proved no dragon else he slew,
Was no Saint famed in mills,
But a bacon-factor cute, who drew,
No sword, though he drew bills;
His tale of doom—hung for a "do"—
A page of GIBBON fills.*

* See GIBBON'S famous allegation that St. George, England's patron saint, was really a Cappadocian bacon-factor in a large way. Let JOHN BULL be thankful that the conclusion of independent inquirers is, that GIBBON was wrong in the party. His bacon-factor was not "our GEORGE."

Not for fame won in war's alarms,
But prowess of the purse,
We first invoked St. George's charms
To guard us from war's curse.
Sovereigns in our times ne'er bore arms;
St. George held the "reverse."

But spite of proof, your bluff JOHN BULL
In his Saint George believed,
As Knight who of knocks a belly-full
Still thankfully received:
And 'gainst all odds out sword would pull,
So he the oppressed relieved.

Such the Saint George old England knew,
The Saint of righteous war,
Whose falchion flashed, whose banner flew,
Still under Honour's star;
Whose soldiers won at Waterloo,
His ships at Trafalgar.

The Saint who never counted odds,
When right must be upheld,
Who conquerors' claims and tyrants' nods,
Faced and their fear dispelled;
Who knowing still the good cause God's,
In his strength strove and quelled.

That is the Saint, whose image long
Has been missed off our gold:
His stamp once on our hearts was strong,
Its place there does it hold,
Still armed to face the Dragon Wrong,
As in the days of old?



“FOR THE SAKE OF THESE!”

Or has the spirit of the Saint
In our hearts lost its place,
Its flame sunk to a flicker faint
That warms nor hand nor face?
With Gain's alloy and Greed's attainment,
Has England's gold grown base?

If so, in mockery he shows
Upon our coin once more:
Our money-makers are his foes,
His friends the fools of yore
Who in Life's game ne'er counted blows,
So honours they could score.

"Wild dreamer! lend thy ass's ears
And learn," BOB LOWE replies—
"Saint George on sovereigns re-appears
To wondering British eyes,
Not to preach trust in swords and spears,
But to use up the old dies."

But *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*;
Most, when 'tis Saint to Snob:
And JOHN BULL may take part—who knows?—
With Sovereign against Bob,
And prove his Saint's return he owes
To more than a Mint-job.

Honour with money 'gins to strive,
Here on Tom Tiddler's ground;
The Saint in JOHN BULL's soul's alive
Though long in *coma* bound;
Not for LOWE ends will he revive,
Nor but on gold be found.

But, step sedate, and soul elate,
Will face the fight once more,
As when JOHN BULL twelve foemen's fate
On each twelve arrows bore;
When prouder soul, if poorer state,
Abroad, at home, he wore;

Will prove, where'er the Right's at stake,
Even on the battle-plain,
Honour our Captain we can make,
Though greed call out "Refrain!
Bow the head, and the buffet take,
And pocket wrong with gain."

TOLERATION FOR THE POPE!

NOT a few Protestants, whose discretion does not exceed their zeal, have been alarmed by MR. GLADSTONE's letter to MR. DEASE, expressing the opinion that Her Majesty's Government would legitimately exercise any influence it might have to secure the spiritual independence of the POPE. At a meeting of Presbyterian Ministers at Liverpool, lately, convened to protest against that letter, two of their number, says the *Tablet*, "startled the assembly from its propriety by their opposition to its object." One of these reverend gentlemen—

"The Rev. A. RENTOUL, rose and said, he believed that the intention of MR. GLADSTONE was to protect this country from the machinations of petty States, under whose power the POPE might be brought at any time. For example, it was possible that the KING of ITALY might get the POPE under his thumb, and then 8,000,000 of our fellow-countrymen would no longer be under the power of the POPE, but in the power of the KING of ITALY, or some other petty sovereign."

The *Tablet* quotes these remarks with gratification which is intelligible, and approbation in which, for once at least, it will have the concurrence of most rational persons. But one wonders that a leading Roman Catholic organ failed to point out, for the instruction of readers who might possibly need it, that, desirable as the POPE's spiritual independence is, it is to be desired on other grounds than the reason assigned by MR. RENTOUL. An Infallible Head of the Church cannot possibly be compelled to misdirect his spiritual subjects by any the severest amount of pressure which he may be liable to experience under the thumb of any earthly sovereign.

One More Experiment.

First, it is said, will have to choose between three forms of Government, Imperialism, Monarchy, or Republicanism. There remains, however, a fourth conceivable régime under which she might, and should if possible, place herself—the rule of Psychological Medicine. That, duly enforced, might keep a noble nation, if not quiet, harmless.

SHODDY AND SHOES.



UCH excitement has been recently created among the minor mercantile inhabitants of Southwark, Lambeth, and the adjacent riverain territory, by a paragraph in the *Echo du Nord*, of which some English papers have circulated a translation. By account thereof:—

"The Procureur de la République de Lille has arrested and lodged in the House of Detention, M. CASPER, shoemaker and army furnisher. This person, of English origin, has supplied the intendants of the Third Division with 15,000 pairs of shoes, the soles of which are of pasteboard."

It is indignantly denied, by the South London commercial gentlemen in a limited way of business, that any army furnisher capable of supplying troops with shoes having pasteboard soles, could possibly be of English origin. But they say that, aware of the prejudices with which the minds of foreigners have probably been imbued by certain calumnious police reports, they cannot help feeling somewhat seriously alarmed by the concluding part of the foregoing announcement relative to M. CASPER:—

"He was arrested at the railway station just as he was about to proceed to Calais by express train. He is also the contractor for large quantities of shoes for the Government of Bordeaux. The acts of which M. CASPER is accused are crimes provided against by penalties under Articles 77, 430, and 433 of the penal code."

What are those penalties? Are they limited to fine and simple imprisonment, or is the imprisonment aggravated by hard labour? Can it be that such an offence as that of falsifying shoes for soldiers renders, in France, a delinquent liable to any corporal punishment of an afflictive and shameful character; for instance, to a whipping? Is it even possible that, under some one or other of those articles of the penal code, a fraudulent army contractor may subject himself to be shot? These questions disquiet, indeed, not only the retail dealers on the Surrey side of the Thames, but also some extensive manufacturers and men of business in other parts of London, and in many large towns and centres of industry besides. They know that to give a dog a bad name is to hang him, and that to call a man accused of cheating in commodities an Englishman, is on the Continent, in effect, to give him a bad name. Not but that M. CASPER might be hanged for aught they care; but they feel that if he were, a new stain would be cast upon the honour of their country; inasmuch as he is said to be "of English origin." They are also decidedly of opinion that such severity, exercised on a man convicted of a fraud essentially no worse than working up shoddy, adulterating food, or using false weights and measures, would constitute an example which might be followed by a deplorably retrograde movement in civilisation.

A SLIGHT CONFUSION.

WHEN London journals detail proceedings under the Education Act, they should at least show a regard for the rudiments of grammar, and not set at naught all the traditions about genders. In the papers of Friday, February the third, in a notice of the election of the Bath School Board, we read that "the following were the eleven gentlemen chosen:—REV. PREBENDARY KEMBLE, REV. CANON BERNARD, MR. T. W. GIBBS, MR. J. W. MORRIS, the REV. A. DOUGLAS, MR. R. KING, REV. DR. SWEENEY, MISS SHUM, MISS ASHWORTH, REV. DAVID WASSELL, REV. W. SARGEANT."

Will the ladies consider this a compliment or not?

Paradox: to a Physician.

You have a practice, Doctor, to be sure—
It is extensive, but a sinecure.



"NEGOTIATIONS OPENED."

Mamma "LOOK HERE, GEORGE. HERE'S A NICE PUDDING. WILL YOU BE A GOOD BOY NOW, AND COME AND HAVE SOME?"
George (who has been put in the corner for misbehaviour). "WHAT SORT O' PUDDIN' IS IT, MA' ?!!"

COMPLIMENT FROM CONGRESS.

THERE are working men, and idle men whom working men you call, With leaders, whilst their hands should ply a needle or an awl, Who choose to exercise their tongues, and go haranguing mobs; Thus quit, for barren politics, remunerative jobs.

The tailors and the shoemakers, with ODGER at their head, Together with assembled Roughts, by love of mischief led, Accustomed are to march the streets and meet in Park or Square, And shout their indignation, menace, wishes, in the air.

Not always to mere home affairs their wisdom is confined, Their neighbours' business too, at times, their pleasure is to mind, They ever, on occasion, roar, with, as, it were one throat, Demanding intervention a Republic to promote.

But loudly as they'll greet a revolutionary chief, From them no demonstration wins the assassin and the thief, The incendiary, to treason who his base assistance lends; Had any traitors borrowed it, they'd ne'er hail them as friends.

And they who follow ODGER, and to MERRIMAN give heed, Small part are of the People—of the Londoners, indeed; Nay, but the smaller portion form of those industrious bands Who work in flannel jackets, or in shirt-sleeves, with their hands.

But what are those Americans, resolved who have to do Honour befitting heroes to the pardoned Fenian crew? The House of Representatives, by gallant BUTLER led; A body O how noble, with a not less noble head!

And do they represent, then, that great Nation of the West—Caitiffs, with malice venomous each rankling in his breast, Dastards, to hurl safe insult who are moved by causeless hate, Unless its cause be envy which the Snob doth actuate?

Pooh! not they, more than, Tooley Street, thy famous Tailors three Spoke as "The People of England" when they wrote themselves down "We." Their Fenian Demonstration will a mere intent denote, Whose failure is most probable—to gain the Irish Vote.

INEXPLICABLE.

(Letter from GUSTAVUS DASH to a friend at Canterbury. Communicated.)

MY DEAR FELLOW,

I hear that you are laid up with a very bad cold. Tell me, have you lost your voice? I ask this from no motive of mere curiosity, but in order to elucidate a most mysterious case (*i. e.* if you have lost it), and to further the ends of justice. *What do I mean?* Why this: This afternoon I met a man in the train who resembled you in many respects, and—there could be no two opinions about it—he had your voice. I couldn't be mistaken about that. I heard him tell the cabman where to drive him to, so telegraph to me if you have lost your voice, and I may be in time to get it back for you.

Yours ever,

GUSTAVUS.

P.S. I don't believe in Spiritualism, or in anything of that sort, but, 'pon my word, the Shadowless Man's loss was nothing to this.

G.

Artillery as in "Paradise Lost."

It appears that our national defences are woefully incomplete in the particular of Field Artillery. In some measure towards remedying this defect it is proposed to convert the Inns of Court Volunteers into an Artillery Regiment, on the ground that the Legal Corps might naturally be expected to manifest a special aptitude for service in any Action constituting a matter of Assault and Battery.



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"NOW, THEN, SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WTH YOUR LARKIN'! I WOULDN'T CARE BUT—RIGHT AFORE THE CUSTOMER'S WINDER!"

AN IMPORTANT ARRIVAL.

"THE War has brought to London"—not JULES FAYRE, not M. THIERS, not GENERAL TROCHU, not distinguished foreign Musicians and Painters—but "the Adviser of many of the ruling Sovereigns of Europe. MADAME —. Clairvoyante and Chiromaneiste, of world-wide renown, 5, — Street, — Square. From one to five o'clock. Fee from one to three guineas."

What an opportunity for all those uneasy people who are inquisitive about the future, and have a guinea in their pocket to pay for the perilous luxury of fore-knowledge! The street will be impassable from one to five o'clock. The police will have to attend to preserve order amongst the struggling crowd, and to regulate the throng of carriages.

There is one omission in the advertisement. The "Adviser" does not specify her Royal clients by name, or append the testimonials she has received from them vouching for her skill. A chiropodist would have taken care to do this. She is wise to say "ruling Sovereigns:" otherwise folks might have thought the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, the POPE OF ROME, the QUEEN OF SPAIN, &c., were amongst those she had counselled, and then even English people, gullible as they are, would hardly have swallowed her bait.

WAYS AND MEANS.

THE way to get a place worth having in a Dockyard, is to prove by competition that you are unfit for it.

THE way to get a piece accepted by a Manager is to let him know that you are "chums" with all the critics.

THE means whereby you may be quit of a serious relation, who is likewise a serious nuisance, is to take him to the Derby, and send his wife his photograph, as he appeared at Cremorne afterwards.

THE way (if you are a critic) to find out whether an amateur stage-writer is engaged on a new play, is to ask him a great favour.

THE way to make your wife entrust you with a latchkey is to tumble over the mat, and abuse it awfully whenever she sits up for you.

ARCADIA.

THIS advertisement is redolent of pure country air, and comes to us in a refreshing fashion, at this season of leaden fog, disagreeable enough to Mr. Punch, though pined after by his friend DR. RUSSELL, amid the viler fogs of Versailles:—

WANTED, immediately, a respectable domesticated FARMER'S DAUGHTER, or one accustomed to a Farm-House, to assist the mistress in the work, no girl kept, only a boy; she would be treated as a daughter. One that can milk and play the piano will be preferred. High salary not given, stating age, salary, &c.—Address, A.B.C., Post Office, &c.

To be treated as a Daughter, to have no rival girl in the regards of her mistress-mother, to milk the cow, and to play the piano. What an enviable life! High salary not given. We should think not. Who could want salary in a home like this? We have not heard of milk and music in such contiguity, since the days of dear MRS. FITZWILLIAM (not easily forgotten are that pleasant face and sweet voice) who was wont to sing—

"To the fields I carry my milking-pail,
On a May day morning early."

Nos etiam in Arcadia, but it was a long time ago, and now we are told that we ought not to go even into the Burlington Arcade, for fear of seeing unworthy folks. But here is "Arcady again." Happy Domesticated Farmer's Daughter!

FUNGUS AND FASHION.

AFTER the warm rains of summer the lawn is often, within a few hours, covered with crops of the fungus (*Lycoperdon plumbeum*) commonly called Puff-ball. This globular member of the mushroom family may suggest to advertising tradesmen Puff-balls of another species. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, or any one else who is solicitous for the good of trade, might give a series of balls, at which each article of dress worn should be ticketed with its price, and the shop at which it was bought. These balls would be appropriately denominated Puff-Balls.

EDUCATIONAL LUXURIES.

THE next generation will be well trained. Drill and gymnastic exercises, music, and swimming, are already proposed as very desirable acquirements for those who come under the operation of the new law. But this is not all. "We are in a position to state" that it is the intention of our leading educationists gradually to propose the following additions to the curriculum of all schools to be established under the Act:—

Dancing.
Etiquette.
Croquet.
Logarithms.
Riding.
Water-colours.

Hieroglyphics.
Anatomy.
Bezique.
Calisthenics
and
Political Economy.

There are people old-fashioned enough to think that it might be as well to give our poor neglected children only plain joints at first—reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.,—and to let the *entrées* stand over for the present.

A TACIT AGREEMENT.

THE London School Board has been hotly discussing the question, proposed by the REV. J. MEE, and MR. SMITHES, doubtless with excellent intentions, that each meeting of the Board, which consists of members who differ as to theology, should, before proceeding to discussion, unite in prayer. It would be difficult to devise any form of words for that purpose in which they would all agree to join. That difficulty might be evaded by the arrangement that, on coming together, they should, in the first place, all stand or kneel a certain time with their faces in their hats. But this expedient would require that the Board should be composed exclusively of gentlemen. The simplest and perhaps the best plan would be for them simply to sit still, in silence, for five or ten minutes. During that time the secularists present might at least give their minds to meditation. A School Board, with a view to efficiency, should constitute itself, as nearly as possible, a Society of Friends.

OFFICIAL STAR-GAZING.

MR. PUNCH,

Up here I had fancied Scotland was a well-educated country, one to be held up as an example to your backward Old England, along with America, Prussia, Japan, and other carefully-instructed states; and that every adult, nay, every laddie and lassie between the Cheviots and John-o'-Groat's House, could, when interrogated, give you a lucid account of the Works of DUGALD STEWART or ADAM SMITH, recite, without a single mistake, long passages from the Works of BURNS, SCOTT, and OSSIAN, and perform wonders in decimals. But either I am wrong in my impression, or ignorance and superstition—I had heard, by the way, that manuals of physical geography and political economy had not altogether upset this latter influence in the North—are not always routed by schoolmasters and schoolboards; for, to my amazement, I read (in the *Civilian*) of the appointment of a gentleman to be "Second Assistant-Astrologer" in the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, preference for which I hope he thanks his stars.

Whether the observation of the conjunction of the heavenly bodies at the exact moment of the birth of the infant hope of some noble Highland house, the casting of nativities, and the drawing of horoscopes, is an employment which ought to receive the sanction of Government, and be remunerated at the public expense, I can safely leave to the common sense of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (I know economy is in the ascendant with him) and the conscience of the LORD ADVOCATE; but I think you will agree with me, Mr. Punch, in the opinion that if the occult science of Astrology is openly practised at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, the superior intelligence of Scotland is open to a very respectful doubt.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

P.S. It has occurred to me that official astrologers may be kept to predict from their scrutiny of the planets whether Ministerial measures are likely to be disastrous or not.

A CONCISE ORACLE.—The Pithy 'un.

THE CHEAP DEFENCE OF NATIONS.

We are trying to make some little amends for not having interfered in the War, and possibly protracted its horrors, by doing what we can towards mitigating them in helping to revictual Paris. Now we shall probably hear no more complaint of our non-intervention in the quarrels of foreigners until the next quarrel occurs. Then the old taunts and abuse repeated over again.

European belligerents never clamour for the intervention of their Continental neighbours as they do for ours. Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, maintain neutrality without incurring even remonstrance. But our aid, on demand, in quelling any disturbances abroad, even in the United States, appears to have been considered due. We seem to be looked upon by all nations as the Police of the World. As such, if they really want us to act, they should entrust us with power to enforce the Peace of the World.

To that end, they would have nothing more to do than agree to a general disarmament, leaving Great Britain alone to remain provided with an Army and Navy, for the purpose of compelling international justice, law, and order; the expense of keeping up our land and sea forces to be defrayed by mankind at large.

BILL-STICKERS
BEWARE!

In the course of an eloquent sermon, preached the other Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral, in aid of the funds now being raised for that building's completion, CANON LIDDON, referring to the Cross which towers from its "mighty dome" into the skies, observed:—

"It is a public advertisement, seen and understood by all, of the triumph and power of Christianity."

It would very soon become the means of advertising other things, if it were only accessible to the bill-stickers, and their employers among the enterprising commercial classes of this great manufacturing and mercantile country.

A Numerous Class.

How would you speak of a man who was an excessive bore? Would you not call him a Hyperborean?

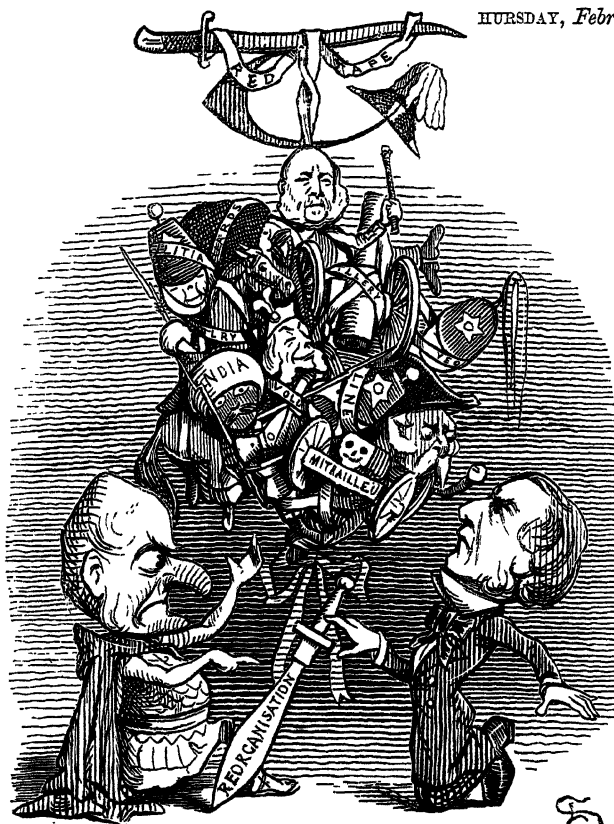


OF COURSE BERLIN WILL NOW SET THE FASHIONS—

VICE PARIS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, February 9, 1871.



done so, had it been of average length. But the Ministers revenged themselves for their extraordinary silence during the recess, by composing an address containing no fewer than Thirty-Three Paragraphs. To nobody but a Chancery lawyer could such a reading be entrusted, and the head Chancery lawyer of all had to toil through it. HER MAJESTY sat on her throne and listened, and "once made a hasty movement of her fan." Mr. Punch suspects that this was when the CHANCELLOR came to a sentence of remarkably queer construction. It was not exceptional, and HER MAJESTY's indulgent good-nature was, therefore, made manifest.

Of Thirty-Three paragraphs, eight were devoted to very becoming reference to the War between Germany and France, and to a hope that the Armistice would result in a complete Accommodation.

KING WILLIAM has become Emperor of Germany, and we have congratulated him.

We uphold the Sanctity of Treaties. (*Well said, your Majesty.*) And hence the Black Sea Conference. We regret that France is not present.

A joint Commission is to endeavour to arrange the American questions.

We hope that KING AMADEUS will be a blessing to Spain.

We have failed obtaining satisfaction for the Greek murders, but shall persevere.

The anxiety caused by the Chinese murders has ceased. We hope that Parliament will allow China to be treated in a conciliatory manner.

[*Hm, your Majesty. Should not that Depend?*]

We are friends with the Sovereigns and States of the civilised world.

"I have approved of a marriage between my daughter, PRINCESS LOUISE, and the MARQUIS OF LORNE."

[*Mr. Punch, dear Madam, has shown, by a marvellously effective Cartoon, that he also approves that match.*]

Revenue flourishes, as does Trade, with partial drawbacks.

Then came what Mr. Punch and the Nation chiefly desired to hear:—

THIS IS THE TIME TO TURN TO ACCOUNT, BY DECISIVE EFFORT, THE LESSONS OF THE WAR. PARLIAMENT WILL NOT GRUDGE THE COST OF A MORE EFFECTIVE AND ELASTIC SYSTEM OF DEFENSIVE MILITARY PREPARATION.

[*Loud cheers by Mr. Punch and the Nation. They shall be louder when MR. CARDWELL shall have made a satisfactory statement of the Government scheme.*]

Notwithstanding the interest attaching to foreign affairs, we must attend to Domestic Legislation, and specially to these points:—

1. Abolition of Religious Tests in all the Universities.

2. Ecclesiastical Titles.
3. Disabilities of Trades' Unions.
4. Courts of Justice and Appeal.
5. Adjustment of Local Burdens.
6. Liquor Licence Laws.

Government will introduce a **BALLOT-BILL**.

Scotland expects a measure on Primary Education.

Ireland, in regard to agrarian outrage, behaves better than she did last winter, but there have been painful exceptions. A period of political calm is desirable for her, after the great measures of last year, so no Irish question is to be raised. (*Sensation of intense relief.*)

The last paragraph was a well-conceived expression of patriotism and of piety.

HER MAJESTY descended from Her Throne, embraced the PRINCESS OF WALES, shook hands with PRINCESS MARY OF TECK, and extended her hand for the kiss of PRINCESS CHRISTIAN. Then all departed.

When the Lords met again, the CHANCELLOR actually performed the feat of reading the enormous Speech again. Mr. Punch has much admiration for gallant achievement of every kind, but LORD HATHERLEY is a very valuable public servant, and must not risk his efficiency by this sort of thing. We are not pleased with the Peers, who should have stopped it, and cried "Taken as read."

The MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER made his first speech in the House of Peers, and moved the Address. He wore the uniform of the Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry. LORD ROSEBURY (whose name is also PRIMROSE), who wore the uniform of the Scottish Archers, seconded the Address. The DUKE OF RICHMOND, for the Opposition, complimented the former on his "admirable speech," and the latter on his "conspicuous manner." Mr. Punch records that both the Cheshire Yeoman and the Scottish Archer discharged their tasks with much ability and grace. Hugo Lupus may be proud of the first, and Quentin Durward if he be an ancestor of the second (which we have not the least reason for supposing) may applaud the younger peer.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND had to make a speech, and to assume a certain amount of formal discontent with the Government. Which he did in as civil and gentlemanly a way as possible, and LORD GRANVILLE's answer was about as agreeable. But, in speaking of the War, he said that he was connected with both Germany and France by close ties, had sympathies with both, and had displeased both by the "cordial neutrality" which was his duty. He stated that LORD DE GREY, President of the Council, was to sail for America that week, accompanied by Mr. MONTAGUE BERNARD, to attend the Commission mentioned in the Speech. Replying to the Duke, about the released Fenians, he insisted that political offenders ought not to be regarded as habitual criminals. To which Mr. Punch retorts that there be offenders and offenders, and that with all tolerance for misguided enthusiasm, he has none for armed rebellion whose partisans blow up prisons.

The Address was agreed to, and LORD GRANVILLE proposed the re-appointment of LORD REDBELL as Chairman of Committees. We regretted to read that the Lordship had been severely bitten by a savage dog, and the Lords were glad, as was Mr. Punch, to learn that LORD WILLIAM

FERGUSON, the great surgeon, gives a favourable account of his patient.

In the Commons, MAJOR HAMILTON, in a Scottish Yeomanry uniform, and MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, in what MR. DISRAELI once called "the unaccustomed and magnificent array" of a Deputy-Lieutenant, moved and seconded the Address. The latter, who represents the moderate Dissenters, said that their list of grievances would be exhausted when the Tests Bill and a Burial Bill should be passed. Perhaps they will instruct their representatives, when these reforms have been granted, to imitate the "O. P." malcontents at the close of The Row, and stretch across the House a long scroll inscribed, "*We are Satisfied.*" It might not be Parliamentary, but it would be amusing, especially if MR. MIALI tried to snatch the thing down.

MR. DISRAELI argued that the Ministers might have prevented the War by telling Napoleon that we should observe an Armed Neutrality, though perhaps L. N. would have retorted that we had no Army or Navy to justify the declaration. He condemned the policy of Reduction, and talked of "Harum Scaram Budgets." Touching the Conference, he said that Russia, as usual, would get all she wanted. The Treaty guaranteeing Rome to the Pope had been violated. The Americans were rude to us because they knew that they could be so with perfect safety.

The PREMIER believed in the good sense of the Americans. He could not understand an Armed Neutrality. LORD PALMERSTON had not thought much of Black Sea neutrality. There was no real

diminution in our Army. He was not for a rigid rule of non-intervention. We could not isolate ourselves. In the course of his speech he said that there had been Four or Five Millions of taxation taken off.

MR. LOWE. "Eight Millions."

Perhaps those two words were the speech of the night.

MR. NEWDEGATE took the first opportunity of disagreeing with the leader of his party. (*Observe that.*) And the House agreed to the Address.

Friday. LORD EVERSLEY was made Chairman of the Lords Committees until LORD REDESDALE should have recovered, and the Royal Message about a provision for PRINCESS LOUISE was delivered.

A similar message was sent to the faithful Commons, who heard it with their hats off. There was some speaking on the Report of the Address, MR. TORRENS especially urging the Government to prevent Germany from exacting EXCESSIVE BAIL from France. Ministers did not reply. MR. GLADSTONE introduced the Abolition of Tests Bill, which is the same as that of last year, and MR. HARDY admitted that the Lords had not decisively rejected the Bill, and he hoped that they would duly consider it.

ÆDILE AYRTON stated that the foundation of the New Law Courts would be finished by the 1st of February next. We can but add, with *Dogberry*, "Save the Foundation!" The quotation is the more exquisitely felicitous in that the Ædile is proud of the enormous saving he has effected in the cost of the Building.

A VISIT TO THE OLD MASTERS.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—Go and see the Old Masters. Suggest it to MILBURD, who says he's like MR. SAM WELLER at Bath, and would propose the "Young Misses!" That's the worst of MILBURD; can't treat a subject seriously. BOODELS has come to town, on purpose to see the Old Masters. Last time I saw BOODELS, ever so long ago, he was engaged to be married. Haven't heard from him or seen him for ages. Wonder if he is married. If he is, he will think it very neglectful of me not to ask after his wife. If he isn't, it might touch a tender chord. Very awkward. Wish he hadn't turned up; only, *having* turned up, I'll leave it to him, and perhaps he'll allude to it himself. BOODELS says we'd better lunch before we go. He

says this on the steps of my Club, where I have gone to ask for letters.

Happy Thought.—To regret to BOODELS that my Club doesn't allow strangers to come to luncheon. Absurd rule, but so it is. I add, unguardedly, that if you lunch, my Club puts it down as dinner. MILBURD says, carelessly, "O, never mind what they call it, as long as they give it us."

In order not to seem inhospitable or mean (only I know at my Club no one lunches under ten shillings a head—at least, so a member once informed me who had tried it), I say, "Well, old fellows, I'll see the butler, and try to persuade him into letting us have luncheon."

Happy Thought.—Ask them to wait in the hall while I see the butler in the dining-room. "Here's the butler, Sir," says the hall porter, to whom COKER (our butler) has been speaking behind the glass screen, and I didn't see him. Should like to take COKER aside and prepare him for his answer; or suggest it to him with a wink, only I'd as soon dig the Archbishop of Canterbury in the ribs, and say, "O you sly dog!" as I would try a joke on COKER. MILBURD and BOODELS are both listening. "Strangers," I say emphatically to COKER, who stares at me stolidly, never moving a muscle. "can't lunch here." I say this as announcing a truism to COKER. COKER replies, "Yes, Sir, certainly. Do you wish to take luncheon at once?"

Boodels and Milburd. O yes, at once.

Myself. Something very light, I suppose.

BOODELS replies that, as for himself he doesn't want more than a snack. Now, that's just the annoying part; the "snack" (unless I could give them bread and cheese and the Club beer for nothing, only I can't offer them *that*) will cost just as much as if I'd ordered a choice bill, three days before. MILBURD says he doesn't care what he has; cold partridge, pheasant, game-pie, anything on the side-board. "There is game pie," says COKER, very seriously, deprecating MIL-

BURD's levity. A soup is ready it appears. BOODELS would like soup. "That won't be five minutes," COKER informs us, and orders it at once. "Well," says MILBURD, "if I might suggest," he puts this knowingly; "while we're eating the soup, they might be doing a *sole au gratin*, and, if ordered *now*, it would be ready." I ask BOODELS how this will suit him, because as he professed only to want a "snack," this would be too much. "O," says BOODELS, shrugging his shoulders; "I never take lunch, but if it's there, why—"

Happy Thought (useful for another time in similar circumstances.)—To say "I never take lunch myself," the friends, then, couldn't force themselves and their luncheon on a man who never takes lunch himself. I say it now; MILBURD agrees with me, that it is a bad thing, and it appears that he too never takes luncheon, only sometimes a mere "snack." BOODELS says, "Yes," that's *his* way precisely; "Only a mere snack, but never luncheon."

Here we are, three men who never take any luncheon, only "snacks" in the middle of the day, sitting down to mock turtle (this is the soup which happens to be ready; it was prepared, it appears, by order, for some one who had since counter-ordered it), *sole au gratin*, game-pie—they think they can just take a mere *soupçon* of game-pie—and a "finisher," as MILBURD calls it, of Stilton.

Happy Thought.—To "suppose they'll have a light wine—we've some capital claret"—(at fourteen shillings a dozen, and really first-rate)—or "would they prefer beer?" BOODELS doesn't care about beer when going to see pictures. MILBURD is rather afraid of claret. They'll leave it to me.

Happy Thought.—Some sherry to begin with. A pint. (And they can put water to it if they're really thirsty.) MILBURD says that punch goes as well with mock turtle as with turtle. I can't avoid offering them punch. BOODELS says not for him. MILBURD says O, not on any account for him. Well, I don't take it myself. (So, thank goodness, there's an item off.) MILBURD asks "may he be permitted to change his mind?" O, certainly. No sole to follow? Not *that*,—but, on second thoughts, he doesn't know but what a mere nip of punch wouldn't be a good thing, eh? I am his host, and return, "Let's have it," in a sort of fine Old Englishman tone. BOODELS changes his mind. I change my mind. Three punches. We drink. Very good. Really, remarkably good. MILBURD, again interrogatively, puts it that just half a nip more—merely half a nip—wouldn't be too much, eh? "By all means. Three more punches." After this I find myself offering them champagne, which COKER, the butler, can recommend—and a recommendation from COKER means a hundred and twenty-six shillings a dozen, certain—and we have it. "Won't they dine here?" I ask them, "at eight, and I'll give 'em a —" (here, I believe, I wink, to imply what I'll give 'em). They regret they can't come, and BOODELS says it's past two, and we ought to go to the pictures. "Won't they have a *petit verre*, eh?" They hesitate. I actually press it on them. Chartreuse, eh? Yes. Three Chartreuses. MILBURD would like a cigar. Hasn't got his case. Order cigar-waiter with cigar-box. The prices are labelled on the cigar department. Which can I recommend? Before luncheon I should have said that the threepennies were justly prized by our Club, but after two punches, a bottle and a half of Gurn's superior old Sillery, sherry, and one Chartreuse, I am above giving my guests anything but the large shilling ones, not one quarter of which will they be able to smoke before reaching the Academy.

While they are putting on their coats, COKER presents me with—The Bill. Ahem! Two pounds seven shillings and eightpence!

This awakes me from my bacchanalian dream, and I pocket my shilling cigar, to be smoked at leisure. Come along! to the Old Masters.

At the Academy. We separate. MILBURD has his plan for seeing it; BOODELS and I have each our own. Mine is to commence with Room No. I.

Happy Thought.—No. Commence with Room VII., and work back to No. I.

Here we are, Room VII. Number marked up over the door. Now then.

Next Happy Thought.—Find No. VII. in Catalogue, and there we are. Whatever may be BOODELS' or MILBURD's plan, it can't be better than this.

In the Catalogue there is no No. VII. I refer to the wall again. Yes, over the door, No. VII. Refer to Catalogue. Nothing beyond No. VI., except Lecture Room. Atmosphere of these rooms oppressive. Warmed with hot air, which comes up, I fancy, through the gratings in the floor. Standing over one of these reminds me of the vapour bath of Aachen. Feel my hat gradually becoming too heavy for me. I think one ought to visit the Old Masters in the morning, that is, before luncheon. Meeting BOODELS, he says he thinks luncheon before pictures a mistake.

I walk about, looking at the numbers of the rooms, in order to throw some light on No. VII. not being in the Catalogue, and come upon MILBURD. He is on a sofa, fast asleep. I jog his arm, and begin asking him "How he can explain—" but he only looks up for an instant, smiles placidly, shakes his head, and is off again, presently snoring. I leave him. Can't find No. VII. in the Catalogue.

Happy Thought.—As I can't find No. VII., to go back to No. VII. Room and look at the number on the pictures, and see where they come in the book. Take one at hap-hazard, it is a full length recumbent figure on a sofa, under hanging drapery, something like TITIAN'S *Venus*, with an animal of some sort sitting in the corner. BOODELS (standing by) says he thinks it's not a dog but a bird. We differ. He says, refer to number in book. I refer to what appears to me the same number in Room VI. in Catalogue. I read out title:—

"376.—*St. John Preaching in the Wilderness* . . . GUIDO RENI."

BOODELS says, "It's impossible!" I agree with him at first, but on considering the matter over, am inclined to take a larger and more artistic view of the matter. "That," I say, pointing to the picture, may have been GUIDO's conception of St. John in the Wilderness." "What!" cries BOODELS, "on a sofa, with a lap-dog, and curtains! pooh!"

He insists on taking my Catalogue (MILBURD has got his), and is sure that I must have got the wrong number. I deny it. He asserts. I deny it warmly. I put my finger on the spot, and say, "There! see for yourself, 376, *St. John Preaching*—" I suddenly discover that it is 276 I have been looking at in the Catalogue. I find 376 (which is numbered down, also, in Room VI., and we are in Room VII.), it is—

A Venus PAINTER UNKNOWN.

I say I thought it was a *Venus* from the first. Am glad to find I was right. After this I sit down. We (that is, BOODELS and I) don't find the light particularly good, and the atmosphere is so stifling that we wish we'd taken our greatcoats off. Having sat down, I don't feel—neither of us feel—very much inclined to get up again.

Happy Thought.—To see all the pictures we can sitting down. As people get in the way, we can only "do" the top line.

Another Happy Thought (which strikes BOODELS and myself at the same time). Do the top line.

We notice a smart policeman walking about. He never stops before any picture, and "seems," I say to BOODELS, "to care for none of these things"—like GALILEO, I am going to add, only I think I'm wrong in the name. [*Mem.* To get right on this point, as it's useful for quotation.]

Happy Thought.—The policeman belongs to the Collection of English Masters as "*a Constable*." BOODELS sees it, and laughs. I laugh, too. BOODELS says, thoughtfully, as if trying to recall something: "Let me see, whose was that, SYDNEY SMITH's or JERROLD's?" I tell him it is mine. He says he can show it me in a book. I answer, "Indeed!" and depreciate the *jeu de mot* by adding, "Well, of course, it's a very evident joke on the name." BOODELS proposes visiting No. V. I prefer sitting. He goes to No. V.

Happy Thought.—"Left sitting."

Legislative Misnomer.

In the Queen's Speech, HER MAJESTY was made to announce a Bill "on the Licensing of Houses for the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors." Her Ministers, if they proposed to license butchers' shops, might as well describe them as "Shops for the Sale of Inflammatory Food." Beer is no more correctly named from the effect of excess in it than Beef.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE PAINTERS.



THERE has been established at Belleville a revolutionary Society denominated a Rouge Club. Its colour is of so deep a crimson that it refuses to admit M. VICTOR HUGO and even M. GAMBETTA, as of too faint a dye, and demurred to the admission of M. ROCHFORD himself, until a patriot reminded them that ROCHFORD had proclaimed himself a regicide. We might have a Rouge Club of another kind at a British Belleville; any town in England abounding in belles, of whom there are some who, not knowing what creatures they make themselves look like, have adopted the ridiculous and revolting practice of painting their faces. The reputation of belonging to a well-regulated Rouge Club might prevent mistakes which are sometimes caused by appearances.

"I'D RATHER BE A KITTEN, AND CRY 'MEW.'"

At a recent Conservative banquet, we read that MR. H. MEW (Mayor of Newport) said that

"He was born a Conservative, bred a Conservative, and saw no cause, as far as he could observe at present, for altering his opinion, and he hoped he should die a Conservative."

Of MR. MEW's breeding we have nothing to say; probably it was very good breeding. About the last event to which he alludes we would say only that we trust it is as far off as his friends desire. But his being born a Conservative was remarkable. Fancy a Baby pledged to Protection, Bishops in Parliament, anti-Reform in Army and Navy, and the exclusion from the emoluments of the Universities of all who decline to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Establishment! MR. MEW may have been (as no doubt the doctor declared was the case) the finest Baby ever seen, but he was certainly the funniest.

Modern Depravity.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR's address, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, has been published, and an admirable discourse it is. We are, therefore, all the more sorry to be obliged to add, that a highly respectable maiden lady of our acquaintance, of independent means and scientific tastes, has been compelled to deny herself the pleasure of reading the Doctor's paper, on account of its objectionable title, "*The Inoculation of the Arts and Sciences*." She looked into the dictionary, and found that "*inoculation*" meant a most reprehensible and silly practice—one which she has done her best to discountenance all her life long.

LA SAGE.

MRS. PARTINGTON hopes (with HER MAJESTY) that all will go well in Spain, but does not see a good omen in the placing KING ASMODEUS on the throne.

THE BEST MAGAZINES.—*Cereals* for France.



ROGUES FALLING OUT.

Mamma. "WHAT IS BABY CRYING FOR, MAGGIE?"

Maggie. "I DON'T KNOW."

Mamma. "AND WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO INDIGNANT ABOUT?"

Maggie. "THAT NASTY, GREEDY DOG'S BEEN AND TOOK AND EATEN MY 'PUNGE-TAKE!'"

Mamma. "WHY, I SAW YOU EATING A SPONGE-CAKE A MINUTE AGO!"

Maggie. "O—THAT WAS BABY'S!"

MERRIMAN'S MYRMIDONS.

In a paragraph entitled "The Volunteers and the War Office," a contemporary some few days since stated that "a meeting of Volunteers and of men lately serving as such, but who had been dismissed for appearing at certain assemblies in uniform, took place at the Lamb and Flag, in Rose Street, Covent Garden, on Saturday night." The company thus described were no doubt equally numerous and select, but probably the reverse of numerous. The well-affected majority of Her Majesty's subjects need hardly fear that many Volunteers would associate with "men lately serving as such, but who had been dismissed for" unsoldierlike conduct. The party of ORDER has reason to be afraid that the number of those men is inconsiderable. The congress, therefore, of ex-Volunteers who had been dismissed, and of existing Volunteers who ought to be dismissed, which took place on the night and at the publichouse above-named, must have been what may be denominated a small turn-out. That is to say, unless it was supplemented by a large attendance of the gentlemen of the pavement who have lately accustomed themselves, on occasional pretexts, to menace the institutions, with the connivance of the Government, of the country, by "demonstrations" in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square. At this gathering however, great or little:—

"Letters of dismissal were read by one or two Volunteers, and after some discussion a resolution was passed pledging the meeting to bring before the public and the House of Commons the unsatisfactory state of the Volunteer Service arising through the recent dismissals, and instructing a Committee to make arrangements for a deputation to wait on the Secretary for War to lay before him certain facts relating to the Volunteer Service."

It is too probable that, if the proposed deputation from the malcontents above specified do wait on the Secretary for War to inform him of their grievances, they will not receive the attention they

merit. That Right Honourable Gentleman is not legally empowered to place them on a footing suitable to their demands and their deserts, by causing them to be dismissed therewith from his presence by the muscular agency of powerful men-servants. Nor, should he consent to receive such delegates, is there much hope that he will have been enabled to inform them that the only possible improvement of the regulations at present affecting Volunteers, who, in character as such, attend, or take part in, seditious meetings or processions, is that any member of a Volunteer corps convicted of so offending, shall be drummed out of the regiment.

LULU.

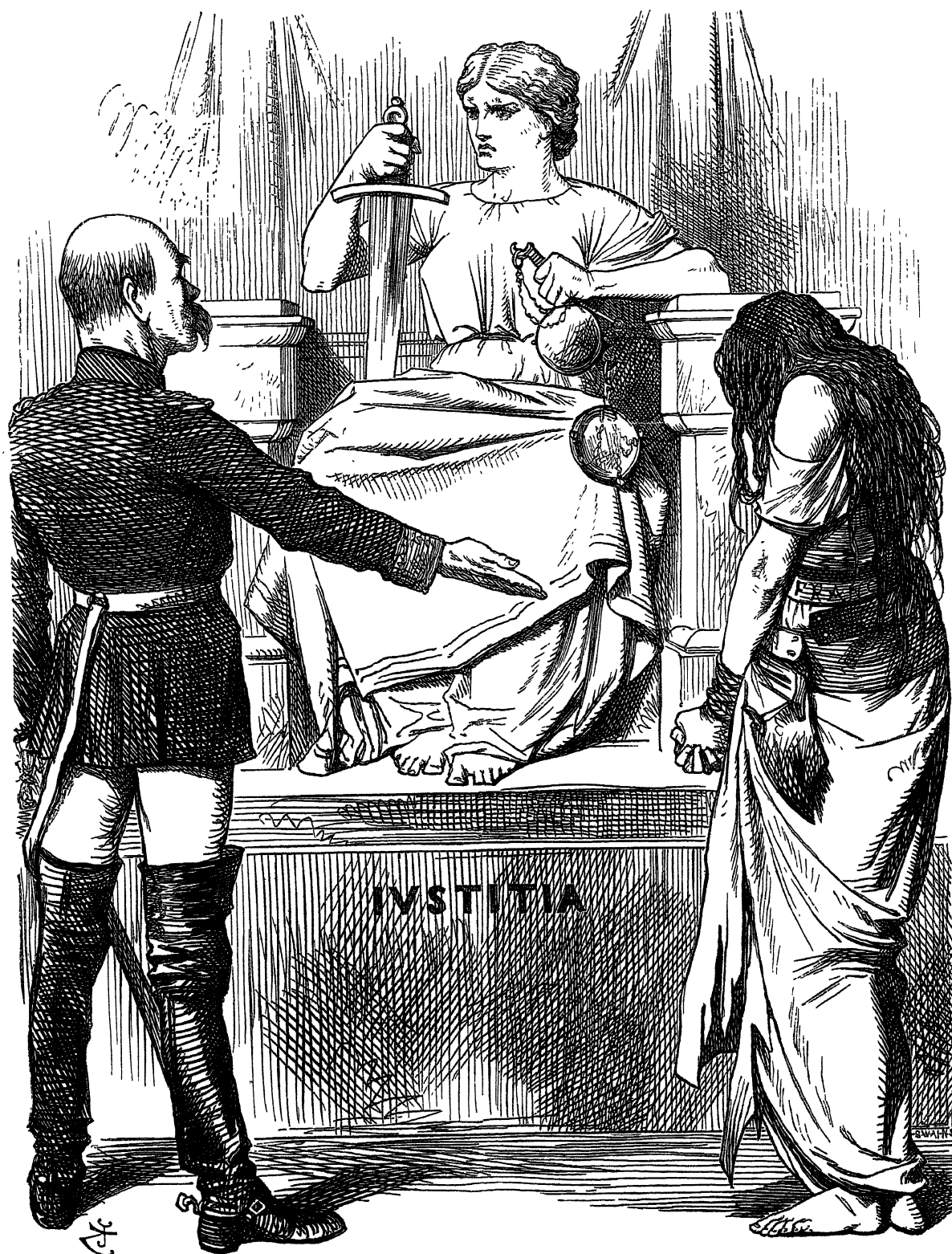
(Love Rhymes under Difficulties.)*

UNLESS you're sceptic, as COLENSO'S Zulu,
In revelations fresh she's sure to school you—
That fair Circassian, acting in this new lieu,
The plastic LULU!

From other admirations she may cool you,
She's just the girl whom Nature forms to rule you,
And with her acrobatic feats to fool you—
Bewitching LULU!

You'd like, you say, to see the female who'll you
Enchant, and gently down life's roadway tool you.
Now, please, don't brag, you obstinate old mule, you,
Go and see LULU.

* Although the fame of many a public performer has outlasted that of many a divine, poet, doctor, scholar, and statesman, it may be convenient to a remote posterity to know that LULU is a marvellous lady-acrobat, of the cream of the cream of Circassia, Asia, and of Circussia, Holborn.



EXCESSIVE BAIL.

JUSTICE (to BISMARCK). "YOUR CLIENT WAS ASSAULTED, AND YOU ASK THAT THE DEFENDANT 'SHALL BE BOUND OVER TO KEEP THE PEACE FOR MANY YEARS.' BUT I CANNOT SANCTION A DEMAND FOR EXORBITANT SECURITIES."

CAPE DIAMONDS AND DRINK.



AKE all precious stones; from East India those brought are

The highest esteemed for their splendour of shine.

South African diamonds so rank in water

That they correspond to South African wine.

BEAUTIFUL PARIS.

Does any Christian, with a spare five-pound note in his possession need any urging to subscribe it to the fund now being raised to feed the starving

poor of Paris? If so, let him read, what it gladdens *Punch* to quote from, an interesting letter in the *Daily News*—

"The great and beautiful feature of the siege has been the absence of crime. No murders, no robberies, but a virtue in which to me there is something pathetic. The half-lit streets are empty by half-past nine."

And all this without a policeman in the place!

Well, cynics may sneer at Parisian frivolity; but there is something not quite frivolous in a people that for four months can keep their roughs in order by merely moral force. How should we fare in London were our policemen all withdrawn, and half the gas-lamps left unlit? We fear that London's difficulty would be *BILL SIKES's* opportunity, and our burglars and garotters would have a jolly time of it.

FORTHCOMING LEGISLATION.

THE Queen's Speech, having so much to say about the affairs of foreign nations, could only mention a few of the measures relating to our own concerns which are understood to be ready for introduction this Session.

Mr. Punch, having been favoured with a private view of some of the more important of these Bills, hastens, while the cold weather makes brisk exercise agreeable, to lay them before his constant readers.

A Bill to restrict the Number of Portraits in the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

A Bill for the Establishment of a Cheerful Newspaper.

A Bill for the Introduction of Uniformity in the Length of the Months of the Year. [This is a measure which will do away with much uncertainty and confusion, and render unnecessary many millions of questions at present of annual recurrence.]

A Bill for the better Regulation of the Practice of asking Eminent Characters for their Autographs.

A Bill for the Total Abolition of Encores, Fees, and Gratuities at Places of Public Entertainment.

A Bill to reduce the Exorbitant Price of Oysters.

A Bill to render Women liable to Serve on Juries in Courts of Law, on Coroners' Inquests, &c. [The principle of this measure is, that as women claim to share with men the privilege of the franchise, &c., they should also be called upon to take their part in more disagreeable duties.]

A Bill for Erecting another Opera House in London—two, one of which has never yet been used, not appearing sufficient.

A Bill to restrain Photographers from putting Likenesses in their Windows, against the express Wish and Injunction of the Persons misrepresented.

A Bill for the better Regulation of Penny-a-lying.

A Bill for the Supervision, by Salaried Official Inspectors appointed after open Competition, of the Costume of Public Waiters.

A Bill to provide Costermongers and other Itinerant Vendors with Vocal Instruction.

A Bill to subject all Young Men wearing an Eye-glass to Surgical Examination. And,

A Bill for the Total, Immediate, and Unconditional Abolition

of Drinking, Smoking, Snuff-taking, Scandal, Whist-playing, Sleeping in either House of Parliament, and Sitting up later than Twelve o'Clock at Night, except by a Special Licence from the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

TOUCHING WEATHER.

THE Weather was first introduced into conversation at a dinner party at St. Swithin's.

After many weeks of frost, snow, sleet, ice, aurora borealis, chilblains, cutting winds, falls on the pavement, rise in the price of coals, scarcity and rapacity of cabs and omnibuses, water bought by the bucket, bad colds, rheumatism, and a diurnally growing reluctance to get up and shave in the morning—one, or at the most two unusually mild days, causes grumbling, discontent, impatience of winter clothing, ingratitude towards good fires, and even forgetfulness of the extraordinary behaviour of the plumber, in not coming the moment you (simultaneously with about sixteen other furious householders) sent for him when the pipes burst, the night of your wife's little dance.

(*Vice versâ.*) After an unusually hot Summer, horror of bed-clothes, abuse of black hats, general looseness of attire, head-gear gracefully festooned with white handkerchiefs, abandonment to cool drinks, "not a dry thread" on you, and incessant quotation of *SYDNEY SMITH's* aphorism about taking off your flesh and sitting in your bones—one, or at the outside two coldish days, produces shiverings, shakings, shawls, and shrugged shoulders, longings for a fire, thoughts of overcoats, and requisitions for another blanket.

They have no weather in the Moon—consequently little or no conversation.

The Clerk of the Weather is of the same family as *JACK FROST*, *HOYLE*, *COCKER*, *MRS. GRUNDY*, *MRS. HARRIS*, *MRS. MALAPROP*, and the Oldest Inhabitant. His biography yet remains to be written.

Derangement of the digestive organs, irritability of temper, family differences, sulkiness, sleepiness, sleeplessness, suicide, "shooting" corns, shirts of indifferent colour, pains in the joints, hair out of curl, tough mutton, and inability to fulfil an engagement to join a slow party, are all the Weather.

The next Census returns will show how many persons were talking about the Weather on the night of Sunday the 2nd of April.

Meteorology is a most useful science; it would be still more so, if we could rely on it *always* to tell us what is in the wind.

Who was the gay, witty, brilliant, volatile Frenchman that said we had one sauce and many—weathers? Was it *TALLEYRAND*, or *MARMOTEL*, or *ANACHARSIS KLOOTZ*?

If there was no uncertainty about our Weather, if it was always monotonously fine, with no fogs, no protracted absences of the sun, no heavy showers to be caught in, no equinoctial gales, no hailstones the size of pullets' eggs, and no east wind—what would become of small talk! We should have to invent new openings for conversation, as they do for chess.

The Weather exhausts us, but we shall never exhaust the Weather. Blessings on the Weather!

"CONCERNING PRINCESSES."

HER MAJESTY is stated to have ordered that the mark indicative of shortness shall be placed over the second vowel in the name of the *PRINCESS HELENA* (thus, "HELENA") in the Peerages. Loyal to the utmost, *Mr. Punch* takes leave to promote his Sovereign's intention by presenting her subjects with a mnemonic rhyme, though one *W. SHAKESPEARE* has already indicated the proper accent, in the line,

"Not HERMIA, but HELENA I love."

Persons are not to pronounce H.R.H.'s name as they would do in this couplet,

"Never in England was seen a Princess more kind than HELENA,"

But as they would in this one—

"CHRISTIAN declares there's a spell in a Song, when 'tis sung by his HELENA."

This duty discharged, this pleasure enjoyed, may *Mr. Punch*, with the utmost respect, ask whether the Peerages ought not to make another alteration? He reads in *Debrett*, and in *Dod*, that the 18th March, 1848, was the birthday of *PRINCESS LOUISA CAROLINE ALBERTA*, in whose happiness all her Royal Mother's subjects are rejoicing. The *Court Circular* has varied H.R.H.'s name to "LOUISE," so that when we have come on the former name in the books, we may say with the late *MR. WORDSWORTH*,

"I met LOUISA in the shade."

If the *Court Circularian* acts, as he doubtless doth, *jussu*, a second order will probably be addressed to the editors of the invaluable volumes to which *Mr. Punch* has referred. [Are 7231 Correspondents satisfied? P.]



GRATITUDE.

Fastidious Vagrant. "AND THEY AIN'T 'ALF BUTTERED! I COULD 'A DONE AS WELL IF I'D GONE UP THE LANE TO THE 'UNION!'"

THE MASTERS OF THE MILLION.

WHEN LOUIS NAPOLEON such wisdom had shown
As, firstly, at Strasbourg and then at Boulogne,
As some may remember that ere then were born,
For a hare-brained pretender men laughed him to scorn.

But when, having first, upon Satory's plain,
His soldiers with sausages bribed, and champagne,
They saw him high perched on an Emperor's throne,
They gave him great credit for brains of his own.

He having an army his will to enforce,
They owned that he must be a great man, of course;
With trembling and fear they awaited his nod,
And weighed his least words as the words of a god.

But after some blunders, when, making the last,
And greatest, down headlong he came to be cast;
He seemed in their eyes, that had witnessed his fall,
To be no such very great man, after all.

'Tis BISMARCK that now for a lion doth pass
With those who, not long ago, thought him an ass.
He holds Blood and Iron, they see, at command,
To work out the schemes which his genius has planned.

Whilst Iron is ductile, and Blood will obey,
So long will be BISMARCK the man of his day;
Should Iron grow stubborn, Blood choose not to flow,
As BONAPARTE went, BISMARCK likewise may go.

Blood, spent, Iron helps to crush muscle and bone,
Commanded—but they have a will of their own.
Thy Chancellor's bidding to-day they attend—
New CÆSAR of Germany—"Look to the End."

THE JOURNALISM OF PEACE.

MR. PUNCH,

THE papers of late have been lively reading for those readers who like sanguinary sameness. When the war is over what matter will journalists find to replace the narratives of special correspondents, and the suggestions of spontaneous ones? Horrid murders will not occur in sufficient number, nor can any murder, as to its details, exceed those of the battle-field in the horrors with which we have been regaled to repletion.

Proposals for improving the means of destroying human life will probably go on for some time, and it may be long before we see the end of the case "Muzzle-loaders v. Breech-loaders." It may be expected that these will be accompanied by communications of devices for the improved construction of gibbets and instruments of bodily punishment. Considering the torments which good citizens have been compelled to incur in battle, people will naturally begin to think little of inflicting any amount of pain on criminals. Accordingly crimes will be made generally capital, and torture will be revived. Then we shall be entertained at breakfast by controversial letters in the newspapers, headed, "The Wheel *versus* the Gallows," for instance, or, "Wire v. Whiplcord," or "Cow-hide v. Cat o' Nine Tails."

Others will advocate peculiar points in the construction and employment of the rack, the thumbscrews, the boots, the scavenger's daughter, the branding iron, the stocks, and the pillory. The moral effect of the War may be anticipated to be a return to the humanity of the Middle Ages. Sir, I have the honour to be a Sign of the Zodiac, symbolising Progress in the direction wherein Europe is at present moving. Your obedient servant,

CANCER (THE CRAB).

Artistic.

OUR friend MAULSTICKE so devotes himself to the Study of Costume that his brother Artists say he has abandoned the Fine Arts, in order to pursue the calling of a Costume-monger.



"A NIGHT OF IT."

Young Wife (2 A.M.). "DINNER AT THE ALBION! THE THEATRE! AND SUPPER AND A RUBBER AT THE CLUB! WELL, HENRY, I WONDER YOU DID NOT GO TO ALL THE PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON, AND (sobbing) NOT COME HOME ALL NIGHT!"

Henry. "MY DEAR, ALL TH' OTHER PLASHES SHU' RUP!"

MORE DISAPPOINTMENTS FOR PATERFAMILIAS.

WHEN, but a short time ago, it was our painful duty to dispel the hopes of parents and guardians, especially Scotch parents and guardians, by breaking to them, as gently as we could, the disheartening announcement that the situations in one of the great Public Departments of Scotland—"the General Register of Sasines, and the Register of Homings, Inhibitions, &c."—had been withdrawn from open competition, and were no longer to be reckoned amongst those glittering prizes of the Civil Service which every healthy, intelligent, well-conducted youth might reasonably look forward to winning, we little thought that it would soon, too soon, be our still more unwelcome office to make a communication to the public infinitely more important than the intelligence from Edinburgh—and that was serious enough—affecting, as it must do, a far larger body of youthful aspirants, and causing the demolition of a much greater number of castellated and aerial edifices—indeed, so many, that we hardly like, in this severe weather, to think of the disappointment and dismay awaiting hundreds of happy English homes.

No contemporary domestic event, not even MR. AYTON'S reception by his constituents at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End, can compare in importance with the notification by the Board of Inland Revenue, through the medium of the *London Gazette*, without a word of apology or explanation, without a syllable of compunction or compassion, that "with the concurrence" (would not "connivance" be the more fitting expression?) "of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury," the situation of "Junior Stamper" is withdrawn from Schedule A. of the Order in Council of the 4th of June, 1870, and—what is still worse—that the situation of "Machine-boy" is included in Schedule B. of the same Order.

The public attention will soon be fixed on Foreign Affairs, Army Reform, the Licensing System, University Tests, the Ballot, the Budget, and many other, we admit, important matters; but surely the wrongs of those who had hoped to become "junior stampers"

and "machine-boys," by their own unaided industry and ability, without the demoralising intervention of patronage and influence, will not be overlooked by a generous and sympathising people, or fail to find a powerful champion in the hour of need.

GOOD SPECULATION.

"EXHIBITION, 1871.—TO BE SOLD, a first-rate GLASS SHOW-CASE (glass all round), designed for the accommodation of a Representative."

This ought to prove the most attractive sight in the whole Exhibition. Only one thing is required to make it a perfect success. Let the "Representative" be a Lady, young and good-looking, and then this Show-case will never be without a crowd of people round it, who, if they come to stare, cannot possibly do less than remain to pay.

'Change for the Better.

In the City News of a contemporary, a few days since, there was a remark that "As the day advanced, the resignation of M. GAMBETTA was known, and the English and foreign quotations improved." It may be imagined that among the foreign quotations, "*Mourir pour la Patrie*" was changed to "*Vivre pour la Patrie*," and that the English included passages from SHAKESPEARE, for instance, such as "Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front," constituting, likewise, a great improvement upon any that have been quotable for some time.

AN UNSUSPECTED INFIRMITY.

MILTON must have been conscious of a disposition in himself to yield to the pleasures of the table; otherwise he would not (as in *L'Allégre*) have desired a preventive "against eating cares."

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

"THE HIELAND BEAUTY."

MICKLE did I love my JEANIE,
Syn' she wa' a peekle weanie,¹
Kittlin' ower the flattit greenie,
A' sae winsom',
A' sae hinsom',
Dainty skirrock³ JEANIE.

How I coodled⁴ in her eekit,
Dooning⁵ wha' nae booties creekit
Till her twa bright een they leekit,
A' sae hinsom',
A' sae winsom',
Watting sair her cheekit.

Says she, "Let lassies fash their streeps
Wi' drummie stick an' paudy peeps,
Gie me my TAM wi' squeezey-greeps,"
A' sae winsom',
A' sae hinsom',

"Ane whiskey-toddy on fowre leeps."⁷

Wull ye be my ain, my lassie?
Pibroch-peeps wi' jug and glassie;
Plaiddie, too, wi' ribbon sassie⁸,
A' sae hinsom',
A' sae winsom',
All I gie, but hae nae brassie.

Says she, "Sin ye've nae brassie-jingle,
All the rest is sandie-shingle;
Sae wi' ye I winna mingle,"
A' sae hinsom',
A' sae winsom',
"Steppit,⁹ TAM, I'll stoppit¹⁰ single."

Noo I seep ma whiskey-toddy,
Takin' speerits wi' nae boddy:
Sup for ane's nae sup for twoddy,¹¹
A' sae winsom',
A' sae hinsom',
Carls, gude night, I'll niddy-noddy.¹²

1. A little pickle. 2. Sporting like a kitten. 3. The Lowland language has no equivalent for this word, which in itself is so peculiarly expressive. 4. Whispers soft things. 5. Sitting. 6. Arm round my waist. 7. Four lips. 8. Jaunty. 9. Go away. 10. Remain. 11. Hielland proverb signifying that enough for one is not sufficient for two. 12. Sleep.



ONE TOO MANY.

SCENE—Corner of Wood from which Fox is supposed to have broken. Hounds, on emerging from covert, suddenly throw up, and seem undecided. General disappointment and disgust of Master, who rides up to Yokel standing near. "DID YOU SEE THE FOX BREAK AT THIS CORNER, MY MAN?"

Yokel. "SEE UN? YAAS, I SEED UN COOM OOT, BUT (looking cunning)—I DRUV UN BACK AGEN!"

THE CENSUS.

O SIR—*Mr. Punch*—Sir—

It's awful to think of. I've just read the announcement in the papers, and what England, as a free Briton's country, is coming to, or where it's going to, is more than I can imagine. Look here, Sir:—

"The time fixed for the enumeration is midnight of Sunday, April the 2nd."

If they'd have said April the first, one would have seen the joke of it at once.

"And every person there living is to be recorded——"

(like DAVENPORT brothers, who used to be tied up several times a night)—

"in a schedule——"

(Why as bankrupts?)

"to be gathered in on Monday, the 3rd."

Now, Sir, are our houses to be broken into at midnight on the second of April? Will the police come with schedules and pocket-books, almanacks, and parish registers, into one's bedrooms at twelve o'clock Sunday night?

Isn't Sunday a day and a night of rest? Of course. But indignation and indigestion choke my utterance. I am astounded.

On that night I shall double-bar my front door, and treble lock my bedroom, and defy the Registrar-Generals and Captains and Colonels, and all their works. I won't have my age taken at that time of night, except under protest.

Yours,

Old Maida Vale, N.

PRISCILLA SPYNSTER.

A "LIQUID MEASURE."—The new Licensing Bill.

TOM TIDDLER'S 'TATURS.

THE Gardens of the Hesperides are generally supposed to be mythical; but the equivalent of them appears to exist in reality at the Cape. According to the *Natal Mercury*, reports from the diamond fields lately have been numerous and favourable, and—

"The news from the Tatur Gold Fields was also improving, and men and machines were stated to be wanting there."

There can be no doubt that these fields yield golden fruit, constituting a certain description of apples which may be named *pommes de terre*. The narratives of the ancient poets respecting the golden pippins which they relate to have been won by Hercules may be erroneous; but there is no mistake about the produce of the Tatur Gold Fields.

The Infalible Entire Animal.

No, no it won't do, HYACINTHUS, my son!

Aut Prus aut nullus—the Whole Hog or Nonc.

As I say to the wearers of waistcoats "M.B."

Swallow bristles and all, or you won't do for me.

A Nondescript.

JONES's opinion of the Ritualist clergyman in his neighbourhood is, that he is neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring. SMITH declares that the latter part of this definition must be wrong, for the reverend gentleman is certainly erring. (N.B. SMITH's aspirates are not always in perfect order.)

JUST THE CONTRARY.

SOME people's bark is said to be worse than their bite, but it is not so in the case of the Jesuits—their Bark is better than their bite.



A MODEL.

Officer (lately returned from Foreign Service). "LOOK HERE, I SAY. HOW DO PEOPLE DRESS NOW? WHAT'S THE CORRECT FASHION, EH?"

Pompous Tailor. "AS I STAND, SIR!"

ANTI-PHOTOGRAPH DEMONSTRATION.

A MEETING of the Government Intimidation Society was held last night at the Donkey's Head, to concert measures for expressing the indignation of the People at the tyranny practised, on convicts, in prisons at Liverpool and elsewhere in compelling them to sit for their photographs. The chair was occupied by MR. SLACKJAW, who announced himself as a representative of the Working Man. He was not a thief, but advocated equalisation of property, and sympathised with his fellows. Prison authorities had no right to photograph a man who had not been sentenced to undergo that process, which was a gross indignity. The People must assemble in their thousands, and tell their tyrannical Rulers that they would not stand it.

MR. RUFFLES, an habitual criminal, said that he had his self been photographed in gaol. But he had done the beggars. He had shammed conversion, pretendin' to be a penitent thief, and pulled a mug accordingly whilst he was took. He didn't much fear he'd be knowed if he was lagged again. He was a man of few words, and so, to conclude, would move a resolution that this here meetin' take immediate steps to 'old a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, with a view to overawe the Ome Office, and demand pertection of coves in quod from bein' photographed agin their will.

The resolution, having been seconded by another thief, was then put from the Chair, and carried by acclamation. Although the photographic grievances may seem exclusively a thieves' question, the demonstration against it, about to come off in Trafalgar Square, is not expected to differ, as to those who will take part therein, from other customary displays of menace in respectability.

Bis dat qui cito dat.

SOME of JOHN BULL's consignments for the relief of the siege-starved Parisians have found their way, we are told, to the Parisian shop-windows. If this is true it is a case of decided double-dealing. Not only have the goods been sold, but the givers.

HOMAGE TO
VICTOR HUGO.

POOR VICTOR HUGO! A telegram respecting the National Assembly at Bordeaux, the other day, announced that:—

"On leaving the House the Deputies were received with loud and enthusiastic shouts of '*Vive la République!*' from the crowd outside, and M. Victor Hugo was the subject of a warm ovation."

From this statement it would appear that the author of *Notre Dame* was pelted by his countrymen with eggs which had been unnecessarily cooked. Nobody would throw fresh eggs at a man, especially when food is uncommonly scarce, and it is wholly improbable that M. Victor Hugo had omelets, sweet or savoury, cast at him. His ovation must have been an unsavoury one, inflicted with addled eggs; and is that the reward which he has received for his patriotism?

On Convocation.

(By DEAN ST-NL-Y.)

CONVOCATION is vexation,
Revision is as bad;
Its Theoree, it puzzles me,
Its practice drives me mad.

A CAUTION.

THE man who can't resist
"just a thimbleful" of brandy
will sometimes find the thimble
holds enough to sew him up.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A SUDDEN crowd impeding me
Upon my walk through town,
I know the cause before I see—
A Horse has tumbled down.

Though but the veriest hack should drop,
And not directly rise:
Forthwith the British Public stop,
And on him fix their eyes.

Assistance to the prostrate Steed
They none attempt to bear;
But, he from harness being freed,
They stand, meanwhile, and stare.

I wonder if, in case there fell
A Donkey to the ground,
They, open-eyed and mouthed, as well
Would stand that Creature round.

I do not know, was never yet
Obliged to force my pass
Through a dense throng, whose gaze was set
Upon a fallen Ass;

Yet special sympathy then should
The gaping concourse sway,
Who, whilst they do no kind of good,
Obstruct a Thinker's way.

LEGAL QUESTION.

WHAT are the "*Benchers*" of our Inns of Court?
Persons so called from their persistent adherence to *legal Forms*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, Feb. 13.—On the reception of the Royal Acknowledgment of the Address, LORD ORANMORE made occasion to express, with the utmost respect, his conviction that the people would be gratified, if the QUEEN would appear among them more frequently.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a long speech, proposed, and MR. DISRAELI, with a gesture, seconded the proposal for granting £30,000 as dowry to PRINCESS LOUISE, and £6000 as H.R.H.'s annuity. There was loud acclamation from all parts of the House, and when MR. PETER TAYLOR rose, hat in hand, to oppose the grant, the resolution had been carried. Here it may be convenient to add that, at a later stage, MR. TAYLOR, rising amid groans from all sides, opposed the grant, and SIR ROBERT PEELE expressed regret that a Princess had, by the advice of Ministers, been allowed to contract herself to the son of a Minister. MR. DISRAELI, as might be expected, treated the matter in a much more graceful way, paid a pleasant compliment to the MARQUIS OF LORNE, and was glad that a PRINCESS had accepted a Member of the House of Commons. MR. GLADSTONE corrected SIR ROBERT, saying that deviation from the established rule of Royal marriage had been advised upon about eighteen months ago, and long before the engagement to the Marquis. The division was the most amusing which *Mr. Punch* has ever chronicled. There were, for the Grant, 350; against it, 1. This unit was MR. FAWCETT, but there were really Three against the grant, namely himself, and two Tellers, SIR CHARLES DYKE, and MR. PETER TAYLOR. The Commons roared lustily, and the nation echoed the roar.

A Scotch Education Bill was introduced, as was also a Bill for the Regulation of Children's work in Mines (into which no boy is to enter until he attains the ripe age of Ten), and a Committee was appointed to inquire into the operation of the Vaccination Act. As there is a private Committee just now sitting on the same subject in nearly every family in the land, it is a pity that there should not be a fusion.

The Commons paid high compliment to SIR DENIS LE MARCHANT, on his resigning the Clerkship of the House, which he has served with the greatest ability for many years. Heraldically speaking, *Mr. Punch* supposes that the excellent officer in question is happier "*marchant*" out of the House than *regardant* that eternal old clock.

Tuesday. *Mr. Punch*, whose eye fixes everything, mentioned in his Essence last week that on the first night's debate MR. GLADSTONE had stated that LORD PALMERSTON had not thought much of the Neutralisation of the Black Sea. He also attributed similar sentiments to LORD CLARENDON.

To-night, in reply to LORD CAIRNS, LORD GRANVILLE was obliged to own that, as regards LORD CLARENDON, MR. GLADSTONE had been misled, and that, as regards LORD PALMERSTON, such off-hand remarks of his as can be remembered appear to have little weight. LORD PALMERSTON is represented to have said that the stipulations for the neutralisation could not last long—might last *this* time, and so forth.

But it is quite certain, first, that the Judicious Bottleholder (as he was named by *Mr. Punch*, O Rising Generation! from a phrase used by his Lordship about "a little judicious bottle-holding"—the bottle, O Rising Generation! being

an image borrowed from the usages of the now defunct Prize Ring) would not have allowed any nation to Violate a Treaty to which England was party, for PALMERSTON made much of treaties.

Secondly, and this is the point. While a Conference was sitting to discuss a Treaty, the "Judicious" would certainly not have played into the hands of the antagonists of England by citing the supposed opinions of English statesmen in support of the cause of those antagonists. MR. GLADSTONE thought proper to adopt this plan of most Injudicious Bottleholding (the Bottleholder's art being to refresh, console, and support his own man, not the other), and *Mr. Punch's* supernatural eye beheld a Vision of the Night, and he hath engraven the same, as a hint to his friend the PREMIER. (*Vide Cartoon.*)

The HOME SECRETARY brought in a Bill for amending the Laws of Trades' Unions. They are recognised, their legal disabilities are done away, but, on the other hand, Intimidation and Molestation are made crimes. As MR. HUGHES and MR. MUNDELLA thanked the Government, it may be supposed that the Bill is acceptable to all parties concerned. And the ATTORNEY-GENERAL brought in a Bill for repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and MR. NEWDEGATE, normally discontent with the plan, declared it abnormally inopportune.

Wednesday. Again came up the Bill for enabling a man to Marry the Sister of his Departed Wife. MR. THOMAS CHAMBERS observed that the Commons had divided Forty times on the question, and had as often affirmed that such marriage ought to be lawful. Relying on MR. CHAMBERS' accuracy, *Mr. Punch* declines saying more than that the Second Reading was carried by 125 to 85.

Yes, one word more. It was cleverly said in an article in the *Times*, that if the Bill became an Act, it would have the effect of "suggesting" a sister-in-law as a man's second choice. Against this disadvantage may be set what LORD PALMERSTON pointed out as the humane feature of the Bill, namely, that it would prevent many men from having two mothers-in-law. But if it is to pass, there ought to be an understanding in families, where there are several sisters, that a man who takes one, and does not take another, means nothing rude by not accepting the Suggestion of the Act.

Thursday. The Lords had an acrid Admiralty debate, to which the DUKE OF SOMERSET contributed a peculiarly acrid but able speech, and His Grace obtained a Committee of Inquiry into recent changes. LORD HALIFAX wanted the motion postponed because of MR. CHILDER'S absence, but the Duke said that other people had feelings besides MR. CHILDER, and, "having friends at the Admiralty," the Duke "meant to stand by them."

ÆDILE AYRTON complained of "ridiculous criticism on him, in reference to the New Post-Office, which had been designed by MR. LAYARD and MR. FERGUSSON," and added—to the satisfaction of all who really understand architecture—that the latter gentleman had just been recommended for the Gold Medal, by the Institute of Architects. One to the Ædile.

MR. SECRETARY CARDWELL presented the Government Scheme for the Re-organisation of the British Army—the one important measure for which the British Nation was impatient.

These are the principal features of the Scheme:—

IT IS PROPOSED TO UNITE ALL THE FORCES OF THE COUNTRY INTO ONE DEFENSIVE ARMY, THE WHOLE TO BE UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL OFFICERS OF DISTRICTS, SUBORDINATE TO ONE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND ALL TO BE UNDER THE SUPREME CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The Horse Guards move into the War Office.

Lords Lieutenant are no longer to grant Commissions in the Auxiliary forces. That is to be done by the QUEEN.

Places of training are to be established.

Staff Colonels are to look after the Auxiliaries.

The Volunteers are taken in hand by the authorities. No more playing at soldiers; every man must learn to be a rifle shot, and every man must attend regularly. The officers are to be instructed, so that they may be really officers. The Volunteers will often be brigaded with the Regulars, and at such times will be under the same discipline as the Army. They are calculated at 170,000.

The Militia to be improved and enlarged.

The Purchase of Commissions in the Army is abolished.

Compensation thus occasioned will cost Eight Millions.

Commissions will be obtained by competitive examination.

No more Cornets; no more Ensigns.

Promotion is to be by Selection.

There is to be no Compulsory Ballot, at present, but in case of an Emergency the QUEEN can summon Parliament, and thus such a Ballot may be ordered.

We are told that the United Army of the country, that is, the Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, Two Reserves, and Volunteers will amount to 470,717 men.

That is what MARS proposes to do, in compliance with NEPTUNE's suggestion made the other day, *via* Cartoon. Is it enough? *Shall we be ready at an Emergency?* That is the question to be asked. There is no question as to the details of MR. CARDWELL's measure, all of which are good and some of which are admirable.

The Commons had high debate on the War. MR. AUBERON HERBERT moved that we ought to interfere to obtain moderate terms for France. Other speakers, especially SIR ROBERT PEEL, said that this country was humiliated, and he was severe upon the frequent use of the word "Ventured" (to suggest, &c.), in our despatches. SIR HENRY BULWER and others considered the motion ill-timed. MR. GLADSTONE said that deferential language was useful in public as in private transactions, defended the Government, and thought that an extorted peace would be unfortunate, and that the more magnanimity shown by the Germans after their splendid victories, the better for France, Europe, and indeed Germany herself. Neither side desired interference. The motion was withdrawn.

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE.

SHROVE TUESDAY.



IN one of the principal observances connected with this respectable festival, the curious may detect the influence exercised by the Heathen Mythology over the customs and usages of modern housekeeping, traced back through the Reformation, the Revival of Learning, the Dark Ages, the Invention of Gunpowder, the Crusades, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, to the outbreak of the Trojan War, and the first publication (on large paper) of the compositions of the greatest blind poet the world has ever seen—the gifted and talented Homer.

Few of those who sit down in the lap of luxury and the bosom of their family to their annual indulgence in that composition of eggs, flour, and milk, fried in the melted fat of swine, which at this particular season of the calendar is consumed in enormous quantities wherever cookery has planted its standard, and the art of working in metal is firmly rooted, give a moment's thought, as they court the stimulus of the genial orange or seek the zest of its more acid connection, the pulpy lemon, to the sobering reflection that in their tempting Pan-cake, they may recognise, if they possess sufficient classical acumen and acquaintance with the productions of the Benedictine Friars, the very same delicacy that the Greeks and Romans introduced into their festivals held in honour of the least prepossessing of all the heathen divinities, the god Pan.

It remains to be added that a still higher antiquity than the Lycæa of the Greeks and the Lupercalia of the Romans has been claimed for this popular article of consumption and commerce; many of the greatest scholars, both of ancient and modern times, headed by the Corporation of London in their official robes, being of opinion that the savoury cooked food mentioned in one of the long-lost books of AULUS GELLIUS, as having shared with ambrosia, and nectar, and pickled walnuts, the distinction of always forming a part of the entertainments given by the gods on Mount Helicon, was no other than the unctuous and indigestible Pan-cake of modern cookery-books.

HOW THEY DID NOT ADVERTISE WHEN THERE WERE ACTORS.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. 1803.

O THELLO.—The Play of Plays! Mammoth Success. Book your places five months in advance.

O THELLO.—"Black Jack" (the Great John Kemble) was never so splendid as in the Black General. Vide public Press.

O THELLO.—Come and hear George F. Cooke in the screaming comic song of "King Stephen was a worthy Peer." Triple encore nightly.

O THELLO.—"Drunk all over is Charles Kemble as Cassio. His very legs seem to stutter."

O THELLO.—Farley's Roderigo is sublime. His expression when he declares that he should like to hang Othello is intensified fatuity. "The house does not laugh, it roars like a volcano."

O THELLO.—The Management emphatically denies the statement that Mr. Kemble does not black himself all over for the part of the Moor. He does, and a certificate (signed by the eminent Warren) of the supply of blacking may be seen, gratis, at the Box-office from 10 to 4.

O THELLO.—The Management respectfully apprises the twenty-seven ladies of title who fainted with excitement at the murder-scene on Tuesday, and had to be removed, that their money shall be returned, or other seats given them, on application at the Box-office.

O THELLO.—"The majestic John, the powerful George, the graceful Charles, seen on the Stage at the same time, constitute a trio of talent which has never been equalled since the days of Thespis. When it becomes a quartette by the addition of the gifted Sarah, language fails to describe the effect. Witness it."

O THELLO.—"Not a jot." These seven letters are a whole Alphabet of Agony; and when enunciated by glorious John, in the Great Scene in the Third Act, it may be doubtful whether the superb Artist is justified in this supreme onslaught upon our emotions. It is fearful.

O THELLO.—7.10. Row at Brabantio's. 7.15. Fight. 7.30. Grand harangue. 8.5. "Drown cats." 8.25. Iago chaffs Desdemona. 8.40. Topsy chant. 8.45. Topsy fight. 9.5. Green-eyed Monster. 9.25. "Where's my handkerchief?" 10. Row with Desdemona. 10.20. "Willow, willow." 10.45. Stabbing, smothering, suicide, and Shakspearian triumph.

O THELLO.—"The Poor Soul sat sighing." Any one would be rewarded for "walking barefoot from Palestine" by hearing Mrs. Siddons warble this exquisite ditty. The audience would applaud, but are drowned in tears. The Song may be had at the Box-Office, price Two Shillings plain, Three Shillings coloured, with the signature "Sarah Siddons."

O THELLO.—Covent Garden Theatre can be reached without the slightest difficulty. Plenty of hackney-coaches to be had at all hours, and a table of your Jarvey's fares is hung up in the entrance hall.

O THELLO.—"What shall we say of Mrs. Lichfield as Emilia? Simply that so perfect a personation of a very difficult character has never been set before a British Public. Power, force, strength, might, zeal, contrasted with archness, softness, kindness, gentleness, tenderness, and yet all artistically blended into an alternation of exalted heroism and womanly devotion. How G. F. Cooke brings himself even to seem to wound her, passes our imagination."

O THELLO. DO O THELLO.

O THELLO. NOT O THELLO.

O THELLO. OMIT O THELLO.

O THELLO. SEEING O THELLO.

O THELLO. THE O THELLO.

MIRACLE OF THE MODERN STAGE!!!



SIGNS OF THE TIMES EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN HIGH LIFE.

THEY HAD NOT MET FOR YEARS. HIS GRACE WAS SILENT, AND EVIDENTLY ILL AT EASE. LADY BANJOLINA BRABAZON WAS THE FIRST TO BREAK THE ICE:—"YES, DEAR DUKE," SHE EXCLAIMED (*tenderly squeezing his OTHER arm*), "IT IS MOST IRRITATING, MOST INSUPPORTABLE, I KNOW! BUT DO NOT, O DO NOT SCRATCH IT!"

BOTTLE-HOLDING.

JUDICIOUS AND OTHERWISE.

(A Lesson read by PAM'S Ghost to W. G.)

WHEN I was in the flesh, BILL,
And followed the P. R. ring,
My holding of the bottle, BILL,
The fancy thought the thing.
And holding of the bottle, BILL—
This let me whisper you—
With winning of the fight, BILL,
Has a plaguy deal to do.

You've got to nurse your man, BILL,
Keep him in heart and wind,
To see he don't waste strength, BILL,
Lose temper, or go blind.
To play your own game dark, BILL,
See through the other side's,
And to keep your pecker up, BILL,
Whatever luck betides.

And if your man gets weak, BILL,
Or shaky on his pegs,
You've to see and not let him sneak, BILL,
With his tail between his legs,
But take care he comes up smiling,
And clean as a new pin.
Its half-way to winning a fight, BILL,
To look as if you'd win.

And don't be too free o' your chaff, BILL,
But keep your red rag still,

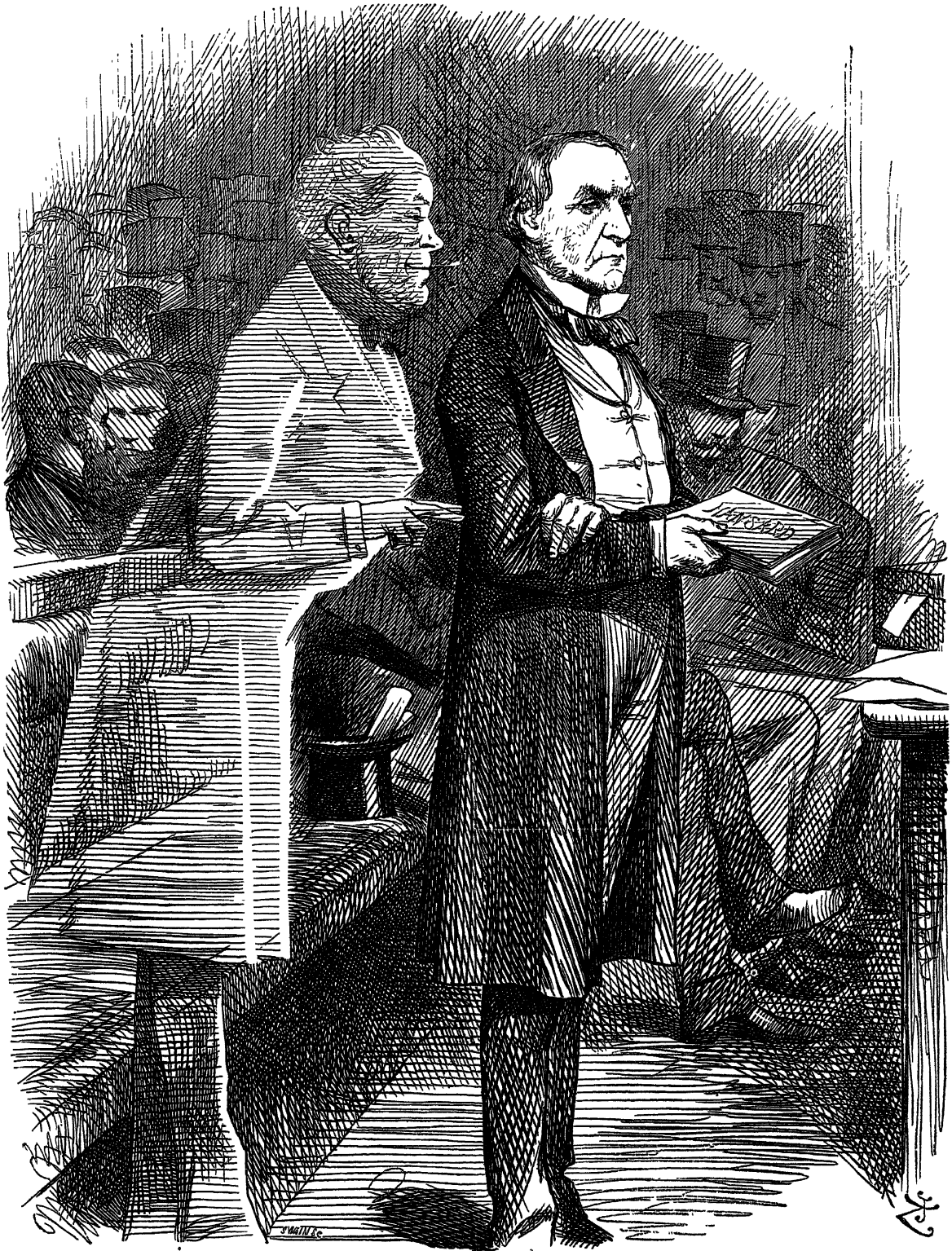
You've too much o' the gab by half, BILL,
For the foreman in a mill.
Above all, never pass remarks, BILL,
On parties as isn't by,
Or say what they thought or felt, BILL,
Who says what he thinks? Did I?

And when you talk about fights, BILL,
As I held the bottle through,
Be careful you do it to rights, BILL,
And mind who you're talking to.
I may have said foolish things, BILL,
As who hasn't now and then?
But I don't see what's your call, BILL,
To be diggin' 'em up again.

There's the party you've got in tow, BILL,
The Roosian Pet, I mean,
His backers I ought to know, BILL,
They're anything but green.
I bottle-held agin' 'em
In the fight with their old Pet, NICK,
And you know if we didn't lick him,
Though he took a deal to lick.

Then you called me a quarrelsome cuss, BILL,
But now you're on the floor,
A-holdin' the bottle for us, BILL,
'Gin the Roosian Pet once more,
Just you take a word of advice, BILL,
From one as that party knows,
The less do you show the white feather, BILL,
The louder that party crows.

He's used to the game o' brag, BILL,
And believes in lookin' big,
But the stiffer you stand up to him,
The less he'll come that rig.



THE IN-"JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER."

GHOST OF PAM. "AHA, DEAR BOY! WE MANAGED THINGS RATHER DIFFERENTLY WHEN I WAS BOTTLE-HOLDER!"

"I have been told that LORD PALMERSTON always looked on the Neutralisation of the Black Sea as an arrangement that might be maintained for a limited number of years, but which it was impossible to maintain permanently. I have been told LORD CLARENDON never attached value to that neutralisation."—MR. GLADSTONE (WHILE THE BLACK SEA CONFERENCE WAS SITTING).

But once let your man give ground, BILL,
And he's down on you, hot and hard,
And you'll find him a rum 'un to stop, BILL,
If he gets within your guard.

And if you're for quoting me, BILL,—
Which I'd rather you did not—
Mind its always the right sow, BILL,
As by the ear you've got—
Words to keep up your own side's pluck, BILL,
And take the other's down,
And bring home the old colours a winner,
As I did, to the Old Crown!

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



HY, yes, we have seen Mr. TOOLE in what is left of MR. THOMPSON'S Japanese Extravaganza, and "Yet we are not happy." After which preface we will at once proceed to the Gaiety.

Time: any time between 7 and 9. Place: Stalls.

Fascinating Stall-keeper (to Elderly Gentleman and Party.) Book of the words, Sir?

Young Lady (of the party). O, get a book, Uncle.

Uncle (generously). Ah, yes, I'll have two—(explaining) I always like to follow the words of this sort of piece or an opera.

[They seat themselves.

Swell (to Friend). TOOLE's doosid funny in this, I'm told.

Friend (lounging well back, and apparently

smoking a toothpick). Ya-as—(pauses and considers)—Ya-as, he's doosid funny; he's always saying, "Yet I am not happy."

[At this exquisitely humorous idea both smile. Insouciant Gentleman from Club (enters during overture and recognises an acquaintance in Stall behind him). How do? (Pause.) Any news to-night?

Acquaintance (wondering why on earth he should be asked this). No, nothing particular.

[By which he means that he hasn't seen any of the evening papers.

Large Middle-aged Lady (superbly attired, sees distinguished friends in private box, and inwardly wishes that distinguished friends would see her; nudges her husband.) There are the GRIGSONS. (Husband looks up at the GRIGSONS, and prepares to nod.) I wonder who's with them?

Miss Grigson (in private box, sees their friends below, and whispers her mother). Don't look down, Mamma, there are those SMITH-KINSES, and if they meet us here we must ask them for next Tuesday.

[They both carefully look the other way during the performance, and take care to leave while the SMITH-KINSES are intent on the stage.

The piece commences. Beautiful dresses, and the whole thing excellently well put on the stage.

Musical Amateur (critically). It's called an Opéra bouffe. There's precious little music in it.

His Companion. HERRY's isn't it? Ah! not up to Chulpéric, or Le Petit Faust.

Well-informed Musical Amateur. And nowhere near La Grande Duchesse.

[Which is the only Opéra bouffe he knows.

His Companion (correcting him). That was OFFENBACH'S.

Well-informed One (not in the least disconcerted). Of course.

Elderly Gentleman (who has bought the books, in order to follow the words closely). I can't make out where they are. (MR. TOOLE has been on the stage for some time, talking. Elderly Gentleman continues in despair) I've been turning over the pages, and I can't find anything he's saying.

[Great rustling of books. People trying to find out what MR.

TOOLE's talking about, but "Yet they are not happy."

Purchasers of Books (all over the house shutting them up). It's no good.

[They devote themselves to listening. MR. TOOLE continues his Japanese Entertainment—roars of laughter.

Mr. Toole (to audience). You'll excuse my taking off my glove.

[More roars. This is repeated something under fifty times, and is laughed at more and more.

Mr. Toole's next Witticism. I know that, &c., &c.—(anything that comes into his head)—and yet I am not happy.

[Convulsions of laughter.

Mr. Toole. Waggy baggy wum pum Shoreditch howareyou-to-morrow up a choopchey please remember the grotto wally-mauwocky Bismarck, and two pennuth of nuts by balloon post ipachee pa woo bang squash.

[Shouts of laughter. Further search in the books, after which they are closed and pocketed, and any attempt at ascertaining what is said, except by listening to it (and the theatre is not a place in which to read but to hear a play) is given up.

Mr. Toole (appearing in a private box). Here I am—yet I am not happy. (Comes out with a vague pun, à propos of nothing in particular) I know what one will do, now you'll see what Two'll (TOOLE) do. Excuse me taking off my glove. Yet I am not happy. Excuse me taking off my glove—yet I am not happy, &c., &c., ad libitum.

Then some wonderful tumbling by MESSRS. DAUBAN AND WARD. Everybody unanimously pleased with MR. TOOLE'S Entertainment entitled "Aladdin the Second, or a Night w' Toole."

Swell (coming out). Why's it called Aladdin the Second?

His Friend (coming out stronger). Because it's TOOLE the first, and Aladdin afterwards. But (quotes) "Yet I am not happy."

[Exeunt Omnes.

A propos of Theatres generally, the new Court Theatre (in which Court it is we have not yet been able to ascertain) issues a novel kind of play-bill. It is in four pages, which are three too many, and the first is a Red Lion guarding an almanack. Red Lion Court is, we fancy, in the Strand, so this figure is evidently not intended to symbolise the locality. The two middle pages give the programme which commences with *Turn him Out* (when you've only just taken your seat) is continued with *Randall's Thumb* (the four fingers being thrown in, probably after the fashion described by the sexton in one of the *Ingoldsby Legends*) and ends with *It's all a Mistake*, which last will not be, we hope, the summing up of either the audience or the highly enterprising management. But the second page of the programme is its gem. It proposes to place before the reader the "Distances for Hackney Carriages" from the Royal Court Theatre to various places (or vice versa) which are carefully catalogued under the headings of 1, *Churches*; 2, *Exhibitions*; 3, *Newspaper Offices*; 4, *Railways*; and 5, *Theatres*.

To commence with No. 1. Nothing is more likely than that the greater part of every audience is either going to or coming from a Church. So far, so good. But how far? Let us take up the first Church which the pious gentleman who drew up the Court programme has placed on his list. It is—

"Clapham Common—The Plough (over Vauxhall Bridge)."

There may be a Plough Church, but it sounds uncommonly like a tavern. Let us take Church No. 2:—

"Covent Garden, Great Russell Street."

There is a church in Covent Garden, and there may be one in Great Russell Street, but the first is not called Covent Garden Church (perhaps he was thinking of the choristers at EVANS'S) nor is the latter, if it exists, known as Great Russell Street Church.

The Third Church named in our Court Theatre Guide is—

"CREMORNE GARDENS, KING'S ROAD."

Ah, yes, Incumbent the REV. E. T. SMITH, pew-openers by a corps de ballet, Clerk MR. FRIEND, Beadle by M. MILANO.

After this it will not surprise any one (though we pity the country cousin on his first visit to town falling in with the Court Theatre programme and general guide) to be informed that under the head of "Exhibitions"—we again quote verbatim—are included

"Hammersmith—North End Road,

"Hyde Park Corner—The Lamp Post."

What a charming Exhibition, and how inexpensive—"The Lamp Post at Hyde Park Corner." No Paterfamilias should neglect to take his children to see this exciting spectacle. The other exhibitions, though, of course, not equalling in attractiveness the aforesaid Lamp Post, are very well in their way, and are—

"Kennington Gate (over Vauxhall Bridge)."

"Leicester Square." (!!!)

"Maida Hill—Aberdeen Place." (!!)

Under "Railways" Temple Bar is given, and under "Theatres," is placed "Whitehall, Horse Guards." This last is perhaps satirical. The Programme, as it lies before us now, issued on the first night of the Court Theatre's career, is well worth preserving.



GOSSIPS.

First Gael (just come ashore from the Herrin' Fushin'). "Hoo's A' wi' YOU, DONAL' ? HAE YE ONY NEWS YONDER ?"

Second Gael. "NA, I HEAR NAETHING,—OO, AYE,—THEY WERE SAYIN' MAC CALLUM MOHR'S SON'S GOIN' TO GET MARRI'T !"

First Gael. "AY ! AY ! AN' WHA'S HE GOIN' TO GET MARRI'T ON ?"

Second Gael. "YE KEN THE QUEEN—E-CH ?"

First Gael. "AY—A KEN THE QUEEN."

Second Gael. "A—WHEEL, IT'S ON HER YOUNG DOCHTER HE'S GOIN' TO GET MARRI'T."

First Gael. "E—CH ! DOD ! THE QUEEN MUN BE THE PROOD WOMAN ! ! !"

"POOR JOHN."

(As he appears in the eyes of Europe.)

POCKET your buffets, MASTER BULL !
Give it him well, Herr Prussian ;
Abuse him, do, *mon cher* Mossoo ;
Tear up his bonds, my Russian !
He'll smile on snubs, with force if backed ;
Bear all, to stave off strife ;
Put up with anything, in fact—
Poor John !—for a quiet life.

Though *bête comme tout*, he's well-to-do,
Thanks to his Channel ditch :
He sows and spins, trades, works and wins,
By shopkeeping grows rich.
Once, with a foe, 'twas word and blow ;
Now, there's the till to guard ;
Who strives, must spend ; he's got no friend ;
Who likes may hit him hard.

What praise, if, rich, he acts as sich,
Piles his gifts high as Alp-hill—
Best ambulance-appliances,
Splint, bandage, saw and scalpel,
Sends chloroform to deaden pain,
And lint to plug *foramina*,
And Liebig's Extract to sustain,
And Port to keep up stamina ?

If "*Homo est, humani nil
A se alienum putat*,"—
Above all Gallic humans whom
Teutonic humans shoot at.
If "*Tros Tyriusque*"—Pruss or French
He holds at no *discrimen* ;
Will help tuck either in a trench,
Or pull up on Death's *limen*.

Since starved French peasants to relieve,
This BULL on BULLOCK blundered,
What if his *Daily News* has been
"Subscribed another hundred" ?
If Cross and MILDMA, pity-fired,
Have to this BULLOCK yoked them ?
If night and day no work has tired,
No snubbing off has choked them ?

If haggard, hopeless JACQUES BONHOMME
Sighs by an unsown furrow—
For *der Herr Preusser* has ploughed there,
And his share sheareth thorough—
Straight there is BULL, top-boots and all,
Has tapped both poke and pocket,
Finds seed for field, for shed and stall,
Finds hoof and horn to stock it.

When Paris comes to end of her
Hippophagous resources,
When rats tail off, and cats, for hares,
Can run no more their courses ;

When glad for bread, and that bad bread,
En queue she dresses daily,
 And on the shortest commons fed,
 Admits their *rationale*,

Till the Proud City, cynosure
 Of Earth's civilisation,
 Suddenly stands aghast, a-stare
 In the face of Starvation—
 Up jumps JOHN BULL, with *Lor'-Maire* power,
 Out the stored sovereigns rattle,
 And in the trucks pour meat and flour,
 And corn and coals and cattle—

Still, spite of all that you have done
 To make both pain and need less,
 For soldiers rotting in their wounds,
 For peasants starving seedless,
 For Paris 'gainst sharp famine's coil
 Swift strengthened by your guineas,
 Who dares say that your bounty vile
 —Shop-keepers!—worth a pin is?

Your charitable feeling!—Stuff!
 Say your long-headed cunning,
 That keeps the neutral six-foot line,
 Clear of both war-trains running.
 When rolling-stock comes to a crash,
 You make, mend, sell, and fleece us;
 And whosoever goes to smash,
 You still pick up the pieces!

Neutral indeed! Humbugs, that blow
 Still hot and cold together;
 Muddy as your own porter-beer,
 And dull as your own weather.
 Now 'gainst the French you talk and write,
 Descant, anon, 'gainst German;
 And on our wickedness that fight
 Drone your self-righteous sermon.

With whites of eyes that whiter grow,
 And nose-twang ever louder,
 The more converted guns you sell,
 And segment-shells, and powder.
 For each pound profit, 'twill not hurt
 To give a penny charity;
 While you pile up the yellow dirt,
 And groan o'er our barbarity.

Rich JOHN!—Poor JOHN!—in money rich,
 But poor in pluck and pride too;
 To Honour dead, 'tis Mammon's sun
 You turn a sentient side to.
 In pocket who has head and heart,
 Will also have his hands there,
 While, with back dull to insult's smart,
 A snubbing-block he stands there.

Give him hard words for his hard cash:
 Huckster and humbug dub him;
 Abuse him roundly,—one step more,
 Is it not safe to drub him?
 The time has been that he had pluck,
 That was when he was poor:
 Since then in business he's had luck,
 And so fights shy—and sure.

Thiers the First.

HIMSELF a great author, *Mr. Punch* is delighted at the accession of a brother author to the Throne of France. The mere title is a form, but whether the new Sovereign is to be the President, Vice-Consul, or Emperor, *Mr. Punch* respectfully salutes him, and hastens to recognise the Dynasty. His Majesty has waited long for the crown—but "the world is to him who knows how to wait"—and to work. The new Sovereign's health in a bottle—aye, of Bordeaux.

HEROICS ON HIGH TREASON.

Who grudges the PRINCESS LOUISE's dower?
 Convey that shabby catiff to the Tower.

ESSENCE OF NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—GRÉVY.



A REASONABLE COMPLAINT.

Old Gent. "WELL, CHARLIE, WHAT SORT OF BOOK IS THAT?—INTERESTING, EH?"

Bloodthirsty Young Rascal. "NOT A BIT. IT'S A GREAT MUFF. I'VE READ SIXTY PAGES, AND THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN KILLED YET."

EXCITING.

THE following notice has been issued, and ere this appears the event may have come off:—

"THE POLICE AND VACCINATION.—All the members of the Metropolitan Police Force are to be vaccinated at once."

This is a really healthy mode of dealing with an arm of the Civil Executive. We trust that the Police will be mustered in full force in Hyde Park, and that no solemnity will be wanting to render the ceremony thoroughly impressive. If not too late, we would suggest the presence of the Police Band, to play "*Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men, for 'tis our opening day.*" The thieves' proverb for the occasion will probably be "The Police vaccination is the Roughts' opportunity." But, by the way, how will they "all" be done "at once"? By electricity? If so, Hyde Park by all means. Field and battery review, with cows in the distance, gazing placidly on the scene. *Aux armes, citoyens!* Lancets to the front! and be our war-cry on that day, Vaccination and Victory!

A CLERICAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

WILD horses should not draw us into the admission that the Scotch are not the very pleasantest of people. Yet possibly a child might venture to think otherwise, at least after any such experience as the following:—

"At a children's *souree*, held in a village in the county of Kincardine, the other night, a clergyman, addressing nearly 300 young people, checked the exuberance of their youthful spirits by forbidding them to applaud, telling them 'there would be nothing of that kind, and no laughter, in heaven,' and that these manifestations of feeling were 'inconsistent with religion.'"
—Dundee Advertiser.

The Scottish clergy may be supposed to know their own people better than we do. But it would not occur, we think, to an English parson, that a statement like that the reverend Scot is said to have made (the allegation about him may be as unfounded as that attributed to him) was a very ready means of creating a desire, on the part of children, for the locality to which they are destined.



INNOCENCE.

Husband. "YOUR FIRST DAY WITH HOUNDS! I'M AFRAID IT'LL BE A BLANK DAY, MY DEAR!"

Young Wife (shocked). "A — DAY! O CHARLES, DON'T SWEAR! I'M SURE IT'S DELIGHTFUL! JUST NOW, WHEN YOU WERE TALKING TO THAT OLD GENTLEMAN IN THE WOOD, I SAW A LITTLE RABBIT, AND I TRIED TO SHOW SOME OF THE DOGS WHERE IT HAD GONE; AND, CHARLES, THE MAN IN THE CAP CAME UP AND BEAT THEM, AND LOOKED SO CROSS AT ME! I COULD NOT HELP ITS ESCAPING!"

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

*A Trifle from Your Own Cockalorum, DYNGWELL the Dragoon. *** Very much adapted by him from a German festive chant, and sung with much applause by Yours Truly before the EMPEROR, the Hereditary Grand, SINGYMARINGY, BIZZY, &c., during recent events at Versailles*

COME round me, my gay Cockalorums,
And list to your own Militaire,
Who'll stand you a dozen of jorums,
And sing you a rum-ti-tum air.
Chorus (quite the gay German)—
Drink about, drink about,
Nothing to think about;
Drink about,
Drink about—
Long live the Queen!
(Repeat ad lib.)

This Light-hearted Soldier is joyful,
As long as there's plenty of stuff;
So fill ev'ry glass, my dear boy, full,
And chaunt me the "Crow and the Chough."
Chorus—"Drink about," &c. (as before).

Till past any time we will sit up,
When empty is every stoup,
Then let us go in for a tittup,—
This Warrior's out on the scoop.
Chorus—"Drink about," &c. (as you was).

Ach! while the pale student of Aachen
Is grinding away at his book,
This Noble young Marquis is larkin',
And—"Where are we now?" says the Dook.
Chorus—"Drink about," &c. (as you was).

Let who will go in for the Forum,
And be of the Law quite a lamp,
The choice of Your Own Cockalorum
Is, give me the swagger and camp.
Chorus—"Drink about," &c.

Regardy this calm, peaceful forrid,
This anti-macassary hair,
Though trouble may bustle him horrid,
Yet, when the bell rings, he's all there!
Chorus—"Drink about," &c.

Then here's to that bootiful houri,
The Lovely LOUISEY, PRINCESS:
Just come to Your Own for a dowry,
And nuggets are yours, nothing less.
Chorus—"Drink about," &c.

And here's to ourselves, Cockalorum—
That's me, who my country adorns!
Bibyt! Bibyt! More rum!
A Health to the Festive Young LOBNES
Loyal and Matrimonial Chorus—
"Drink about," &c.

A Change for the Worse.

La France says—"The Prussians have no right to march through Paris. The Prussians have not taken Paris—it is Famine." Let us hope, if *La France* is right, that Famine mayn't insist on marching into the city, instead of the Prussians. She is too near the gates to be pleasant, already.

Gratifying Advertisement.

THE THEATRE OF WAR is Closed for the present. A Peace is in preparation which we hope will have an unprecedented run.



THE SERVANTS.

Old Lady. "THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, MY DEAR. THERE'S OUR SUSAN (IT'S TRUE SHE'S A DISSENTER), BUT I'VE ALLOWED HER TO GO TO CHAPEL THREE TIMES EVERY SUNDAY SINCE SHE HAS LIVED WITH ME, AND I ASSURE YOU SHE DOESN'T COOK A BIT BETTER THAN SHE DID THE FIRST DAY!!"

"WHIST, WHIST, O WHIST!"

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

PUBLIC attention having been lately much attracted to the Game of Whist, you will, perhaps, allow me to supplement the article in the *Quarterly* by six golden rules, which beginners will find very useful. They were drawn up by a late Prelate of the Irish Church, and have been habitually practised by myself and my friends, with great success. Believe me, yours faithfully,

TENACE.

1. If your Partner leads the King of a Suit, of which you have the Ace single, play it, and at once lead from another suit.
2. Having only two small trumps, say the seven and five, all the other cards being exhausted, either lead trumps or rough.
3. Should your Partner on your first lead of trumps drop a card of another suit, and on your second lead play a trump, keep silent, and mix up the tricks as quickly as possible after the hand is played out. Should your adversaries adopt this style of play, point it out.
4. Should you happen to see your adversaries' cards, adopt the dummy game, leading through the strong and up to the weak hand.
5. If your Partner should deal out of his turn, say nothing about it, but try and obtain the next deal.
6. With four honours and ten, nine, and eight of trumps in your hand, you generally win the trick and the game, if you do not forget to count honours. Quart major makes a *pint*.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

Artless Woman. HENRY, dear, I want to go a little farther, to do some shopping. Let us take a cab.

Wretch. Yes, my love, and pick out one with a nice respectable-looking driver, who we are quite sure hasn't just been carrying any patient to the Smallpox Hospital.

Artless Woman. O, what a horrid idea! Ugh! It never occurred to me. Rather than run such a risk as that, I would walk, if it was ever so.

[*The deluded Wife walks a mile and a half, and her deceitful Husband saves eightpence.*]

A SPORT ALWAYS IN SEASON.—Tuft-hunting.

UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

(Which possibly may prove quite as interesting to some people as other social news may be to other people.)

MR. SMITH of London has returned to town.

MR. BUGGINS is at present on a visit to MR. BUBBS of Birmingham.

MR. JEREMIAH DIDDLE has been travelling in the country for the purpose of enjoying the sport of hunting greenhorns.

MR. CLYFAKER is staying with the Governor of Newgate.

MESSEURS TAG and RAG, in company with MR. BOBTAIL, went last evening to the gallery of the Whitechapel Theatre.

MR. BROWN has arrived at the Minorities Hotel.

MRS. ROBINSON is visiting her newly married son-in-law, who spends his evenings chiefly at his club in consequence.

MR. BILL SIKES has recently been photographed at Government expense.

MR. BOB SAWYER has been elected to the chair of the Convivial Corkscrew Club.

MR. BENJAMIN BOLT is preparing for next quarter-day, when he proposes to indulge in the sport of lunar shooting.

MR. JONES of Wales has arrived on a week's visit to his cousin, MR. GRIFFITHS.

MR. HUGGINS has honoured the Adelphi with his presence in the pit, attended by his wife and his wife's mother, MRS. MUGGINS.

MR. WILLIAM PHUNKY has recently been vaccinated.

MR. CRIBB CRACKER has quitted his residence in town, *en route* to spend some years with the Governor of Portland.

MR. HARDUPP has left his lodgings somewhat suddenly, and without giving any notice to his landlady.

MR. BAWLER, costermonger, has lately sold his donkey, and intends next week to retire from the profession.

A handsome piece of plate, of the rare old willow pattern, was yesterday presented to MR. PLUSH, of Westbourne Square, for his services as Chairman of the Harmonious Flunkies.

MR. MOSES MELTER, better known to the police as "Melting Mo," has been at length arrested at his official residence, and presented with an order to a private box in Newgate.

MR. LARKER bagged last night, being out upon the loose, as many as six bell-handles and eleven door-knockers.

MR. BUMBLE put on his new uniform last Sunday, and was kissed by his wife, who vowed that he looked "bootiful."

MASTER GUTTERCHILD, having come into possession of a sixpence, on Tuesday entertained a couple of his friends at a convivial banquet, consisting of hot periwinkles.

MRS. DOWDIE paid a flying trip to town last week, for the purpose of purchasing a secondhand chignon.

MR. JERRY SNEAK, *alias* "the Nobbler," has returned to his town residence, after spending six months of retirement in a pleasant part of Suffolk, where he had his hair cut at the cost of the county.

MR. and MRS. LOVEYDOVE have entertained themselves in a hospitable manner, on the occasion of the anniversary of their day of marriage.

MISS GUSHER has received exactly ninety-seven Valentines.

A matrimonial alliance is said to have been contracted between the eldest son and heir of the wealthy MR. SCRAGES, ex-chimney-sweep, of Wapping, and Miss AGNES ARAMINTA, only child of MR. CHITTERLING, cats'-meat merchant, ISLINGTON.

MR. SPOTTER has been paying a visit to his Uncle.

MR. JOLLIDOG of Houndsditch is suffering from the gout.

MASTER DOWDIE has begun the cultivation of moustaches. As many as eleven hairs already are apparent.

MR. SCAMP was yesterday presented at the Court in Bow Street, on the occasion of his having picked a pocket at the Opera.

MESSEURS DUNDERHEAD and BOOBY have been elected members of the Allfools Sparrow-Slaughter Club.

MR. SKINFLINT, to save paying sixpence to a hairdresser, tried yesterday to cut his hair off with a shilling.

MR. FUNNIMAN has been entertaining a select circle of his friends by his humorous impersonation of the Whistling Oyster.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 20. The BISHOP OF WINCHESTER promoted a Bill for allowing aged or infirm Parsons to retire on a moderate pension, deducted from the income of the benefice. DR. WILBERFORCE advocated the measure with his usual ability. LORD ROMILLY opposed it, considering that it would work hardly as regarded aged clergymen, and unfairly towards the patron. But LORD SALISBURY explained that it would not work at all unless the clergyman himself set it going, and even LORD CAIRNS thought the patron sufficiently protected. Read a Second Time.

CAPTAIN STACPOOLE asked MR. GLADSTONE whether Government would not propose to Parliament to give the QUEEN a Palace in Ireland. The PREMIER could not return a definite answer, but said that the question had been for some time "in the view" of the Cabinet. It may be as well to bracket, with this intimation, another. The Irish Secretary asks for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of a portion of Ireland, and feels obliged to demand that this Committee should be Secret. That is, Irish witnesses would be afraid to speak the truth openly. These facts being prosaic, you shall have another, which is not. At the Galway election a priest sent for soap, a towel, and a basin, and, in token of his repudiation of the proceedings, vehemently washed his hands before the people. Everybody was amused, except those who stood near his reverence, whose name is CONWAY. For he splashed them mightily, and they

"Frowned 'under' Conway's foaming flood."

The University Tests Bill in Committee. Incidents worth note occurred. MR. STEVENSON proposed that Degrees in Divinity should be obtained without subscription to formula, that is, that the Divine should not be asked what sort of divinity he believed in, but only how much divinity he knew. Fight, and MR. GLADSTONE victorious by the aid of the Conservatives—numbers 185 to 140—majority, observe, 45. Significant cheering from the trans-gangway men on the Liberal side. Then MR. FAWCETT proposed that the taking of Holy Orders should not be a condition of being elected to office in the Universities. Fight, and again MR. GLADSTONE victorious by the aid of the Conservatives—numbers 182 to 160—majority, observe, only 22. Still more significant cheering from trans-gangway men. MR. FAWCETT then pointed out how these triumphs had been obtained, and bade MR. GLADSTONE Ponder. The PREMIER said that he had pondered, and that the decision of the Government was irrevocable. MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK moved that where a donor or founder had declared that an office should be held only by a Churchman, the will of that benefactor should be respected, but MR. GLADSTONE declined to see this. The Bill has passed the Commons.

Then, by MR. FORSTER, was the enactment of VOTE by BALLOT introduced as a Government measure.

We hasten to denounce the Scheme. First, it is un-English. For the word Ballot is derived from the French word *Ballotte*. But that is not all. *Ballotte* means a Ball used in voting. Therefore, Secondly, the ballot is a falsity. No ball is to be used. The people are not allowed *suffragia per spherulis mittere*—there is no ballotation. The vote is to be given on a piece of paper.

These objections are stronger than any which were advanced in answer to MR. FORSTER. But stop, we have not explained his plan.

Ballot is to be used both in Parliamentary and Municipal Elections.

Voting paper to be an official paper.

Not to be given to the Voter till he enters booth.

No mark to be made on it, except what indicates the way he votes.

No signature.

[You think this surplussage, do you? The head of a most eminent firm of solicitors signed a voting paper for the School Board Ballot.

Personation to be punished as Treating is.

Candidate, whose agents procure personation, loses seat.

No Scrutiny.

No Committees in Public-houses.

No Nomination, and } in public. Hooray!

No Declaration of Poll }
Expenses of Hustings to be paid by Constituency.

There! So a man may vote as Secretly as he likes. But there is no clause against his roaring down the street (like TOM, son of the Piper) the name of his candidate—no hindrance to his coming out shouting that he has voted for BROWN and JONES—no punishment in case that statement is false. The enemies of the measure are terribly afraid that a married voter will devote months to the invention of a deep and dark scheme for deceiving his wife as to his vote, and that misery will be caused in a family by reason of the wife's having suspected that her lord, talking blue, went red. MR. PUNCH, himself married, went red at the idea that such duplicity could enter into any one's imagination. MR. HOPE expressed his conviction that the Attorney-mind of England would find some way to defeat the object of the Bill. Read a First Time.

Tuesday. In a discussion in the Lords, EARL GREY made a severely just remark upon the excessive carelessness with which our laws are drawn up. He was right. There was once an oath enacted, and it was called the *Et Cetera* oath, because the taker was bidden to swear that so-and-so, &c., were true.

LORD ORANMORE above, and MR. JOHNSTONE below, bothered again about MR. GLADSTONE's very proper letter about the POPE. We wish that nobody would make any answer to such botheration. By the way, our opinion of His Holiness, always high, has been raised by an interesting letter in the *Telegraph*, one of whose correspondents, an Englishman, has had an interview with the Holy Father. The POPE held out his hand, and on its being explained that the Englishman, introduced as an artist, was an author, PIUS said, in choice Italian:—"There are artists in words as well as in colours. SCOTT was a painter, and BYRON a sculptor, but SHAKESPEARE was both at once!" The POPE added, "Ah, quel SHAKS-PARE! Che gigante! che autore! Egli è il più grande di tutti gli artisti!" In delivering which judgment of the Divine WILLIAMS, the great Divine of the Catholic Church was better than passively infallible, for he was actively wise. MR. PUNCH respectfully salutes His Holiness.

LORD MALMESBURY, and somebody in the Commons, have been asking why LORD LYONS and our Consul took themselves out of Paris during the siege instead of watching over their distressed countrymen. The answer as to the Ambassador is satisfactory, he had diplomatic duties wherever the French Government might be. The reply in the other case is, that the Consul had leave to go, and that our distressed countrymen were warned that they had better go too. Easy to say.

MR. TREVELYAN made an able speech on Army Organisation, but his object was to turn out the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. Whereon there was lively debate, and it is needless to say that our friend H.R.H. (whom, differences of opinion, which should never alter friendship, apart, MR. PUNCH holds in both honour and liking, neither of which will prevent his coming out with the most stunning Cartoon about the C. in C. at need) found plenty of defenders. The smart speech was, of course, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE'S. He asked after the Band of Bounding Brothers who were to have executed splendid Reform feats in this debate, and claimed for himself the credit of having turned the Serpentine through the Augean Stable at the Horse Guards. MR. TREVELYAN'S motion failed—201 to 83.

Wednesday. MR. PLIMSOLL wished to go on with a Mercantile Shipping Bill. It is hugely needed for a host of reasons, besides that there is a very unpleasant idea afloat that vessels not likely to remain so, are sent out with a view to—the insurance money. Government promised an instalment of legislation, so the Bill was withdrawn. It is due to gentlemen interested in shipping to say that several of them expressed an ardent desire to hang anybody who could be proved guilty of the atrocity above suggested.

Thursday. LORD CARNARVON—by the way, we were very glad to read that measures are being adopted for the preservation of the magnificent Castle that bears his name. It is a noble pile, and though the last time MR. PUNCH visited it he saw it to some disadvantage, as it was nearly full of some kind of Welsh Methodists (most respectable, and probably most pious), who came in their thousands, and all in black dress coats; the view from the Eagle Tower would have gratified MR. PUNCH much, only he did not go up, because the day was hot. He would speak well of the iced soda-water at the hotel, only he could not get any, the Welsh Methodists aforesaid having methodically drank it all—excuse these details—LORD CARNARVON attacked the Government Army Scheme, as patchwork and inadequate. LORD NORTHBROOK defended it. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE declared, with touching earnestness, that he really was an Army Reformer, and that he cared for nothing but the comfort and efficiency of the soldier. The Lords talked war—DE LA WARR finishing—till 10.

MR. LOWE said that people who had wine in bond were allowed to "fortify" it, and to refine it, but not to adulterate it. All right, of course; but we are not the less obliged to SIR J. LAWRENCE for asking how "a highly injurious acid" got into sherries in the docks. In an old song, a lady resents her husband's allegation as to her age—

"Says she, it isn't true
You know I'm not so fortified, nor fiftyfied as you."

India is a place in Asia. It has Finances. They are in a muddle. The PREMIER obtained a Select Committee for fortifying and refining Indian Finance.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL presented a Bill for repealing the Act whereby Catholic prelates are forbidden to call themselves by the names of places in the QUEEN's dominions. This is the famous Ecclesiastical Titles Act. It was passed with popular acclaim. It is now described as a mere protest which has never been acted on, but which gives offence to the Catholics. If it is repealed, they will still be liable to the law forbidding their taking titles already appropriated by the English Church. There was nothing particular in the debate, except MR. CHARLEY's gracious demand why MR. GLADSTONE did not declare outright that he was not

a Papist, and the same Member's wish that MR. GLADSTONE were one, as he could then do less mischief. "Manners is a fine thing, truly," as *Miss Notable* observes in Swift's *Polite Conversation*. Read by 137 to 51.

Friday.—Lords passed the PRINCESS LOUISE's Provision Bill, and sent it to the Commons, by Justices BLACKBURN and KEATING, with their Lordships' respectful compliments.

South Kensington is not quite ready to receive the Stuffed Beasts, and such like, from the British Museum.

A very good night in the Commons. MESSRS. DISRAELI and GLADSTONE crossed swords in earnest. The former preached on the text afforded by Mr. Punch's last Cartoon, and explained with much causticity why the PREMIER was an Injudicious Bottleholder. The latter was very indignant and effective. Both did all they knew. Strangers in the galleries called themselves lucky.

Denial that CAPTAIN HOZIER's alleged messages from the QUEEN to the Heir Apparent to the CROWN PRINCE were anything but private and family greetings.

The "Indian Budget" was the concluding exhibition of the night. It was highly instructive, but very flat after the Gladiatorial contest.

ADDRESS TO THE WOON OF BHAMO.

"I mentioned some weeks ago that the WOON OF BHAMO, who had interposed all manner of difficulties in the way of trade in that quarter, had been removed, to the great delight of the merchants concerned. I am sorry to say now that there are rumours of his return to his post, and that in consequence mercantile affairs are looking a little down. Opinions are conflicting as to the value of these old trade routes."—*Times, Indian Correspondent.*

WOON OF BHAMO, yonder far,
How I wonder what you are!
In those gorgeous Eastern climes,
In the columns of the *Times*.

Are you man, or are you thing,
Trading route, or petty King?
WOON OF BHAMO, what you be,
No one can explain to me.

Are you fat, or are you lean,
Have you subjects, Court, and Queen?
Are you boggy, sprite, or shade,
Or something like the Board of Trade?

WOON OF BHAMO, Bhamo's Woon,
You're a most mysterious coon;
But, my WOON, there's one thing sure—
Merchants can't your name endure.

And as now they seem afraid
That your return will spoil their trade,
Don't go back, or late or soon,
But stop away, obstructive WOON.

A Very Proper Name.

FROM time to time we have had in London distinguished and generally dusky visitors—Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, Siamese, Parsees, Manganese, &c.—who have been remarkable for the striking oddity of their names; but, perhaps, the most singular instance that has ever come under the public notice was in the case of the Eastern prince who attended the QUEEN's Court last week, and stands on record as "His Imperial Highness HIGASHI-FUSHIMI-No-MIA, Uncle of the MIKADO OF JAPAN." What Burlesque can beat this?

Unpardonable Ignorance.

A SHORT time back there appeared in one of the French papers an article entitled "*Tout pour l'argent*," in which the writer attempts to turn to ridicule the willingness of the English to accept pecuniary compensation for the loss of the British vessels lately sunk by the Prussians, and where an imaginary and facetious bill, supposed to be delivered by LORD GRANVILLE to COUNT BISMARCK, is made to amount to the sum of £300,000 6s. 12d.!

WANTED (*by Old Time*).—The fellow to "the other day."

THE "JUDGMENT" OF PARIS.



COME, look at this Initial. Do you see what it represents? The Ex-EMPEROR NAPOLEON trying to escape from a shell. Yet he behaved bravely in the battle-field. Why then this picture? Is it Mr. Punch's way to insult the unfortunate? No, but he desires to illustrate the amiable character of sundry of the EMPEROR's late subjects, of some of

the millions who the other day voted for him. Be pleased to read the following extract from a Paris letter in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

"Last night I visited a 'café concert' in the Quartier Latin. The chief attraction there is an actor who bears a striking resemblance to the fallen EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Dressed in a General's uniform, he sings a song, in which the late Emperor's manner, gesture, twirling of the moustache, and so forth, are imitated with most marvellous fidelity. Between every two verses of the song, which embodies witticisms and allusions in their nature anything but complimentary to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe, the singer gallops round the stage with a long sword dangling between his legs, to the intense delight of the audience, which unanimously shouts in uproarious chorus, 'Badinguet! Badinguet!' 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Encore! Encore!' And the Emperor who so lately ruled the destinies of France is anew held up for ridicule by his caricaturist."

Just so. And that the lesson may not be lost, Mr. Punch points the moral and adorns the tale.

NO SUBSTITUTES!

THE proposed abolition of the right, in the case of persons balloted for the Militia, to provide substitutes, or to escape service by the payment of a fine, is founded on an intelligent regard to equality in the sense of equal justice. If all men are not equal before the law, they ought to be; and it is obvious that, suppose a man in business, which cannot go on without him, is compelled to serve personally as a private in the Militia, he must be ruined; but it is no less obvious that he suffers no greater hardship than his comrade the agricultural labourer, who, although he gets his daily pay, must lose perhaps as much as nine or ten shillings a-week. Nothing can be clearer than the truth that equality as to any burden cannot possibly depend upon circumstances; and, howsoever people may differ about Vote by Ballot as projected, there cannot, at least among the thinking commercial classes, be two opinions respecting the contemplated Ballot for the Militia.

A Dog's Epitaph.

COMPTON TRAVERS had a favourite poodle. Its name was "Mop," or, as it was more familiarly called, "Mopsy." Mopsy died. COMPTON buried it in his back garden, and affixed a tablet to the wall over the grave. Being a man of a classic turn and taste, he inscribed the following brief but appropriate quotation, from VIRGIL, on the enamelled slate :—

"Cur non, Mopse."



ANOTHER OF MR. JARVIS'S DIAGNOSES.

"O, GOOD MORNING, JARVIS. YOU 'VE NOT BEEN ILL AGAIN?"

[Vide "Punch" for Feb. 11, 1871.]

"NO, MISS; IT'S THE MISSIS HAVE BEEN TOOK INDIFFERENT THIS TIME!"

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?"

"WELL, MISS, THE YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMAN HE SAYS TO ME: 'WHY, JARVIS!' HE SAYS, 'YOUR MISSUS 'AVE GOT BRONCHITIS IN HEVERY BLESSED LIMB OF 'ER BODY!'"

LE CARNIVAL EST MORT! VIVE LE CARNIVAL!

"Crossing the Place de la Concorde, I saw a crowd stationed before the statue of Strasburg, which is still covered with faded wreaths and shabby flags. Along the Avenue of the Champs Elysées it was difficult so walk quickly, so large and compact was the crowd. In the distance it seemed as if a great demonstration was being made. On nearer approach I found that what I took for a huge gathering was merely the multitude of promenaders proceeding in either direction at a slow pace. The merry-go-rounds were in full swing. The Marionette Theatre was giving its accustomed representations to a juvenile audience; the sellers of '*plaisirs*' were plying their wonted trade; the proprietors of weighing-machines were on the look-out for customers; the goat-chaises were being patronised by the children; everything, indeed, which formerly characterised the Champs Elysées went on as if neither war nor siege, privation nor humiliation, had interfered with the current of Parisian life."—*Daily News Letter from Paris.*

LET Peace lead her *Bœuf Gras*,
While her music, *pas à pas*,
Accompanies the welcome steer upon his march *là bas*,
Where—double symbol—see
Type of plenty yet to be,
And of JOHN BULL bringing victual to France's hungry maw.

A sad Carnival, *morbleu!*
No *bals masqués*, *Nom de Dieu!*
No *Titis*, *Débardeurs*, *soupers fins*, or *chansons bleus!*
War has laid a rigorous Lent
Upon feast and merriment,
And only Death gives dances! "*Bah! bon pour les pieux!*"

"No Carnival? *Ma foi!*
Who to Paris gives *la loi?*
Shall she not do as she pleases? '*Chacun*,' they say, '*chez soi*.'"

Still the Gallic cock will crow,
And more quick his comb will grow,
The more into the quick it has been out! JEAN BOULE, *tais-toi!*"

By her Strasburg's wreaths that fade—
Though of *immortelles* made—
By the Marionettes at Strasburg's side that drive a roaring trade,
By her OFFENBACH's *pan pan!*
By her *absinthe*, her *cancan*,
By her Palais Royal farces, and her Boulevard's gay parade—

By her journalists that ply
Scandal, equivogue, and lie,
By the stuff she thinks sublime, the *canards* that she lets fly;
By her Reds and their mad dreams,
By her VICTOR HUGO's screams,
By the befoolers and befooled who swell her Babel cry—

What Paris still has been,
Paris still will be, I ween,
Even while about her gates the Prussian bayonets glitter keen,
Reste à voir if at Bordeaux
France another face will show,
Than the old mask Paris mounts again to furnish the old scene.

"Pity 'tis, if True."

"John Bull hears that in several London churches, should the marriage of the PRINCESS LOUISE take place in Lent, there will be a special penitential office at the same hour."

THIS announcement makes us share the regret expressed by the Times that the BISHOP of WINCHESTER's Resignation Bill makes no provision for the case of lunatic clergymen.



THE "BŒUF GRAS" FOR PARIS. 1871.

PACIFICATORS OF EUROPE.



HERE may be illiberality and intolerance in attributing to the Roman Catholic priesthood in general that credulous infatuation otherwise called blind faith. Yet a signal example of belief in a fact which hath not appeared, combined with a total imperception of one as plain as the sun at noonday, or the nose on the face of *Mr. Punch*, has been exhibited by a Belgian ecclesiastic of no less distinction than MGR. DESCHAMPS, Archbishop of Malines. The *Times*, in a paragraph under the heading of "Roman Catholic Ceremony at Brussels," describes a solemn "function" which was lately performed there "in the shape of a grand pilgrimage to the Blessed Sacrament of the Miracle." The occasion of this devotional demonstration was "the war in France, and the troubles in

Italy, which have resulted in the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope." It was improved by the above-named prelate in a discourse which our leading contemporary thus summarises:—

"At the end of the Gospel MGR. DESCHAMPS, the Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, preached a most touching and appropriate discourse, in which he pointed out how all the miseries which now afflict European societies proceed from the fact that nations persist in turning a deaf ear to the voice of the POPE, who was the great pacificator of Europe, who had endeavoured to promote peace between the rulers of France and Germany, and for whom the Almighty is now preparing a triumph already marked by the great movement which agitates the nations of Europe, and prepares them to pass through war and bloodshed to refind the true light in the forgotten paths of civilisation and Christianity."

The concluding prophecy of the sermon above-quoted would, to persons unaware of the preacher's nationality, suggest the supposition that he was an Irish rather than a Belgian Ultramontane. We shall see whether MGR. DESCHAMPS will prove a true prophet. But if he does, the triumph which in that case will have been vouchsafed the POPE, marked by a movement which is preparing the nations of Europe to pass through war and bloodshed, will be an odd triumph for Europe's great pacificator. No doubt the intentions of His Holiness are as pacific as any Quaker's, but they have been crowned with the reverse of fulfilment. Moreover, there has been not a little fighting occasionally on the POPE's own behalf; wonders, for example, were worked at Mentana, not by images or relics, but Chassepôt rifles, whose popping was a remarkable accompaniment to "*Pax Vobiscum*."

How could MGR. DESCHAMPS, when he talked of the Holy Father as the great pacificator of Europe, fail of seeing to whom, if to any one, that description really applies? There is one Personage in Europe who has preached peace a great deal more urgently than the POPE, and has done all he thought he possibly could, at times with some success, to preserve it. That Personage too has suffered for his pacific endeavours much more than the POPE. Was the POPE ever accused of selfish isolation because he would abstain from armed intervention between his belligerent neighbours, and would not send his little army to help any of them slaughter others? Was he ever taunted on that account with decline of "prestige," and loss of position among the Sovereigns of Europe? When he has, with impartial humanity, exhorted belligerents on either side to be friends, has he ever, because he would fight for neither, been reviled by both? Did ever Ambassador outdo all Papal bulls by objecting to him that he had failed to observe a "benevolent neutrality?"

The Great Pacificator of Europe, so far as his greatness as such extends, which, truly, it does but a little way, is not the POPE, but JOHN BULL.

Hardened Offender.

WE are rather ashamed of acknowledging that we know a lady, who, the other day, made no secret of having done what the Law regards as a very serious offence—nay, openly avowed her satisfaction at having just hit a train!

A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.

CONSIDERING, perhaps, that we British are not a Confessional-going people, ARCHBISHOP MANNING has been kindly constituting himself our Father Confessor, by composing a Pastoral, and therein confessing our national sins for us, very fairly, indeed, for too many of us men. But perhaps his Grace, if he would reconsider, would modify somewhat of his confession for the women.

If a man eats and drinks twice as much as is good for him, he abuses his digestive organs and injures himself in mind and body, or at least gets unduly fat to no purpose, his superfluous aliment not being, like a pig's, convertible into bacon.

But a woman's excess in apparel is not like a man's excess in eating and drinking. It does not hurt her. She may dress a vast deal more than is necessary for comfort and respectability without overloading her frame, or impairing her constitution.

The surplus which a glutton transmutes into useless fat, would serve to feed the hungry. The nude could not be clad with the mere material superabundance of female attire, a yard or so less or more as the fashion varies. A woman's over-dressing is not a quantitative but a qualitative excess; an excess merely in the sense of extravagance. As to extravagance of money, that does not hurt her who can afford it, and money laid out on unnecessary articles of attire is only so much in effect given away to tradesfolk and work-people.

With regard to the ostentation of feminine array, there is much that DR. MANNING, on second thoughts, may see to palliate it. It evinces an innocence nearly akin to that of a child's delight in dressing up a doll. The vanity which it betrays is vanity pure and simple, unintelligent, but no worse. Chignons, rouge, and high heels, for instance, so far from adding to the wearer's attractions in male eyes, on the contrary, diminish them exceedingly, tend to repel men very much, and not at all to attract them. Women prank themselves out in such things to please themselves merely, unless to please, if not to vex, other women.

Lastly, the pecuniary extravagance of the fair sex at large in fal-lals and finery necessitates a result which ought to be highly satisfactory to an ecclesiastic of DR. MANNING's persuasion. It deters every sane man, who is not rolling in wealth, from even entertaining the thought of taking unto himself a wife, and that greatly conduces to the promotion of celibacy.

AN IMPOSSIBLE TEST REPEAL.

ABOLISH all manner of tests for degrees,
And fellowships too, ye who can if you please;
There still is a test which annul if you can:
Peroxide of iron inks acid of tan.

Ha, ha! Copper's salts in solution will you
Ammonia prohibit henceforth to turn blue,
Bid acids blue litmus red making give o'er,
And alkalis turmeric brown never more?

How easily "Be it enacted" is said
That hydrogen's sulphuret shan't blacken lead!
To purple from changing white starch pass a Bill
To stop iodine. We shall see if it will.

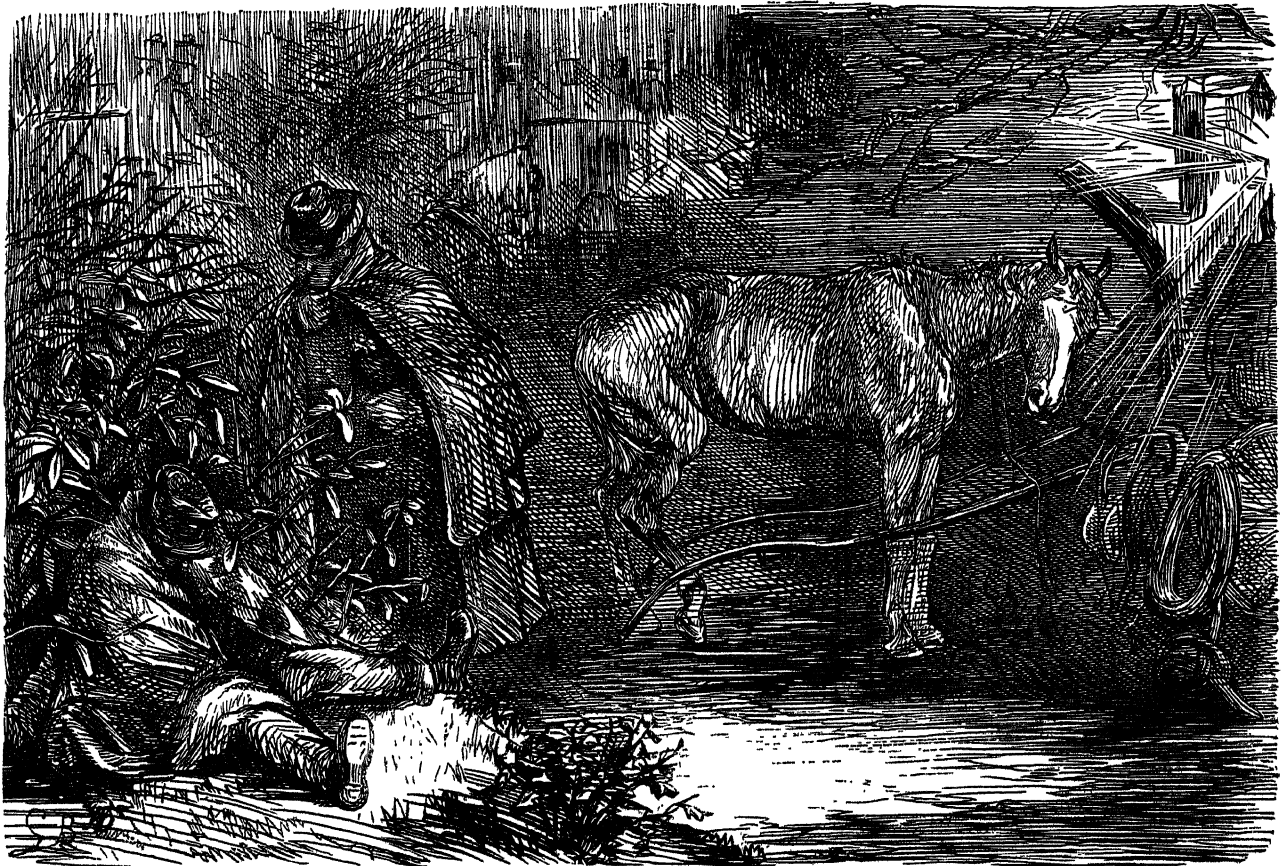
Subchloride of mercury charge with a crime,
Precipitate black if it yield unto lime;
Perchloride, if yellow it give the same earth;
And see what your statute will prove to be worth.

The law, which all tests that are useful reveal,
My Masters, you haven't the power to repeal.
Hooray for those tests, then, which Science provides,
For ever they'll stand. Who wants any besides?

"Let Slip the Dogs of" Peace.

"Our Belfast Correspondent telegraphs that there were great rejoicings in Lurgan and the neighbourhood last evening when it became known that *Master M'Grath* had again won the Waterloo Cup. The town of Lurgan was illuminated, and bonfires blazed on the hills for many miles round."

"MASTER M'GRATH" is a Greyhound. What sweet, Arcadian, simple-minded creatures are the Irish! Illuminations and bonfires because a dog had been victor in some coursing-matches! What more could have been done had a nation achieved some glorious triumph? Who would believe that Parliament is obliged to delegate the Irish-murder question to a Secret Committee?



FORCE OF HABIT.

SCENE—CARRIAGES WAITING TO "TAKE UP" AFTER BALL AT COUNTRY HOUSE. DRIVER OF "FLY," UNACCUSTOMED TO LATE HOURS, AFTER SEVERAL GLASSES OF "SOMETHING HOT," RETIRES UNDER THE LAURELS, WITH THE IMPRESSION OF HAVING "DONE UP" HIS HORSE, AS USUAL, FOR THE NIGHT.

[*Delightful for Papa, who has come out in despair, and thinnest of boots, to look for him.*]

S. ROBINSON.

(AIR—"Jack Robinson.")

THE perils of my letter-writing Autumn are past,
And the troubles of the Session must be faced at last;
There's the Army to reform, and the 'Varsities to storm,
But the toughest job of all is this S. ROBINSON.

For "poor CHILDERS" they may grieve that he's forced to take
sick leave,
With the estimates to move and the Captain's loss retrieve;
But I'd rather I were he, and the sick-leave asked for me,
Than face SOMERSET's Committee and S. ROBINSON!

There are messes that don't show while undisturbed they go,
But the more you take to stirring the more savoury they grow;
And just such a mess, I fear, is the one we've got in here,
With this very nasty customer, S. ROBINSON!

CHILDERS tells me it's a case where a choice I have to face,
That either he or ROBINSON must slope from Whitehall Place;
A Controller ought to yield, when a First Lord he can shield,
But that doesn't seem the notion of S. ROBINSON.

I've been courtesy itself in showing him the shelf,
Left him free to name his day for giving up both place and pelf;
He admits I'm very kind, but he says he has a mind
To stay till he's turned out, this tough S. ROBINSON!

When the First Lord's *mem* I show, to prove he said he'd go,
He assures me, in plain English, that he never *did* say so;
And hints the First Lord's *mem*, like his memory. *pro tem*,
Is entirely in a fog about S. ROBINSON.

When to CHILDERS' minute stout he his answer shows about,
And I beg him to post-date it some time after he's turned out,
He replies, in a sea-burst, "I'll see you somethinged first—
Truth in figures, as in facts, best suits S. ROBINSON."

A scape-goat we must have from the First Lord blame to stave,
And, failing REID, 'tis ROBINSON must CHILDERS' credit save;
I've tried to make him see how 'tis needful this should be,
But he doesn't seem to see it—don't S. ROBINSON!

From scrape to scrape we're tost, by SOMERSET we're crost,
Here's CHILDERS sick with worry, since the Captain has been lost;
And when Jonah o'er we'd throw, he declines, slap-bang, to go,
And says more must be got out than S. ROBINSON!

FINE ART.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I EAR as theres a exhibition of what they call Old Masters to be seen in picadilly which hour footmin MR. JEAMS he ses as theyre remarkable specimints of painting. But lor! ses I to im says I if you want to see old paintinx you neednt pay a shillin to look at them Old Masters. Hand MR. JEAMS he quite agree with me that some of our Old Missuses is reelly quite as curious a specimint of Painting as any of these Old Masters pawisible can be. Which they has also the advantage that our old missuses are exhibited in the park and hother places free gratis and for nothink, with plenty of young missuses as are painted up to match.

So I remane Sir yours most umble to command,

BELINDA SCRUBES.

MOTTO FOR A THEATRICAL "SUPER'S" - BANNER.—*Facta non Verba.*



CLEARING A DIFFICULTY.

Irascible Traveller. "I SAY, BOOTS, I WANT TO CATCH THE 4.15 TRAIN. BRING ME A CAB."

Boots. "YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR. A CAB COULDN'T DO IT."

Irascible Traveller. "CON-FOUND YOU! BRING TWO CABS, THEN!"

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

ST. DAVID—a corruption, according to the best almanacks, of St. Taffy; thus, Taffy, Daffy, in which form it is found in connection with a well-known patent medicine, Davy, David—is the patron Saint of Wales, and has officiated in that capacity for many years past, to the entire satisfaction of his fellow-countrymen.

There is a tradition (first mentioned by GIRALDUS in his *Cambria and the Cambrics*) that as an infant he was exposed on a well-known Welsh mountain, in a heavy snow-storm, with a turquoise locket tied round his neck, and there nourished by a goat, an animal which in its wild state at that period afforded excellent sport to several packs of hounds, and is still to be found, after careful inquiry, in the more remote country districts. A shepherd, of the name of JONES, discovered the child at two o'clock, and carried him home in his plaid, where the little boy received every attention from Mrs. JONES and the family, being fed by her and the eldest girl alternately, night and day, with savoury broth, prepared from a receipt which had been for generations in the possession of the EVANSES (the shepherdess was an EVANS), and consisting principally of Welsh mutton and the finest leeks.

From this circumstance the leek became the national emblem of Wales, and is worn conspicuously on the 1st of March (St. David's birthday) by the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES and their youthful family (splendidly gilt), by every inhabitant of the Principality who is rated to the relief of the poor, by all Welshmen at home, abroad, and in our colonies—cargoes of this vegetable are annually shipped to America, Australia, the Falkland Islands, &c.—and by the landlord and waiters at the "Welsh Harp."

The national instrument is played at daybreak in St. David's and

THE BRITISH WARRIOR'S JOY.

THE *Times*, in a leader on Army Reform, with reference to the Militia, observes that our Force, after next Midsummer, will include "some 95,000 men who have enjoyed more or less training already." In perusing this passage, many a fat old fellow, a base luxurious slave, whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave, has doubtless grinned, or even laughed outright, at the idea of any one, let alone 95,000 men, having enjoyed any amount of training, however small, and not having, on the contrary, been pestered and plagued with it.

An obese and indolent fogey says to himself, or to another such as himself, "Ha, ha! Fancy enjoying drill. One can as well imagine oneself enjoying the treadmill or the crank. Enjoying military discipline? Enjoying penal servitude! Enjoying a camp? Enjoying the hulks! Enjoying Aldershot? Enjoying Millbank! Enjoy training? Enjoy ill-health!"

Ignoble Epicurean pig, read your *Shakespeare*, if you are so far a learned pig, that you can; and see what *Othello* tells the Reverend and Gracious:—

"The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down."

Not only is the "hardness" of a soldier's life nothing when you are used to it, if you are a hero, and not a Sybarite, but it grows absolutely soft in time, and you find an "alacrity" in it, as the valiant Moor did. But of all the heroes, renowned for gallantry, whether celebrated by SHAKESPEARE, or by the historians of Grecian antiquity, there are none who, regarded with a discerning eye to relative merit, will stand a comparison with the British grenadier. The labour of learning his business is itself a delight to him, enhanced by the consciousness that he is therein doing his duty, inasmuch that he really does so thoroughly enjoy his training as to esteem it a perfect treat. He cannot but feel duly grateful to the friendly neighbours whose expressions of affectionate feeling towards his country have obliged it to stand that treat, and, at some expense, provide him with so much enjoyment.

HAVE YOU BEEN DONE?

Not long ago the universal question was, "How's your poor feet?" Now, with equal sympathy and greater grammatical accuracy, we say, "How's your poor arm?"

the other principal cathedral cities, under the patronage of the Bishop and the Clergy; and at night an enormous bonfire is lighted by the Mayors of the Borough Municipalities, wearing their robes and insignia of office, on Snowdon, which illuminates the features for miles round, and may be seen, by permission, with a powerful glass, from the Surrey Hills.

In private circles, ale and excisable liquors are consumed in large quantities, and the young people have a dance in the evening. This is characterised by three peculiarities (an interesting example of the ancient Welsh Triad of the Cymri)—most of the girls in the room find partners of the name of MORGAN; the harpers are mounted on the copper, and consume a good deal of refreshment; and at twenty minutes to twelve the image of a goat and the effigy of JONES, both garlanded with leeks, are carried in procession by the Men of Harlech, who march round the garden singing pennillions to the tune of "*Ar hydd y nos*," and a merry peal from the *Bells of Aberdovey*, and then deposit the symbols in the wash-house till next anniversary.

Highland Wit.

A GALLANT Highlander, with whom his friend *Mr. Punch* has oft climbed the rugged Ben Primrose, was shut up in Paris during the siege. One day he got hold of a particularly dry and husky loaf, whereupon he wittily remarked, "*Mar e Bran is e a brathair*," and wisely ate it. But then you don't know what he meant. The Highlander saying is, "If he is not BRAN, he is BRAN's brother." Read your *Waverley*.

IRUS AND IRISHERY.

GENERAL GRANT has received the Fenians at the White House. The American Ulysses sadly degenerates from his Homeric namesake. When an insolent and violent Beggar came into his white house, the old Ulysses punched that Beggar's head.



FLATTERING.

Housemaid (to Cook, behind the laurels). "HE'S A HAFFABLE YOUNG MAN, THAT CAP'AIN LIMBER, MISSUS'S BROTHER. HOW BECOMIN' HE'D LOOK IN OUR LIVERY, WOULDN'T HE?!!"

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

THE BIRTH OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Sung with great applause by La Mère Hippopotama in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Little Hippopotamus born Feb. 21. Vide Notice in "Times" of the 23rd.

Now, Massa, tie de knocker up, put straw down round de Park,
Don't let dere be de slightest noise, partictar arter dark;
And wire to de Palace, and tell our Gracious QUEEN,
'Tis de prettiest little 'potamus as ebber yet war seen.

(Nurse's Cradle Chorus).

A pooty little tiddy little funny little-lotamus,
Such a little ducky ob a darling hippopotamus;
Dis mamma an' baby, wot a lubly little lot am us,
Hip pip pip pooray! for de little Hippopotamus.

Now, why ain't MASSA BUCKLAND here? it make me berry riled
To tink dat Zoologic man should dus neglect dis child;
What's elefints or tigers, or porpoises, or seals,
To dis ere lubly infant when its taking ob its meals?

Dar! if t' ad been de vulgar seal as had been a mamma,
Dere'd ha' been such a fuss about it made as nebber war;
But 'cos it am de 'potamus, not fishy-tailed and finny,
Dat MR. BUCKLAND don't rush up to see dis picanniny.

I don't like de attenshuns ob de genelmum my guards,
Why don't dey come and tell me when de Monkeys leave dere cards?
I'm sure dat de Ourang-outang, who reads de paper through,
Hab sent to know how me and dis poor picanniny do.

I'm tinkin ob de future, ob my little baby—La!

It am de berry image ob de 'potamus papa;
And to tink dey thought me "surly" and "a savage!" 'twas unkind,
Unfeeling! berry much so! me forgib 'em, nebber mind.

Dey printed in de *Times* dat I might "bite" my picanniny!
When I wouldn't a hair upon him hurt for twenty guinea.
I'll devour him wid kisses, but I tell you what, my dear,
I'll devour any nigger dat try to come in here.

Dat it am born in London and not Paris I am grateful,
Ob little sucking 'potamus dey'd soon ha' made a plateful,
Much tend'rer den a little squeaking piggy, goodness knows,
And, O! de little 'potamus's little petty-toes!

Den tanks for all inquiries, me charmed to send and tell,
To eb'rybody friendly dat we are doing berry well,
And now let Peace and Plenty be in French and German lands,
Come see dis little 'potamus, and shake each oder's hands.

(All singing de Cradle Chorus.)

A pooty little tiddy little funny little-lotamus,
Such a little ducky ob a darling hippopotamus;
'Dis mamma an' baby, wot a lubly little lot am us!
Hip hip hip Hooray! for de little Hippopotamus.

P.S.

(February 25th.)

De nigger which hab wrote out de above amazin' lyric
Hab suddenly been took and throw'd in wiolent hysteric:
De picanniny 'potamus hab since absquotulated—
Dis note (not like SIR ROBINSON'S) must darefore be post-dated.

To Correspondents.

AH! Would ye? *Punch* is a-looking at ye! Put your pens
down! So the Judicial Committee is like MR. CARDWELL, is it?
Ah! Because it decrees the extinction of (the REV. MR.) PURCHAS,
eh? Shut up!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



of Vagrants is to be adopted, and their habit of treating the Unions as hotels at which they can sojourn at pleasure, chiefly patronising those which they approve of, is to be checked. Power is given to detain an interesting wanderer, if he is shown to be a mere tramp, but there is to be no hindrance to the travel of an honest man in search of employment.

It was suggested by LORD SALISBURY that railways would convey this class much more cheaply, provided the claim for compensation in case of accident were renounced. LORD KIMBERLEY thought that the railway people ought not to be allowed to kill labourers at discretion, but that a modification of the present system might be advisable.

LORD DUFFERIN, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, explained his duties, and said that so far from having a sinecure, this Chancellor was "a maid of all work, or charwoman," to his Ministry.

In answer to MR. OTWAY, the PREMIER said that it had been an instruction to GENERAL WALKER and CAPTAIN HOZIER not to join in any triumphal entry which the Germans might make into Paris.

The Scotch Education Bill was read a Second Time, in spite of Northern Remonstrance that the Ministers were sending it on too fast. Scotch Members feel, with the landlord in the *Antiquary*, that "it is just a beautiful thing to think how long and how carefully justice is considered over in this country." But if Bills are to be passed at the end of the Session, they must be shoved on at its beginning.

All this was dull enough, but the House had its revenge. LORD HARTINGTON moved for the Select Committee to inquire into Ribbon-crime in Westmeath. This is an Irish county, in the province of Leinster, and its capital, Mullingar, is about fifty miles west of Dublin, which is the capital of Ireland. Yet in spite of this approximation to civilisation, Westmeath, a rich agricultural county, is in the hands of a sort of Union of scoundrels, who organise murder on all kinds of agrarian pretext. Life is not safe, and woe to the man who exercises ordinary rights over his property. All this is perfectly notorious, yet the Government, before taking any strong measures to root out the Ribbon-assassins, ask for a Committee of Inquiry. It was to have been Secret, but is only to be partially so, that is, the doors may be closed when a witness of importance is being examined, rather a happy thought in the way of a device for pointing him out to unfriendly notice.

So, there being sundry blots to hit in the Ministerial game, MR. DISRAELI girded up his loins for a slashing speech, and went at the PREMIER and his policy in a delightfully incisive fashion. He accused him of having made flashy speeches out of Parliament, about Ireland, and of having vindicated them by measures of Confiscation and Sacrilege. He taunted him with coming to Parliament to know how to govern a single county. Altogether, aesthetically speaking, the effort was effective, and the Conservatives cheered hugely. MR. HARDY pointed out that it was admitted that the police could at any moment lay their hands on the Westmeath

assassins, and he denounced delay in doing this. Moreover he quoted the famous and beautiful lines from POPE's *Messiah*:—

"All crime shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the 'realm' her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from Heaven descend."

Which, he said, had been the Ministerial promise in regard to Ireland, if the Ministerial measures were carried. MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE replied with much spirit, and while condemning exaggerations, asserted that Ireland had greatly improved, and that Westmeath was an exceptional case. He contrasted MR. HARDY's genuine partisanship with the calculating partisanship of MR. DISRAELI. There were other speakers, and there seemed a general feeling that everybody was to be as disagreeable as his nature permitted, so that the debate was pleasant enough—to hear. It was adjourned.

Tuesday. The South Australians wish to marry their Wives' Sisters, and have passed an Act, in their own Parliament, enabling them to perform that feat. But the Home Government has no idea of allowing mere colonists to take the lead in such a matter, and has disallowed the South-Australian law. The antipodes must wait.

MR. AYRTON explained that though the stone (Amorphous Dolomite, we believe) of which the Houses of Parliament are built is by no means good, there is no immediate danger of the edifice crumbling to pieces, and there is to be some new facing. It was nobody's fault, of course, that the right sort of stone was not used originally. How the builders of Westminster Abbey must be amused in Elysium!

As might have been expected, the system of Pedlars' Licences has proved a nuisance: the police let any vagabond have a licence, and then he cannot be taken up for mendicancy, which is his real profession. Ask the ladies in the suburbs how they like the system, and how pleasant their walks are made by the insolent importunity of whining tramps.

We had a very serious debate on Local Taxation, but as it came to nothing, the Previous Question being carried by 241 to 195, MR. PUNCH withholds a lucid exposition of the subject until Government shall bring in a promised measure.

Wednesday. Dissenters, it seems, often wish to be buried in churchyards, but do not always like the magnificent service of the Church. So they agitate (it is the last but one of their grievances) for a law allowing them to be buried with any ritual which they may affect. Sundry Churchmen pretended fear lest funerals should be made excuses for pronouncing political orations. When will Englishmen understand Englishmen? We really know very little about each other, and have not much right to laugh at the idiocy of French writers when they endeavour to describe us. The Second Reading was carried by 211 to 149, but we apprehend that the numbers in the House of Lords Spiritual and Temporal will show a majority the other way, besides that the lawyers will have something to say about a Parson's rights in his Freehold.

This day, Wednesday, March 1st, 1871, will ever be memorable in the history of France. FOR ON THIS DAY DID THE VICTORIOUS GERMANS, 30,000 STRONG, MARCH INTO AND OCCUPY PARIS. The first man who entered was a handsome Hussar, LIEUTENANT BERNHARDY. The young fellow could not restrain himself from just one single flourish of his sabre, in answer to all the flourishes of all the Parisian journalists, who had declared that the "barbarians" never would, could, or should enter the city.

Here note, in reference to much that has been, and will be said by sundry papers about the War, that CAPTAIN PEN is as honest as light, and does CAPTAIN SWORD all justice, but that CAPTAIN DE LA PLUME is—well, read the French journals.

Thursday. Fierce fight in the House of Commons on the Westmeath Ribbon Committee. Very good slashing, and a very contemptuous expression on the fine features of MR. PUNCH for those who could make a hideous system of intimidation and murder a theme for party warfare. There were two attempts to adjourn the debate, but they failed, and the Ministers carried their motion for a Committee by 256 to 175—majority, 81; not too large, all things considered.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill has been sent to a Select Committee that the "law" may be put right by somebody who knows the meaning of words, and can parse a law-sentence, a gift not vouchsafed to all who have to obey Acts of Parliament.

Friday. Are we never to have a Revised Prayer Book? To say nothing of stagnation in the various trades which produce the volume, thousands of Sponsors are waiting (and under suspicion of meanness) for the corrected edition. It is of no use giving M. or N. a book that will be out of date long before he or she can read it. A Lectionary Bill was produced to-night, and ought to be forwarded.

MR. H. BURKE, asking some very reasonable questions about the



SHEPHERDS OF ROMANCE, AND OF REALITY.

"Tell me, Shepherds, have you seen
My Floorer pass this way?"—*Sentimental Old Song.*

"IN THE DEBATE ON THE ENCLOSURE OF WASTE LANDS, MR. WALSH STATED THAT IN HIS COUNTY THEY WERE A NUISANCE, PRODUCTIVE OF INCESSANT QUARRELS ABOUT GRAZING RIGHTS. SHEPHERDS HAD TO BE ENGAGED, NOT BECAUSE THEY UNDERSTOOD SHEEP, BUT BECAUSE THEY WERE EXPERT AT PUGILISM."

delivery of letters, was referred by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to the *Postal Guide*. Fair enough, as chaff, but "not the chat" (as MR. MONSELL's countrymen say) for a Minister.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, who has burst into a very animated state of existence, abused LORD LYONS for not having remained in Paris during the siege. He also complained of the absence of a Consul. There was rather warm debate. It was shown that LORD LYONS could not have discharged his duty as Ambassador if he had remained shut up, but the excuses on the other point were lame. The idea of the authorities seems to have been that English folks were warned to leave Paris, that all the well-to-do English folks did leave, and that it did not much matter what happened to the 2000 or so who had not means or wish to go away.

SIR F. GOLDSMID objected to the College at Cooper's Hill, for engineers intended for India. MR. GRANT DUFF said that it was absolutely necessary, for the open market of British talent did not supply the article wanted. In '68 the Indian Government offered 40 appointments to unrestricted competition, and there were but 59 candidates, of whom only 22 passed the minimum test. The emolument of each was £240. In '69 there were 70 candidates, and only 13 passed. *Mr. Punch* gives these details because he is perpetually pestered with applications from young men who state that they are "talented," and who ask him what they are to do. Go to Cooper's Hill.

This day, Friday, will be about as memorable in France as last Wednesday. The Treaty of Peace being ratified, the Germans went out of Paris, and as they passed through the Arch of Triumph they sent forth thunderous cheers, in token that they had balanced the victories which the Arch records to have been gained by France over Germany. May the account be henceforth regarded as closed, "errors" not "excepted."

BIOLOGY AND BOTHERATION.

MR. PUNCH, the other day stumbled on (not over) the following passage relative to the "Natural Evolution Theory," in a lecture delivered not long ago by PROFESSOR TYNDALL:—

"Many who hold it would probably assent to the position that at the present moment all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—PLATO, SHAKESPEARE, NEWTON, and RAPHAEL, are potential in the fires of the sun."

Are the potential energies of cocks and hens latent in eggs before they have been sat upon? *Mr. Punch* is much inclined to offer a prize of a million sterling for the best Essay on the question whether there exists any degree of Consciousness and Volition in the New-laid Egg. But a million is a good deal of money to pay for any but a satisfactory answer; and the best answer which *Mr. Punch* could get to that question would, he fears, be anything but satisfactory.

UNSELFISH NOTION.

I oft think, if a fortune left
Me some fine day I found I had,
Of reason I should go bereft,
For joy would drive me dancing mad.

But when reflection I pursue,
It strikes me I should rather cry;
Because, although I can't think who,
Some person would have chanced to die.



"DOWN A PEG!"

Vulgar Millionaire (with undue familiarity). "HULLO, YOUNG BROWN! YOU'RE A TAKIN' OF IT EASY!"

Brown. "YES. FIND A CHAIR. YOU'LL EXCUSE ME. YOU KNOW WHAT SIR PERTINAX MACGYPHANT SAYS:—'I NEVER COULD STAND STRAIGHT IN THE PRESENCE OF A GREAT MAN!'"

NO POPERY NO MORE.

IN a letter to the *Times*, SIR GEORGE BOWYER complains of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act Repeal Bill, and says that if he were now in Parliament he should vote against it. His objection to this Bill is that, whilst it relieves the Pope's Bishops from penalties which the use of their titles made them liable to, it declares those titles to be assumptions, and void. Pointing out that it affects not only those Bishops, but others as well, he observes:—

"I shall be very much surprised if the Irish Protestants accept a Bill which places their Bishops in a worse position than that in which they now are, except merely relieving them from penalties which it is impossible to enforce."

Should the Liberal but Protestant measure which SIR GEORGE BOWYER cries out upon become law, most other people than himself will be very much surprised if the Irish Protestants do not set their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects the example of accepting it with serene satisfaction.

However, the unqualified repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, which SIR GEORGE BOWYER demands, might probably be rendered a mere question of time. Very likely events would prove him right in the belief he thus expresses:—

"And I believe that if we wait, public opinion will before long be sufficiently enlightened to grant us that justice."

SIR GEORGE BOWYER may thank Italy and VICTOR-EMMANUEL for the overthrow of the temporal Popedom, which, by rendering the British mind nearly indifferent to the subject of ecclesiastical titles, has rendered the repeal of the Act concerning them possible. The snake of papal monarchy has been scotched extremely, but is not yet certainly killed. If everybody were quite satisfied that there was an end of it, and that the POPE had ceased for good and all to be a political factor in Europe, very few people would care to keep on record an idle protest against his Holiness's authority.

In the meanwhile, suppose the Church of this country were to create a lot of Protestant bishoprics in Italy, and the Italian Legis-

lature declared them void, and the titles derived from them assumptions, but allowed their bishops to call themselves what they chose, and be governed by an Archbishop with his head-quarters in Rome, does SIR GEORGE BOWYER think we should grumble?

AN END OF GLORY.

WAR's no more quite the old, old story.

The moral sense may be a joke

Unto the Wise, but so is glory.

No longer bards their Muse invoke

To celebrate men's work of slaughter.

The carnage of contending foes,

In deadly fight by land or water,

Is but the theme of dreary prose.

The day of prowess has gone by,

No stage effect has battle scenery,

Where undistinguished heroes lie,

Swept out of being by machinery.

A name, applied to Boots, no scope

Yields now to any victor's vanity;

And so there is a gleam of hope,

Which streaks the future of humanity.

Ater-ocious!

MR. PUNCH.—It is asked whether the 1st of March will be a *Dies Ater* for France. It was not a *DIES HAYTER* for Hereford, as the Liberal candidate was defeated by MR. ARBUTHNOT. SKOLASTIKOS.

LATEST FROM "THE CENTURY."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM disputes SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS's theory. Her great-grandfather, she says, was undoubtedly a centurion.



AWFUL WARNING!

Guest (at City Company Dinner). "I'M UNCOMMONLY HUNGRY!"
 Ancient Liveryman (with feeling). "TAKE CARE, MY DEAR SIR, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TAKE CARE! D' YOU KNOW IT HAPPENED TO ME AT THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S DINNER TO BURN MY TONGUE WITH MY FIRST SPOONFUL OF CLEAR TURTLE; CONSEQUENCE WAS—(sighs)—'COULDN'T TASTE AT ALL—ANYTHING—FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING!!'"

THE REVENGE OF FRANCE.

"THE Republic promises you 'eternal revenge.'" So say MM. VICTOR HUGO and LOUIS BLANC to the Republicans of the departments of Eastern France. In so saying they speak as Frenchmen to Frenchmen. But their utterance is no epigrammatic bombast. It is compendious wisdom. The Republic does promise the French, if they establish it, revenge which will be as eternal as it can be in the nature of things. That is to say, provided the Republic be permanent and stable Republic. Then there is good reason to hope, for those who do hope, that it will give them the revenge which it promises them. What the French people have now to do is to lay aside their political differences, and unite in the endeavour to repair their national losses. Their vast material resources will make the completion of this task expeditious and easy if they brace themselves up to it. Suppose they succeed in effecting it under a Republican form of Government which shall prove durable. They will then exhibit to the subjects of the German Empire the example of a prosperous, happy, and contented French Republic. In the face of that how long is it probable that his Majesty the GERMAN KAISER will continue to wear his Imperial crown? His subjects have a master who has triumphed. But yet they are not happy. Nor will they probably become so under a military despotism. Very soon, perhaps, the Republic will procure France a revenge pretty considerably eternal, as the Yankces might say, or as they would rather say, everlasting. True, the words of the divine WILLIAMS, whom VICTOR HUGO knows, relative to *Banquo* and *France* :—

"But in them Nature's copy's not otorno,"

are equally applicable to an existing Emperor and Crown Prince. If, however, the Republic of France out of a German Empire beget a German Republic, it will gratify the French with a revenge at least as eternal as certain personages' natural lives.

VÆ VICTIS—ET VICTORIBUS!

OCTOBER 27, 1806 : MARCH 1, 1871.

SOME three-score years and five have past,
 Since through the *Brandenburger Thor*,
 'Neath boughs bared by October's blast,
 Their sloped arms the French victors bore.
 While un-plumed hat, plain coat of grey,
 Their chief distinguished from the crowd
 Of marshals, in war's tinsel gay,
Unter den Linden pacing proud.

That gate to FREDERICK's fame of war
 Was reared for trophy; as its crown,
 A victory from her iron car
 On the French victor darkened down.
 For ere through FREDERICK's gate he past,
 He had ta'en* FREDERICK's scarf and sword,
 From the bier where, in peace at last,
 They slept—the weapon and its Lord.

So to the palace of Berlin,
 Flushed Marshals, Emperor pale and proud
 Headed the ranks whose trumpet din
 Went, knife-like, through the German crowd.
 Who knows what white-hot prayers were breathed
 For vengeance, by the wrathful throng,
 In silent sullenness that seethed,
 As the French victors strode along!

And now Time's wheel has run its round,
 Long-hoarded vengeance dealt its blow;
 Lo, Berlin's monarch victor crowned,
 France in disastrous overthrow!
 Lo German princes, German host,
 Through France's Arch of Triumph ride,
 While Paris, beat from all but boast,
 Looks helpless hate, and powerless pride!

As in that unforgotten day
 When Prussia's power and name and fame
 From maps and minds seemed burnt away
 Beneath NAPOLEON's feet of flame,
 Even so, now, France, crushed and caught
 In the hard Prussian's iron band,
 To worse extremity seems brought
 Than Prussia erst by France's hand.

Yet, now, and then, on ranks and crowd
 The impress that marks race from race—
 This, brisk and braggart, light and loud;
 That, grave and still and stern of face.
 Paris, with cruel coward mood
 Marring the *pose* she deems sublime;
 Berlin, though conquered, unsubdued,
 Putting her trust in toil and time.

And well that trust has been borne out,
 Amply French insults wiped away,
 While France, in shame and headlong rout,
 Sin's penance does, pride's price must pay.
 And all and more than France e'er laid
 On Germany of wrong and woe,
 Germany back to France has paid,
 With interest for payment slow.

For Jena, Prentzlau,† Auerstädt,‡
 And all their rankling wounds of hate
 And conquest, the long score is paid,
 And France shows small, and Prussia great.
 A German Emperor 'neath his heel
 Tramples proud Paris, heart and brow,
 And Germans joy to make her feel
 What France made Berlin feel ere now.

And if their FREDERICK's stolen sword
 They find not at the Tuileries,
 Some set-off Paris can afford—
 A thing to feel, if not to see.

* Our readers hardly need reminding how NAPOLEON, just before his triumphal entry into Berlin after the Battle of Jena, carried off from his coffin in the Garrison Church of Potsdam the Great FREDERICK's sword and scarf and cordon of the Black Eagle.

† Where PRINCE Hohenlohe capitulated to MURAT.
 ‡ Where DAVOUST defeated the main body of the Prussians, of whom NAPOLEON destroyed only a detached corps at Jena.



“VÆ VICTIS!”
PARIS, MARCH 1st, 1871.

The great NAPOLEON's conquering brand
What need from the *Invalides* to bear?
Ill would it fit a soldier's hand
Since *this* NAPOLEON took't to wear?

Yet listen, conqueror, while the shade,
That should sit near thee in thy car,
Whispers how quickly laurels fade,
How swiftly shift the sands of war;
How, sixty-five years since, there came
A mightier Emperor than thou,
Upon Berlin to put the shame
Which thy hand puts on Paris now.

Even as thy heel is on their head,
That on thy folks' head set their heel,
So, ere threescore more years have sped,
The woe thou work'st thy sons may feel.
"Who smite with sword by sword shall fall,"
Holds for kings as for subjects true;
God's mills grind slow, but they grind small,
And he that grinds gives all their due.

MY HEALTH.



MY health has often been proposed, and I've returned thanks for it—such as it is. Can't make out what's the matter with me. BIGSBY, meeting me in the street, exclaims heartily—(just like BRESBY, by the way)—“Hallo, old fellow!”—(every-one's an “old fellow” with BRESBY, or, if not an “old fellow,” you're “his boy”)—“how deuced well you're looking!”

I reply, “Am I?” as if this was information coming from BRESBY, and look (I can't help it) as much as to say to him, “BRESBY, my boy,”—(you fall at once into the habit of saying “My boy,” when with BRESBY)—“You mustn't judge by appearances. The excitement of seeing you”—(I tumbled upon him round a corner; he being, of course, the last man I'd expected to see. *Query*: If BRESBY's the last, who was the first? Make a note of this for my *Theory of Precognisances*)—“has made me look healthy, has called up the hectic flush, BRESBY; but no! I am *not* the robust creature you imagine me to be.”

I do *not* say this to BRESBY. I look it at him. I only reply, “Am I?” and retaliate upon him with, “So are you: never saw you looking better.”

“Why!” cries BRESBY (“cries!” I should say “shouts!” for wherever BRESBY meets you, so remarkably cheery is he—“cheery” is his own word—that he must shout at you if he likes you, and the more he likes you the louder he shouts—“Why, my boy”—(I knew I should be “his boy” directly)—“you're getting horrid stout?” And he throws himself back, in a sort of artistic manner, as if to get a good light on me, and bring out my points. Of course MRS. GORE MOMPISON and her two daughters issue at this moment from FORTNUM & MASON'S—

Mem. “Sweets to the Sweet.” Good thing to say to the MOMPISONS when I meet them at a dinner-party, *a propos* of FORTNUM'S. Mustn't let BRESBY's shouting put it out of my head. This *mem* is a mental *mem*, while BRESBY is shouting and I am raising my hat to the MOMPISON'S.

They look astonished. At least AGATHA MOMPISON does, and elevates her eyebrows. If I was asked, I should at this moment like to be seen to advantage; but one can't be with BRESBY. “Pon my word,” he says, still shouting, and sticking to his subject, “You're regularly running into fat.”

The MOMPISONS, all of them, hear this, and I can't help noticing their heads pushed forward slyly, just to take a quiet glance at me from the carriage window, to see if I am “running to fat.”

I wonder what they decide.

If I ever (again) meet AGATHA, and we sit out a dance or two in retirement, and if I commence to talk to her from the depths of my heart, won't BRESBY's words recur to her mind suddenly (just as one suddenly thinks of funny things in church), and won't she say to herself “He's running to fat?”

Both BRESBY—at the same time bless BIGSBY. The truth is unpleasant, but if it is the truth?

Yes, I think it is. Perhaps DANIEL LAMBERT was once thin. Everybody must have a beginning; fat men must have a beginning. I remember smiling at an enormous man who showed me a picture of a slim young creature, “That, Sir,” said he, “was I, years ago.”

I own I don't believe him.

I see now it is possible. I am beginning to be fat. That's why I am melancholy, that's why I am out of spirits, that's why I sleep heavily, and that's why I can't get on with my scheme for my “*Analytical History of Motion*,” which is to commence with the First Revolution of the Earth, and then take everything in its turn.

That's why—I see it now, hang and bless BRESBY—that's why I've stuck at the same line of Chapter the Second on “*Elementary Rotation*,” and have gazed at the paper day after day, torpidly unable to write a single paragraph, and feeling only inclined to scribble occasional *mems* for future work, and generally ending with scrawling idiotic figures with thin legs, no bodies, and large noses on the very sheets which ought to have been devoted to the highest scientific purposes.

BRESBY is right. I am, as it were, an infant Fat Man. There is such an academical existence as that of a “Commencing Bachelor.” I don't know what it means, and it conveys no very distinct idea of a profession to my mind. But I see what a Commencing Fat Man is. I realise that.

Mental Mem to be acted upon immediately. To go home and try all my clothes on. Give attention to waistcoats, &c. Particularly “&c.”

I have parted from BRESBY, and have taken my way, by bye-streets, to my Club. I will not appear in the Park; I will avoid the haunts of men. I will be a hermit—a Commencing Fat Hermit.

No. I slap my forehead. I have it! * * * I will be thin. Take Fat by the forelock. “A stitch in time,” &c., and so forth. * * * Stay! * * * Perhaps BRESBY's wrong. Perhaps it's only his fun. Having nothing particular to do, I'll call—no, I'll write to BRESBY, and ask him if it was only his fun.

At this moment WINTON walks in.

WINTON is sharp, short, and decisive. His hair curls crisply. His eyes are here, there, and everywhere. He rubs his hands briskly while talking, and smacks them with the sort of “flash” which a conjurer gives to a pack when he is going to show you the card you choose, when he delivers an oracular opinion.

WINTON is a great hand at health. He never (so I believe) over-eats, never overdrinks, never oversleeps, is always well, lives a good deal “about,” as he calls it, which means that no one is ever certain as to his address. “The Club,” says he, “will always find me;” and yet not once in twenty months will you find WINTON at his Club.

However, here he is. He is brown, sunburnt, not an ounce of flesh too much upon him. I envy WINTON as I salute him, and congratulate him on his health.

“Yes,” he returns, “you ought to come with me”—(he never says where)—“and take regular exercise. Your sedentary work doesn't do. Go in for tennis, or riding, or a good stretch over the downs.”

I say, “What downs?” expecting an invitation from him to his house somewhere by the sea. Pleasant.

“O,” he replies, rubbing his hands, and chuckling, “Anywhere. You take a little place by the sea, and I'll come and stop with you, and put you through your paces.” And he slaps his hands, and smiles amiably.

I must hear more of this.

The French Cure.

BROUGHT by aggressive policy to grief,

France, does homœopathic cure befit you?

For sure, in choosing THIERS for your Chief,

A hair you've taken of the dog that bit you.

AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE.

At a recent meeting of one of our Learned Societies a paper was read on “The Punfield Formation.” The attendance of comic writers was overwhelming. The greatest silence prevailed. You might have heard a joke drop.

AXIOM FOR ART STUDENTS.—It is not every Animal Painter who knows how to Draw a Badger.



HUNTING LADIES.

Old Groom. "Ah, JIM, IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE 'UNTING, NOR THE 'OUNDS, NOR THE 'ORSES, AS LADIES CARES ABOUT. IT'S THE 'CUTTIN' OF EACH OTHER DOWN AT THE GAPS AND PLACES AS PLEASES THEM!"

HOW TO KEEP THE PEACE.

It is to be feared that their High Mightinesses have not read, with due attention, the Lecture delivered the other day by PROFESSOR SEELEY on "The Possible Means of Preventing War in Europe." Could international war, if not absolutely preventible, be reduced to a tolerable minimum? Social war is, in England. The police keep the dangerous classes sufficiently under to restrict murder and theft to certain limits. Could a Federation of Great Powers, as proposed by PROFESSOR SEELEY, narrow European war within analogous bounds? The objection that there is nobody eligible to be President of such a Federation, is one which, modesty shall not prevent *Mr. Punch* from hinting, might be obviated. What constitutes the real hindrance to it is that, whereas it requires that the Great Powers composing it should correspond to the respectable majority of the British People, the truth is that there is only one Power in the whole world which is great, and is not also dangerous in the same sense as our dangerous classes are. The majority of their High Mightinesses would never agree to an arrangement which would render an aggressive King, Emperor, or President, liable to be punished as a brigand chief, or a garrotter convicted of robbery with violence.

In the meanwhile, for our own part, the only means of possibly securing peace, besides constant civility and good conduct toward our neighbours, will consist in a Navy which shall be strong enough to sweep the seas, if necessary.

Dr. Jenner in the Temple Church.

(By a Templar who ought to have been listening to an excellent sermon.)

OUR duty 'gainst infection's harms,
Both roof and walls combine to' advance it—
Above, we see the Templar's arms,
And every window is a lancet.

EPITAPH ON A PET DOVE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.—*Un Coup Manqué.*

THE THREE CURTAILERS OF TOOLEY STREET.

MR. PETER TAYLOR, on behalf of himself and the other two gentlemen who voted to "curtail Parliamentary liberality to Royalty," writes thus to the "Birmingham Labour Representative League":—

"I feel much gratified by the approval expressed by the working-men of Birmingham of our course on the dowry question. You may be sure we are neither disheartened by our small numbers nor by the 'jeers' of the House of Commons. 'Let those laugh that win,' and the vote of three last Thursday was 'the beginning of the end.'"

We do not know what the end is of which the minority of one was the beginning. We can wait to know. But in the meantime we can throw another crumb of comfort to MR. PETER TAYLOR. From *Reynolds's Newspaper*, an organ understood to command the confidence of those who are not satisfied with existing institutions, we cull a tribute paid to MR. TAYLOR and his two allies by some persons who also desire some kind of "end." Thus answereth Brook Street to Tooley Street:—

"At a meeting of the International Democratic Association, held at the Wellington Music Hall, Brook Street, Holborn, on Sunday last, CITIZEN SOUTHAM in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:— 'That the best thanks of this meeting be given to CITIZENS FAWCETT, TAYLOR, and DILKE, for their manly conduct in opposing the dowry to the PRINCESS LOUISE against the majority of flunkies in the House of Commons.'"

New Set.

It was remarked of a 'naughty snob' that he thought himself "quite the cheese."

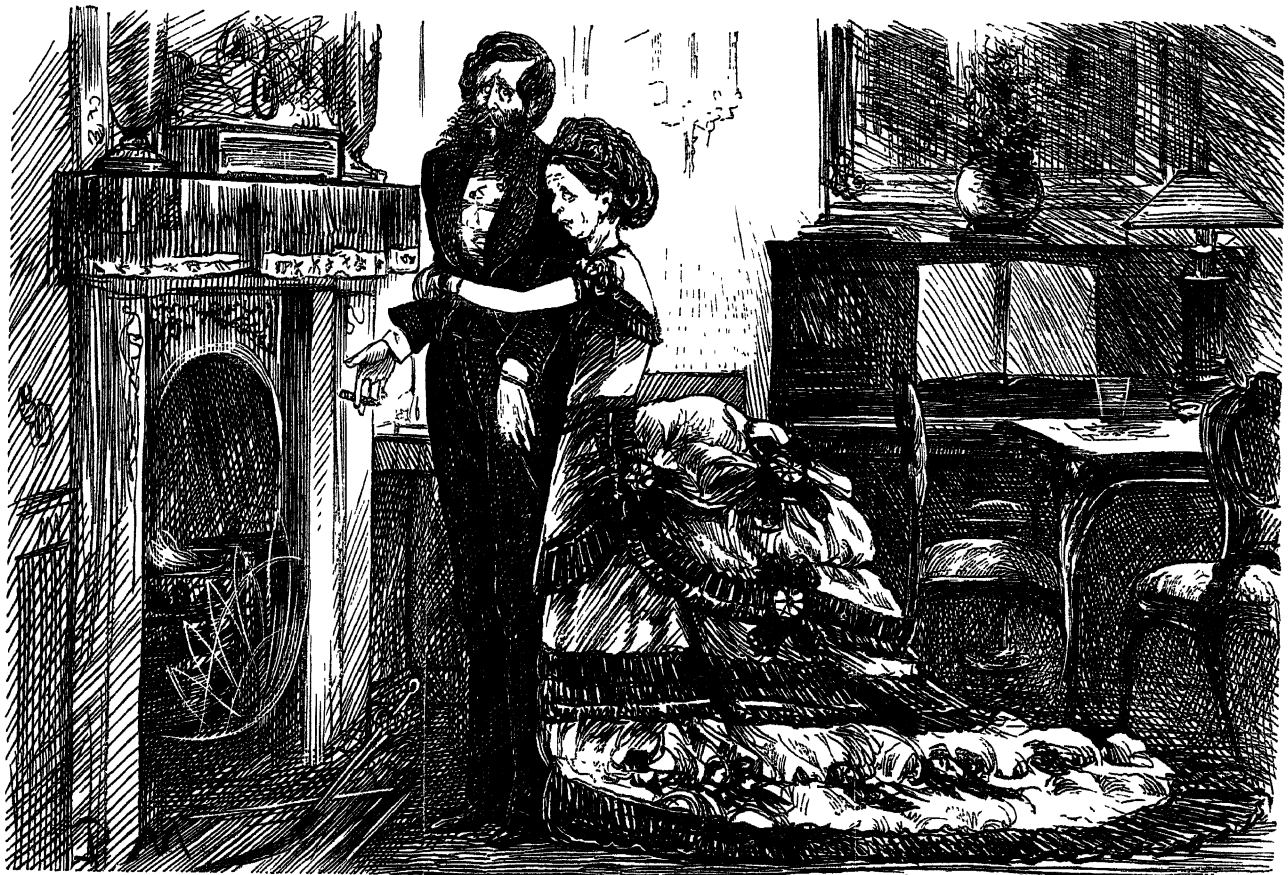
"True," said a friend of his, "he thinks himself high and mighty."

Sors Virgiliana.

(*Apropos of M. GRÉVY's Election to the Presidency of the Assembly.*)

"At Regina gravi jamdudum sauciâ curâ."

Paris the long-saucy queen must now knuckle down under GRÉVY.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

(THE BACHELOR FRIENDS OF BENEDICK HAVE JUST TAKEN THEIR DEPARTURE.)

Benedick (who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the consequences). "O, I say, MARY ANN, I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU WOULDN'T PET ME IN PUBLIC. I DON'T SO MUCH MIND IT—WHEN WE'RE ALONE; BUT BEFORE A LOT OF FELLOWS, HANG IT ALL, YOU KNOW!"

Mary Ann (who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope). "AND WHY NOT, MY PHŒBUS? SHOULD NOT A WOMAN GLORY IN HER LOVE?"

Benedick. "O, BOTHER!"

ANIMAL PHILANTHROPY.

EITHER the brute creation is far wealthier, more benevolent, and better acquainted with all that is going on in the world than anyone has ever supposed, or else charitable people, in sending anonymous contributions, assume very grotesque names. The doubt we feel on this point arises from reading that "The Charity Organisation Society have received a donation of £100 from 'Two Dormice.'"

If it is really the case that this is a gift from the little sleepy things (generally thought to be good sort of animals enough, but nothing remarkable) whose names are appended to the paragraph quoted, probably MR. DARWIN himself, who knows so much of the manners and customs of what we are over-ready to call the inferior creatures, will feel that there is something left even for him to learn, and will wish that he could have proved the development of man from such a liberal, generous-hearted protoplasm as the Dormouse. For ourselves, we would much rather trace our descent from a dormouse than from a zoophyte. (Perhaps this will set the fashion, and we shall read of donations from "Two Tabbies," "Three Kittens," "A Surly Old Bear," "A Sly Fox," and so on.)

Newfangled Nonsense.

MUCH indignation is said to have been excited in military circles amongst officers of the old school by a rumour, which has not yet received official contradiction, that in the new organisation of the British Army, pipeclay will be superseded by protoplasm.

RULING OFFICIAL PASSION.

A POLICEMAN, fond of reading, told a friend that, for amusement, when off duty he often *took up a book*.

DIALOGUE OVERHEARD IN HYDE PARK.

(In front of the PRINCE CONSORT's Memorial.)

First Well-to-do Female "Party" gazing at MACDOWELL's "Europe." Well! I never saw a bull on a monument before.

Second Well-to-do Female "Party," examining the same group of allegorical sculpture. Don't you know he kept a model farm?

First Well-to-do Female "Party." Oh, yes; and you remember he got a medal for a fatted bull!

[*They pass on, having thus satisfactorily accounted for the presence of the Bull.*]

The Sun in Dudgeon.

TELL us mortals, PHŒBUS, why
Clouds so long have veiled the sky.

If conjecture may be trusted,
Having been so many base
Caitiffs forced to limn, thy face
Therefore thou dost hide, disgusted.

Law and Latitude.

MR. VOYSEY, now that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has given judgment against him, should quit the Church for the Law. Could he not be at once admitted to practise as an attorney? If he may still be said to be a Clerk in Orders, he has been pronounced, by the highest legal tribunal, a Clerk out of his Articles.

ACADEMICAL PROSPECTS.



RECENT Intelligence from Cambridge informs us that—

"The attendance at the lectures for women—which were commenced a year ago in Cambridge—this term shows an increase of more than a third over that of any preceding term. Several persons have already come to Cambridge with the view of attending these lectures. A boarding-house will be opened in October for such ladies as may desire accommodation of this kind, including the exhibitioners."

Observe "several persons" ("persons," of course, quite the word) "have already come to Cambridge with the view of attending

these lectures. A boarding-house will be opened in October for such ladies," &c. Matriculation, henceforth, will be the first step towards matrimony, and young ladies will be "brought out" at the Universities during term, in preference to producing them in London during the Season. The "Boarding-houses" will gradually grow into small Colleges and Halls, the old Town and Gown differences will utterly vanish before the civilisers, all sorts of horse-play will disappear, and the bright eyes of young Donnas will flash upon aspiring Dons. As to "Wines," such barbarous customs have, indeed, almost everywhere exploded, but where they yet remain, they will flee before the march of the Intellectual Tea-kettle. The degree of "Bachelor" will, we suppose, in time disappear from the University Degrees, only to remain to signify very much what a "Ten-year Man" means now, i. e. a man who can't get his degree except by tiring out the authorities and refusing to leave the University until it is given him. "Wrangler," ought to be dropped—possibly it will be. "Pythonesses" might be the equivalent of "The Tripos."

MISS PROCTER'S Works ought (if names go for anything) to be extensively read. We can imagine a few happy scenes in futuro;—

Say, *The Quad of St. Bride's College. Time, 2 P.M.*

Enter CLARENCE RACKIT by Gate and walks quickly in to the Quad. He stops beneath a window filled with flowers and whistles. No answer. He calls.

Clarence. MILLY! [A pretty face peers out over the flowers. Milly. That you, CLAREY? It's struck two.

Clar. I know. I've just come from my coach's; and look here, instead of going to the "backs," let's have a ride. Eh? I'll go down to Thingummy's and order the horses.

Milly. All right. Won't you come up, and—

Clar. Hallo, LAURA! What have you got up there? [Another sparkling face appears beside MILLY'S.

Laura. Cup; come on. We've been hard at Political Economy and Geology since ten.

Clarence. O, have you! Then I'd better take some cup while there's any left. [Rushes into doorway and up staircase; door heard to bang. Laughter.

Another Scene. View of Gate of St. Bride's giving on to the Lawn, which runs down to the river.

Enter FRANK and CONSTANCE coming out of College.

Frank. I shall get permission from my tutor to stay up during the Vacation to read.

Constance. I am to "go out" next term. (Thoughtfully.)

Frank. Why don't you ask your Junior Matron to let you stop up and read (with intention)? The place will be so quiet, not a soul up, except a few reading men, and perhaps two or three reading girls in for their little go.

Constance (diffidently). I wrote to Mamma to tell her that I was afraid I should lose a great deal by coming home for the vacation.

Frank. Of course you would. Look here: after the first two weeks of the Long are over, MAGNUM, of Caius, our coach, is going to take us to Wales—me and three more, for a reading party.

Constance (disappointed). Then you won't be here?

Frank. Yes, after that's over. MRS. MAGNUM—

Constance. She's our coach—

Frank. Exactly, she'll take a party too.

Constance (innocently). To Wales?

Frank. You wouldn't separate husband and wife!

Constance. O, I'll write and ask Mamma directly I get back. I'm sure she'd let me go anywhere with MRS. MAGNUM.

Frank. Then that'll be all right. We're both going in for an ordinary degree, and will both come out at the same time. And, then— [Pauses.

Constance (with her eyes on the ground, softly). Yes. [Further pause.

Frank (somewhat hoarsely). And then, if you will only say you—you—(steps on gravel-walk; he looks up, suddenly recovering his voice)—O, here's old BOUNCER. He always wants me to cap him—let's get into the boat. Here!

[Offers his hand to CONSTANCE and assists her down the bank.

Constance (to herself, mentally). I hate that BOUNCER.

[They embark; she steers and he rows. Silence; they disappear gradually.

The Amateur Dramatic Club of the University will experience a sensible advantage from the admission of the Lady Students among its members. Boyish youths will no longer, as in Shakspearian days, be obliged to appear as their *Beatrices* and *Helens*, but the parts will be efficiently filled by their proper representatives. And herein, by the way, might be found the germs of a plan for improving the Stage as a profession. Could we not get actors and actresses with the B.A. certificate of an education? But as this opens up an entirely new subject, we will drop it for the present. It can lie on the table for consideration in futuro.

OCCASIONAL SACRIFICE.

(MR. HAWFINCH sings to the Tune of "Beer.")

SOME folks there be, which, as for me,
I scarns all sitch as they,
Begridges the dower to a Royal Flower,
As Parliament's willed to pay.

For this here is what I say,
'Tisn't throwin your money away;
We keeps a Throne, and we holds our own—
We don't twine a wreath ev'ry day.

Look what mischance ha' befallen France,
The French be so giddy and gay;
They be like the tide, and they can't abide,
A constitootional zway.
For this here, &c.

We sticks to ourn, we should grieve and mourn,
If ever 'a vell to decay;
And there's no doubt but we must fark out,
For its vittun zuppoort and stay.
For this here, &c.

Our Kings and Queens can't yarn no means,
Though they works both night and day;
A darter or son to potion each one,
Like a British subjick may.
For this here, &c.

A health unto the PRINCESS LOO,
Vill up my glass, I pray;
And the MARKUS O' LORNE, and I'll answer for'n—
Success to their weddun day!
For this here, &c.

He bain't no lout fed on sower erout,
That's a vact as you must weigh.
And mind this here, when you drinks your beer—
We don't twine a wreath ev'ry day.
For this here, &c.

Avuncular Affinity.

It is quite clear that the Marriage Law of England, instead of being too restrictive, is too lax. For instance, a Pawnbroker is at liberty to marry a woman although she may be related to him by a tie so intimate as that of having pledged her ear-rings. Ought a girl to be allowed to marry her Uncle?

Bow-Wow for Windsor.

THEY say "a Cat may look at a King,"
But this is quite a different thing:

But a dog to be ta'en from his home and hearth,
That the QUEEN may look at Master M'Grath.
Don't bother me, Lurgan! Go to Bath!

A Sovereign won't buy

MASTER M'GRATH.



LECTURE IN LENT.

Uncle. "WELL, CHARLEY, SHALL I OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CLARET, OR WILL YOU GO WITH YOUR COUSINS TO THE LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY?"

Charley. "WHY, UNCLE, I THINK, ON THE WHOLE, I PREFER CORK TO ORRERY." [Which shows that he was an Epicurean, but had read his "Debrett."]

MORE PROGRESS IN EDUCATION.

"A number of paid schoolmasters are being appointed to the Metropolitan Police. Hitherto City Missionaries have in many cases performed the work gratuitously."

We have the permission of the authorities to state that these police pedagogues will, in the first instance, direct the attention of their pupils to the following important points:—

In all professional statements, made before Magistrates or other judicial functionaries, to be careful of their grammar, diction, orthoëpy, and accent, and never, not even under the greatest provocation, to neglect or abuse the aspirate.

To acquaint themselves with at least two modern languages, that they may be competent to return satisfactory answers to the questions of puzzled and bewildered foreigners.

To store their minds with passages from our best poets, that they may be able to beguile the weary hours of night duty by repeating to themselves some of the choicest gems in the English language.

To make themselves conversant with the multitude of historical, antiquarian, and literary associations connected with the houses, streets, and parks of the metropolis (including Victoria Park and the New Cut), that they may possess another mental resource while officially engaged, and be qualified to inform strangers and visitors where ALFRED THE GREAT was born, or the celebrated bootmaker, HOBY, breathed his last; and to point out the exact position of the posts which DR. JOHNSON used to touch when walking down Fleet Street and the Strand.

In arithmetic, to divide the metropolis into a given number of areas, and to calculate the average of female domestic servants to be found therein.

To be uniformly polite, good-tempered, and civil, especially at crossings, in street rows, and in verbal contentions with cabmen, costermongers, and omnibus officials.

And, generally, to exercise their mental faculties, that every member of the force may be quick of apprehension, ready to take up any subject of conversation, prompt to arrest a brilliant thought in its passage through the mind,

and on the alert to imbibe (with a due regard to temperance) all information he may receive.

N.B. It will be observed by all who are not subject to hereditary thoughtlessness, that the paragraph at the head of these few remarks only speaks of City Missionaries, as having been engaged in this praiseworthy educational work; but it is to be hoped that there are also West End Missionaries who have looked after the West End Police.

OUR FAMILY TREE.

DE VERE, how much is it to trace
The noble line which we can boast,
Through creatures of the human race,
To Norman WILLIAM's age at most?
With ADAM's origin content,
Let simple folk remain, who can:
Be taught to prize thy high descent
By DARWIN—the *Descent of Man*.

What's thy Crusader, in blest mould
Entombed hard by yon Minster's choir,
To thee, that own'st, in rock of old,
The relics of a Lemur sire?
The first of Jocko's ancient stem
Misdeemed mere mimes of human shape—
DE VERES and all, we come of them,
Derived from SIR ANTHROPOID APE.

Through the tailed Lemurs up, yet down,
The Opossums or the Kangaroos,
To Reptiles, hard as frog to drown,
We Christians go, and likewise Jews.
From Newts amphibious we ascend
To thorough Fishes of the Sea;
In Larvæ of Ascidians end,
That is begin, our pedigree.

'Tis true no eye has ever seen
The birth of Species come to pass;
The rule observed has aye that been
Of horse from horse, and ass from ass.
Development seems barred by mules.
To think it therefore puzzles those,
Who may be other men than fools,
How Species first from Species rose.

Faith can the needful stitch bestow
To knit the break in Reason's clue;
'Twas so far off and long ago,
That let us hope it is all true.
Science tells no old woman's tale—
The Larva source of Man, withal,
In one both female was and male;
And Man's descent is not a fall.

Dost thou account the leap too great
Assumed from Jackanapes to Man?
DE VERE, thy doubt it may abate
The common British Rough to scan.
That horrid fellow, if thou note,
Thy fellow-man, alas, is he,
How little does he seem remote
From a Baboon—how far from thee!

The Old Masters.

If the marvellous Exhibition, just closed, had produced no better result than the following (which was found on a lost catalogue) the Academicians would still have deserved plaudit. "Suppose HER MAJESTY had patted a cat, which purred, but then scratched the Sovereign, what two Old Masters would have been named? Puss sang, and Clawed *la Reine*."

IN THE STREETS.

It was the remark of a keen observer, who knew London thoroughly well, that in all his long experience he had never seen one of his fellow-men bareheaded in Hatton Garden.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 6. — LORD SALISBURY finds that England has entered into guarantees in favour of five or six other nations. He is quite sure that should she be called on to fulfil any of these engagements, she would be unable to do so. LORD GRANVILLE is quite sure that she would not, and he is not disposed to heed what he calls "chaffing" articles in newspapers. Yes, M'n, he used that word in solemn debate in the House of Lords, and who shall object to it in future? *Blackwood*, by the way, says that Scotchmen do not understand "chaff."

LORD MALMESBURY said, in the course of the debate, that when two eminent continental statesmen conversed they were not "like a couple of schoolgirls who talk about their sweethearts, just for the purpose of saying something." Who told LORD MALMESBURY that schoolgirls have sweethearts? We have written to a great number of most respectable school-mistresses, asking how this is, and the replies have all been to the effect that no well-regulated young lady even knows the meaning of the word.

THE PREMIER has altered the words of his Westmeath Committee motion, so as to preclude the idea that the Government desires to avoid responsibility. A Vigilance Committee would be the proper tribunal to deal with the evil—would the Americans lend us one?

It has been stated by Ministers in both Houses that they have no knowledge of the existence of a Treaty between Russia and Germany. Perhaps they will be good enough to make a few polite—indeed deferential inquiries. If they would venture to ask whether such a thing exists, perhaps, between them and *Punch* and the (*Morning Post*), they might hear news.

MR. BRUCE says that Music Halls have no more right than Theatres to be open on certain religious observance-days. It is no doubt just that this should be so, but considering that a person who goes to a Music Hall would have the remotest idea, if any, of what a religious observance even means, he must no doubt think that some execrable tyranny is being practised upon him when he finds his haunt shut up. Yet how to explain matters to such a person is indeed a puzzle.

MR. BRUCE says that the Free Trade system in cabs is a failure. Either cab-owners will not put out a better class of vehicle, or people will not pay for it. So we must go on with the present abominations. Look at the cabs in Manchester or Glasgow—clean, large, comfortable, and as for the drivers, *Mr. Punch* observed with great pleasure that a Glasgow Bailie fined a cabman five shillings the other day only for wearing a seedy hat. There is a new table of cab regulations issued, but they will be useless. However they recognise the superiority of the Anson over the Growler, whereat there will be unhandsome growling by the latter.

To-day and later. Debate on the new Scheme for Re-organising the Army. There be several sets of objectors to the plan. The officers do not like the abolition of Purchase (O, how dull folk in hundreds continue to afflict *Mr. Punch* with letters alluding to this, and the Reverend PURCHAS decision), and Army Reformers declare that the proposed re-organisation is valueless. Sham economists grudge the money for the Purchase of Purchase. *Mr. Punch* has no intention of reproducing the Debate, but may tell that one opponent of the scheme urged that promotion by selection would be obtained unfairly, for he knew of a young officer who could always get hunting leave because he daily presented his Colonel's wife with hothouse flowers. MR. BUXTON used a word which, though perfectly justifiable, will excite wrath among the least wise of those who love to be termed the Sons of Toil. He alluded to them as those falsely called the Working Classes.

Tuesday. The PREMIER announced that Mr. GOSCHEN had been offered the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, in place of Mr. CHILDERS, whose health compels his retiring. MR. GOSCHEN had accepted, and, said MR. GLADSTONE, "I am glad of it." Well, this is not weather to be particularly glad in, as a general rule, but

Mr. Punch is not sorry, and his Cartoon shows that he sees no reason why a clever man, who will no doubt be "at sea" for a time, should not learn to acquit himself efficiently.

GOSCHEN was useful at the Poor Board,
Where he displayed both nous and knack:
He did good service to the Union,
Now let him serve the Union Jack.

MR. STANFELD is his successor in taking care of the Poor, and we fear that he will find he has enough to do, and more. Does the Member for Halifax know that in the *Beggars' and Vagrants' Litany* in old times there was prayer to be delivered from three places, one of which was Halifax, "which," says MR. RAY (1757), "is formidable from the law thereof."

Wednesday. A Scotch Game Bill, promoted by MR. LOCH, was rejected by 154 to 85, but Government make promises hereabout. And a Bill for Educating the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, was withdrawn, after praise of its intention, blame of its execution.

The Wife's Sister up again. MR. HARDY said something which, though he is an eminently respectable gentleman, and all that, *Mr. Punch* must slightly paraphrase before producing. He would never consent to a Bill that should enable a lady to step from the grave-stone of her sister to her husband's hearthstone. By St. Juno, the epigram is neater so than in the original form. Isn't it, MR. HARDY? The Bill came on again later, the Retrospective clause was affirmed by 133 to 98, and at the end of the week the Bill passed the Commons without further obstruction.

Thursday. Smart debate in the Lords. EARL GREY is much disgusted at the remission of the sentences on those Fenians. LORD DUFFERIN had to defend it. But LORD CAIRNS improved the situation by bringing in an elaborate narrative of the crimes of the Ribbon-men. LORD DERRY took a dismal view of Ireland, but he ended with this very cool and neat allusion to the reception of the Fenians in America:—

"Considering the great courtesy and honour with which they were treated by our own Government (*hear, hear*), I do not think there was anything unfriendly in the House of Representatives having continued that courtesy and honour to them (*hear and laughter*). And in the next place it is for that assembly, like all other similar bodies, to judge what company it chooses to keep, and if they will only extend the same to all those who leave our goals, they will help us very greatly in solving that difficult and perplexing question, 'What to do with our criminals.'"

[If LORD DERRY does not find the rent-roll in Lancashire adequate to his wishes, and would like to make honourable addition to his income, he will hear of something to his advantage by calling at 85, Fleet Street.]

In the Commons we were informed that Canada is in a satisfactory state of defence, and that on an emergency the Governor-General would place 40,000 well-armed men in the field in a few hours. Could the Horse-Guards?

Army debate resumed, and a clever speech by LORD ELCHO, who opposes the Government scheme. He considers the British Army, Militia, and Volunteers to be all ill-managed, and he has a right to be heard on a subject on which he has expended so much energy—(which word by the way reminds us that in an earlier debate, MR. LOWE, promising to reduce the National Debt when he brings in his Budget, said that "energy was not a good thing in itself, but only when a good thing could not be got without it." Bustling cusses who are always in a hurry-bluster state, please copy.)

SIR HENRY STOKES made a capital speech, and declared himself strongly against the Purchase System. Now, he *knows*, he does. He said that officers' Vested Interests were incessantly in the way when improvement in our system was attempted.

Friday.—MRS. MARTHA TORPEY's acquittal was discussed in the Lords, and the LORD CHANCELLOR intimated, of course with due decorum, that the jury did not attend to, or did not understand the Recorder's charge. We rather think the fact was that Sentimentalism got into the jury-box. The CHANCELLOR also made great fun of the case brought up by CITIZEN TAYLOR that evening, touching which more anon.

This CITIZEN TAYLOR had got one of his interesting cases, a story about a woman who was convicted at Pershore, and who in emulation of MRS. TORPEY, made great play with a baby, and also screamed in a furious manner. Of course, these arguments would have been enough for a Clerkenwell jury, but country Magistrates are not so "impressionable" (as the LORD CHANCELLOR said), and they discovered that the woman was profligate, and that "her baby," which had been put out to nurse, had been sent for to make an effect in Court. A gushing reporter did the rest. MR. BRUCE had no intention of interfering.

An Education Debate in the Commons. MR. WINTERBOTHAM expressed satisfaction that it had not been "venomous," but he will certainly catch it from sundry, for in speaking about teaching music, he alluded to "those howling little savages, the Charity Children in St. Paul's." Good gracious, another of our Institutions managed!

Isn't it a stock thing to say that JUBAL, or HANDEL, or somebody fainted away with ecstasy when he first heard these Charity Children sing? Moreover, MR. WINTERBOTHAM requested MR. FORSTER not to oppose the teaching good music, not in fact to go down to posterity as an Uncouth Barbarian. MR. FORSTER asserted that he was nothing of the kind, and *Punch* really thinks that MR. FORSTER is neither uncouth nor barbarous. It will be thought that the debate (which ended in the utter overthrow of an attempt to spoil the new system) if not venomous, elicited—well—some little Personality.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

(As described in a Letter from a fashionable Young Lady.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

O, I am so glad the dreadful War is over! Those poor French! my heart bleeds for them! I declare for the last six months I have been made miserable by thinking of their misery, and fancying what *ever* should we do without them, if they were *anéantis*, as some of them predicted. Why, I haven't seen a pretty bonnet all the winter; and only think what *frights* our milliners would make of us, if there were no Paris to instruct them in the fashions! Luckily for me, I had some patterns sent me by balloon at the beginning of the siege, and so I've managed pretty well by making my own dresses. But all the girls I know have been looking *perfect guys* ever since September. And there really is no knowing what dreadful things might possibly have happened in society, if peace had not been settled. It was, of course, entirely owing to the War that those hideous long coats were invented for you gentlemen, for no doubt you thought it didn't matter how you dressed, while everyone was thinking too much of the War to notice you. And see what *frightful* changes in costume these long coats might have led to!—

"These garments are perhaps more comfortable than picturesque; but they are interesting to behold, inasmuch as they are a symptom of courage in respect of dress which leads to the hope that a mighty revolution is at hand productive of convenience to all mankind. A man who is brave enough to walk down Regent Street enveloped in a wrapper so long, so ample, that spectators are obliged to trust to his honour that he has any clothes beneath it, surely would not be afraid to discard the uncomfortable hat which has so long interfered with human happiness, and wear in its stead a wideawake or 'billycock.'"

Already shooting-coats and hobnail boots are not uncommon in a drawing-room; and had the War gone on, I dare say wideawakes would have been worn in Rotten Row, and horrid Berlin woollen gloves instead of nice French kid! Nor would it have contented you to look hideous by daylight, but dreadful novelties are darkly here in print foreshadowed for London after dark:—

"A great revolution is urgently required in what is called 'evening dress' for both men and women. Some costume, perhaps, will one day be discovered enabling the wearer to be independent of cabs and carriages. Society will really never be comfortable until people can walk to it."

Only see what a misfortune it must be to a fashionable mind to be cut off from all fashionable intercourse with Paris! Who would ever dream of "walking to society," or of feeling oneself "comfortable," in a fifty guinea evening dress of M. WORTH'S invention? Yet this is what this scribbling revolutionist desires for us:—

"Ladies ought to be able to walk to their balls and parties through orderly streets, clothed in long wrappers something like those which have covered the divine form of man this winter, wearing overshoes, and, if need be, carrying umbrellas over their heads."

Imagine me in a long wrapper, looking something like a dressing-gown, trudging through the slushy streets at twelve o'clock at night, with those nasty-smelling, sticky goloshes on my feet, and a great big cotton umbrella overhead! For economy, of course, would make me always take a cotton umbrella to a party, to say nothing of the chance there would be of one's losing it if it were a silk one. Fancy, too, the footman coming up to one, and saying, "Miss, your gingham's at the door!" or announcing on the staircase that "LADY SWELLINGTON'S goloshes and wrapper stop the way!" Fancy, too—but I forbear! The picture is too terrible! Only some one of your *clever* artists ought to do it, just to show what horrors there might happen in the fashionable world if England were debarred from copying French fashions, and adopted what some Englishmen would call *reforms* in dress.

Meanwhile, believe me your most constant reader and admirer,
Lavender House, SARAH SELINA SOPHONISBA SMITH.
Tuesday.

"The Joint High Commission."

A USEFUL body would be the "High Joint Commission," whose duty it should be to visit cheap eating-houses during the season, and if Joints were High, to condemn them.

WHAT MASTER M'GRATH SAID TO THE QUEEN.



ORD LURGAN'S famous Champion Irish Greyhound has had the honour of being presented to HER MAJESTY at Windsor.—*Court Journal*.

Am thin, when was hound, anny time, anny where,
Be he hound that hunts foxes, or hound that hunts hare,
Be he Saxon, Gael, Cymru, or Irish, like me,
That was asked a Queen's guest in her palace to be?
Had his mate wid HER MAJESTY—divil a less!
And was kissed by LOUISE, my own darlin' Princess!
Sure a Knight of the Garther, or Knight of the Bath,
Is the next thing that's in it for *Masther M'Grath*!

I've heerd say that Cats may look Queens in the face;
Thin why wouldn't hounds of the raal ould race?
Sure it's our breed that coorsed for KING BRIAN BOROO,
KING CORMAC, KING DERMOT, and KING PHILL-A-LOO,
In the days the Milasian blood had the land,
Whin a boy kept his head wid the strinth of his hand,
And the King and his men took what came in their path,
As if subjects was hares, the King *Masther M'Grath*.

But now times is changed, and some say for the worse,
And they tell you Ould Ireland's been crassed wid a curse.
But to spake wid a Queen av' a hound might make bould,
I'd say, "Don't you lave poor PAR out in the ould:
Niver mind all thim editors' bunkum and brags;
Nor thim Fenian sunbursts, green ribbons, and flags;
You've froth widout fury, and wind widout wrath,
There's a dale such in Ireland—trust *Masther M'Grath*."

"You b'lieve one knows the place, from Lough Foyle to Cape Clear,
Let the QUEEN on the Green Isle look in once a year;
On the *Rath Riogh** at Tara the palace restore,
And in Erin sit crowned, Erin's monarch once more—
Let Saxon and Gael of their loyalty crow,
But warmer than theirs Erin's warm heart would glow,
And like mists in the sun would melt hatred and wrath,
In the light of your presence—trust *Masther M'Grath*."

"In Westmeath there's Ribbon-men, Fenians in Cark,
Tipperary improvers are best home by dark:
There's blackguards who'll pay what they've not pluck to do,
Who murder and thraison by proxy purshue;
But now we have justice in Church and in Land,
On thim spalpeens let Law lay the weight of her hand:
Once show them her sword is no dagger of lath,
They'll not play with *that* edge-tool—trust *Masther M'Grath*."

"They may vow that the Saxon they'll push from his stool,
Talk of Ireland for Irish and National Rule.
There's an ould sayin', 'Every dog has his day'—
And here's *one* Irish dog's gettin' his, any way—
But I doubt if the day of the Saxon's gone by,
While Irishmen think 'Irish needn't apply.'
Let but Ireland once put her bright brains to her task,
And soon of the Saxon no favours she'd ask.
DAVID wasn't so strong as GOLIATH of Gath—
Pluck, and wits—that's the chat!—so says *Masther M'Grath*."

* The "Fort Royal," or inclosure within which rose the palace of the Kings of Leinster, on the Hill of Tara.



RETRIBUTION.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAMMA?" "TOOTHACHE, DEAREST." "O DEAR! WHAT TOOTH IS IT?" "WISDOM TOOTH."
 "WISDOM TOOTH! AH! I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE DREADFUL TOOTH THAT KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE FRENCH IRREGULAR VERBS!"

POOR JOE.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOACHIM G-SCH-N,
 M.P., by his friend, MR. PUNCH.)

AIR.—"Poor Jack."

Go, call me a lubber, a swab all at sea,
 Green-hand, Johnny Raw, if you like;
 The right sort of Board to hold on to give me,
 And it ain't to a sailor I'll strike.
 Though as Landsman at first with sea-Lords I've to fight,
 They'll find their Board's head isn't *Wood*;
 I should like to see DACRES from GOSCHEN take flight,
 And to Halifax steer,—if he *could*!
 Avast! and don't think me a spooney so soft
 For a squall at first start to turn back;
 I've no doubt there's a Providence looks out aloft
 For poor JOE, as he does for poor JACK.

Constructors, Controllers, and First Lords, in fray
 Over high and low free-boards and sids,
 Have been fighting for years, each to get his own way,
 And his rival to leave in a ditch.
 But with temper and tact at the helm in J. G.
 No more tempests in tea-cups shall grow;
 Those who choose to go straight shall go smoothly for me,
 Nor my word find a word and a blow.
 Fools who brave the wind's eye in a squall are caught oft,
 When wise men make their port by a tack;
 I know what a head's worth, for going aloft,
 Though my name may be JOE, and not JACK.

And when in the wrong—as, however I try
 To be right, I may happen to be—
 Of argument showing I'm right I'll fight shy,
 Nor strive to prove all fools but me!

For opinion's wide, and there's room for us all,
 REIDS, ROBINSONS, GOSCHENS, and more;
 Why should heads of an office to loggerheads fall,
 Sea or Land Lords, afloat or on shore?
 If I fail—all's a hazard—my head's not so soft,
 To be ta'en, e'en by ship-wreck, aback;
 So let's stick to the ship, boys, whose flag flies aloft—
 Friendship's ensign—the *Union JACK*.

Now-a-days a First Lord should be, every inch,
 Like a foot-and-a-half plated ship;
 For broadside of House nor of Press ought to flinch,
 Nor his own judgment's moorings let slip.
 Let the newspaper chaps be his foes or his friends,
 Treat him daily to soft-soap or sting;
 Public int'rest, the Service, must still be his ends,
 While he leaves town and press to their fling.
 Case-hardened in time, though at first ne'er so soft,
 He'll find both his brow and his back,
 And he'll say, as I say, "Crack your cheeks, winds, aloft,
 You'll no more fright poor JOE than poor JACK!"

A Useful Manual.

"MIXING IN SOCIETY." What does this book teach? How to mix salad, how to mix punch, how to mix summer beverages, how *not* to mix wines? If so, we will buy the volume without any needless delay, and exhaust the edition by presenting copies of it to all our young friends just beginning life.

Le Nom Ne Vaut Rien.

In France Alsace and Lorraine go together. When there was an Alsace in London, it was a territory where 'twas impossible there could be any *Law-reign*.



“AT SEA!”

CAPTAIN PUNCH. “HOLD ON, MR. GOSCHEN! HOLD ON, SIR! YOU’LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU’VE GOT YOUR ‘SEA LEGS’!”

MY HEALTH.

On collecting the advice of my friends on this subject, I find it convenient to classify their opinions thus:—

1. To walk like old boots every day for three hours.—*SYMPSON'S Opinion.*

2. That I ought to do gymnastics every morning for an hour, and go in for a turn with the gloves for two hours before dinner.—*MUGGERIDGE'S Opinion.*

Mem. Notion of the gloves not bad, if I could find a professor who would bind himself solemnly not to hit me on the nose. Somebody in great suffering once exclaimed "All this to crush a worm!" When one feels the sort of muscular buffer coming with a deadened blow on what the P.R. terms the "smeller," so that you feel that organ suddenly spread (as it were) over your face, and your eyes watering violently, then one feels inclined to adopt the above, and cry, "All this to smash a nose!"

2nd Mem. on this Subject. The punishment of the nose because the hands are fighting, is a specimen of uneven-handed justice where the innocent suffers for the guilty.

3. To go in for the Cold Water Cure.—*VIDDLE'S Idea.*

4. To get change of scene. Run about everywhere.—*FLUTER'S Idea, accompanied by a practical suggestion to the effect that, if I'll pay half his expenses, he'll travel with me anywhere.*

Mem. FLUTER's not a bad fellow; and if no one else will go, *Query*, is he worth it? What's the proverb say? "Better to be alone than to pay half of another fellow's travelling expenses," or something to that effect.

5. Go and stay with GILVER in the North. He'll be delighted to see you.—*RICHARD'S Opinion.*

RICHARD is a cousin of mine, and he thought I was going to propose coming to stop with him.

Various Opinions (all unprofessional). Go in for diet.—Cut off lunch.—Get up early.—Go to bed early.—Get up late.—Take hot baths only.—Take nothing but cold water.—Take a shower-bath before dinner.—Never take a shower-bath by any chance.—Walk before breakfast.—Never walk before breakfast, but immediately after.—Get the morning air.—Morning air worst thing for me: death in fact.—Never go out until 2 p.m.—Hunt.—On no account venture to hunt.—Take medicine every other day.—Rashest thing for me to take any medicine: play Old Gooseberry with me.—Live high—Live low—Walk—Lie down—Run—Jump—Shoot—Box—Drive—Sing—Dance—Eat vegetables—Never touch any green meat.—Take no pastry.—Take anything.—Never touch tea or coffee.—Never touch coffee: take tea.—Never touch either.—Take weak tea last thing at night.—Never at night, but first thing in the morning, &c., &c., &c.

I sit in and consider the matter. I go out and consider the matter. I am restless. I can't work. I feel depressed. Coming events begin to cast their shadows before me, and, on reflexion, I feel sure that I am getting fat.

What'shisname's awful words haunt me—"running to fat," just as weeds or strawberries spread out (awful simile!) and run to seed. It won't bear thinking of.

I've a headache. It suddenly comes on at the corner of Sackville Street, where my friend MULFER lives. MULFER? Odd it never occurred to me till this moment that MULFER is the rising young Practitioner of the day. I'll consult MULFER. He'll advise me as a friend and as a medical man; or, seeing that I know beforehand his advice will be gratis, the characters will be amalgamated, and he'll be my Medical Friend.

I tell him (he's delighted to see me in his little back study with a case of the brightest surgical instruments on the table, a picture of Professor Somebody on the wall, and a bookcase full of professional literature) that I have not called in professionally (this will remove all delicacy on his part and mine about a fee, and reduce the affair to a mere friendly visit), but just to see him, and ask him how he is.

Mem. Not a bad idea for getting an opinion from a doctor. Call in and ask him how he is. Hint for conversation with doctor:—

Friend. How d'ye do? How are you?

Doctor. Ah! How d'ye do? How are you?

Friend (seizes the opportunity for a "full and particular," and details all his symptoms). How am I? Ah, that's it, &c. (Here follow the complaints.)

I tell him how I am. I tell him how I have been. I tell him how my headache has just come on, taking me at the side of the nose, going up to the top of my head, round behind my ear, and down again to my jaw, until it seems to turn into a toothache.

I tell him that I am getting fat. I tell him that I feel generally speaking "anyhow."

"You want a regular change," says MULFER. "Go away for six months at least."

After expressing this opinion, he looks at his watch, says he's rather pressed for time, will I excuse him? rings a bell, then there's a knock at the front door, then his mysterious man enters to ask "if he shall show LORD AUBER—"

MULFER stops him in the middle of his indiscretion, and tells him, "Up-stairs."

"And LADY COURT—" (his mysterious man begins again).

Once more MULFER (who, I see, attends the aristocracy) stops him quickly, and tells him, "back room," then looks at me, as much as to say, "You see how busy I am."

I do see how busy he is. I thank him very much, promise to "let him see me again soon." He replies, "Do," but not heartily, and I show myself out into the dark passage, and into the arms of the mysterious servitor, who lets me open the front door for myself (I'm evidently not worth half-a-crown for future interviews, and he sees it with a practised eye), while he ushers a lady out of the front room into the sanctum.

There are coroneted carriages about the door. MULFER is getting on, and I've been taking up his time.

Mem. (in pocket-book). To ask MULFER to dinner when I come back. At present, to take his advice, and go away, for change. Where?

I am melancholy. As I think of going away for change, I am depressed.

I will go and call on my Aunt. It's an odd thing that whenever I'm depressed I always feel I should like to go and call on my AUNT HENRY (HENRIETTA is her full name), and I generally do.

The idea of calling on my Aunt when miserable, originated (I can distinctly trace it) in an ancient and laudable custom of my boyhood. The occasions of greatest depression to me when a boy were undoubtedly the days of my return to school, and these became to me "times of refreshing," as a lawyer might say, because I went the round of my relations in London, and made a collection to defray the expenses, or, as it were, encourage the performance, of my going back to school. I knew as well as a street musician or a country tramp the houses that were good for anything, and also could reckon beforehand, to a shilling, how much they were good for.

My Aunt was uniformly one sovereign. I visited her, beaming, at half-past eleven, a.m. Commencing my tour with her, we were delighted to see each other, she made inquiries about my progress at school, and fetched her purse out of her workbox, I, meantime, delicately pretending not to know what was going on. Then, after stopping there a quarter of an hour, I rose to leave, and she pressed a sovereign into my hand, for which I used to thank her heartily and blushing, and giving her a kiss (as a sort of set-off), bade her good-bye.

Thus it happens that, whenever I'm in as low spirits as I used to be on going-back days, I always instinctively turn towards my Aunt.

My AUNT HENRY (or HENRIETTA) is of sad temperament, and dresses (for no particular reason) something like a Lady Abbess, or, to give a better idea of her costume, as a Lady Abbess might be if she had a brougham, and was going out shopping in Regent Street.

"Well, my dear," she says, after hearing my statement of suffering, "I should say that quiet and repose would do all you want for you."

I assent.

"With, of course, a thorough change of scenery."

I assent again. I fancy she contemplates making me a handsome present (nothing like reviving good old customs), and paying my expenses for a continental trip.

"Change of scene," she continues, meditatively, "and change of people."

Certainly; quite my views on the subject.

"You should have no anxiety or trouble for some time, for instance," she goes on, myself assenting to every particular; "and so, I think—" (she's adding up what she's going to "come down with") "if you were to come down—" (ahem! the coming down I'd expected from her) "with me to Ramsgate, you could"—in a burst of generosity—"stay there for a fortnight or three weeks."

I am very much obliged. I accept. Ramsgate is near Dover, Dover to Ostend, and so forth. A little diplomacy will manage it. Diplomacy says, "Cultivate your Aunt." I will.

We go to-morrow. The party consists of my Aunt, her maid (a nice young girl of about fifty-three), a small King Charles (retained on the establishment for past services), and a melancholy turtle-dove in a wicker-cage. Our united ages amount to—but no matter; I foresee quiet, rest, and irresponsibility.

On looking over my *Mems* I find that I had set down, "Call on MINSLEY about certain commissions in town." As I shan't have any time to see him to-morrow, it occurs to me, after finishing my packing, that I'll look him up (10.30 p.m.) to-night. MINSLEY has something to do with looking up old records in a State Paper Office, and is generally considered a rising young man of strict business habits.

I find MINSLEY at his Club. He has dined late with a friend, and



CONVALESCENCE.

Gent. "I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR HORSE BACK AGAIN, CABBY. IS HE BETTER?"

Cabby (whose Horse has been out at Grass). "THANK YE SIR, I THINK HE IS KEEPING BETTER. LEASTWAYS, HE COMMENCED A KICKING AGAIN THIS MORNING."

they are the only persons in the large dining-room. I am announced, and shown in. I don't know the friend. They have two decanters on the table, one nearly empty, the other half full, and some legal-looking papers are lying between them.

MINSLEY and friend have either had quite as much as is good for them, or have been both fast asleep.

Both attempt to be excessively polite. The friend smiles and bows, and evidently would rise if he could only move his chair away from the table.

MINSLEY says, "Aha!" and looks at me as if trying to see me through a mist.

I am introduced to his friend (who tries to rise again, and is puzzled by his chair), whose name seems to be, as pronounced by MINSLEY, MR. WEDNESDAY.

He says, "Let me in'duce Mis' WENS'DAY," and omits my name entirely. MR. WENS'DAY smiles blandly, and in waving his hand (intending, I fancy, to motion me with the utmost politeness to a seat), upsets a wine-glass. At this they both laugh, though WENS'DAY appears to be a little discomfited, and mutters something about "'ts not being worth mentioning." I seat myself, and am about to address MINSLEY, when I notice that he is suddenly dozing, while WENS'DAY is still bowing to me, and smiling.

I observe to MINSLEY that if he's too sleepy to attend to business now, I'll write to him, as I shan't have time to call before leaving town.

He wakes up at the mention of business, and replies, "Certainly. I can 'tend. Go on." Then, by a sudden inspiration, "Take something." Whereupon WENS'DAY, who is helping himself to claret (and pouring some on the law papers), "begs pardon, and hopes I'll join"—with which he knocks over his wine-glass, and looking angrily round, as if some one had jogged his elbow, says, "Wait'r, wine-glass to thisgen'man." Then he smiles upon me as before.

Whatever MINSLEY is, there is no doubt about it WENS'DAY's very far gone.

I found out afterwards that his name is MIDDLEBOROUGH, but that before I came in they'd been discussing something important

to be done on Wednesday, and MINSLEY (so he says) had somehow got the word on his lips, and really was quite unaware he'd made the mistake.

Mem. This explanation comes to me by post, days after.

I mention why I am forced to go away. My Health. WENS'DAY says, "By all means; in a bumper," and is calling for another bottle of claret when I manage to make him understand that I am not proposing a toast. More smiles from WENS'DAY. While this passage is occurring between us, MINSLEY goes beyond a doze, and fairly snores.

As it is improbable I shall get him to attend to any business (and mine being important and pecuniary, requires a clear head), I rise to go.

I leave WENS'DAY—quite unable to get away from his chair, but polite to the last—smiling, bowing, and saying something indistinctly, "Bett'r stop—fish it"—(he means "finish it," it being the bottle)—and MINSLEY fast asleep, with his chin hiding his white tie.

Mem. Not a good time to call on MINSLEY as a man of business. Wonder what those law papers were about that they'd got on the table between them? Wonder when they got home, and how?

A Great Traveller.

DR. WATTS was evidently in the habit of making pedestrian excursions on the Continent, for in one of his noblest lines, he expressly says—

"Where'er I take my walks Abroad."

Odd Notion.

OUR ancestors had strange ideas of amusement. For example, they actually took pleasure in songs which were composed in "Fits."

A PROVERB FULFILLED.—"Every dog has his day." *Master M'Grath's* was Wednesday, March the First, when he visited Windsor Castle.

PICTORIAL SNOBBERIES.

BRITISH People, British People,
Whom aristocrats survey,
Looking down, as from a steeple,
In their supercilious way;
In shop-windows, seeing pictures
There for vulgar persons placed,
They do, with derisive strictures,
Vilify the Public's taste.

"See," they say, "to feed low craving,
Everywhere in view displayed,
Photographed, and in engraving,
Noble Youth and Royal Maid,
Represented as appearing
On demand, and form and face,
Showing off before the cheering
Plausive British populace.

"Drawn in Scotch costume, advancing
With the Daughter of the Crown,
There's LORD LORNE, the Couple dancing
To the footlights, as 'twere, down."
But such prints please Britain's Nation
Not; please British snobs alone:
Suited to their admiration,
Of the Peerage and the Throne.

A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

WHEN MR. ROBERT HARDIMENT, who has been imprisoned in Norwich Castle for bribery at the Norwich Parliamentary election of November, 1868, and the Norwich Municipal election of November, 1869, was released the other day, his friends escorted him in an open carriage drawn by gray horses, with banners displayed, and two brass bands playing "*Auld Lang Syne*."

The one brass band, we suppose, was in honour of the Parliamentary bribery, the other of the municipal.

A French admirer of British institutions, now here for the purpose of studying our representative system, was much edified, and remarked, "*C'est sortir de prison hardiment!*"

AN "ELASTIC BAND."—The Marriage Tie (in the Divorce Court).



"FAINT PRAISE."

Volunteer Officer (*Amateur Baritone, and considered only second to Mr. Saniley in Musical Circles*). "DO YOU THINK THE MEN HEAR ME, SERGEANT?"
Sergeant of the Guards (*considerately*). "WE SHALL DO BETTER BY-AND-BY, SIR. YOUR VOICE REQUIRES CULTIVATION!"

A PUNCH PROPHECY.

MR. PUNCH is the original *True Thomas*. His words are never untrue—unless he means them to be so—which he seldom does; in fact only on the occasions in respect to which the *True Thomas* of fiction offered his remonstrance to the Queen of Faëry. The latter *Thomas* energetically protested against being favoured with "a tongue that could never lee."

"My tongue is my ain," then THOMAS he said,
A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy or sell,
At fair or tryst where I might be.
I dought neither speak to priest or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."

Reserving his rights in the above emergencies, and one or two others, Mr. Punch habitually speaketh with the tongue that "cannot lee." As an instance of his prophetic gift, he invites perusal of the following brief passage from a dialogue which he gave to the universe on the 16th of January, 1869. The conversation, between the exiled young Prince of Spain, and the PRINCE IMPERIAL of France, comprised these words:—

"*Prince Imperial*. My Papa's dynasty is secure.

Prince of Asturias. How do you know that, my dear LOUIS?

Prince Imperial. Whisper. He knows all about it. He gives the Marshals all they desire, and keeps them in the best temper with us.

Prince of Asturias. You are a year older than I am, LOUIS, and therefore I must not teach you. But I will only say that my Mamma did exactly the same, and *here we are*."

Mr. Punch reprints this, not out of the vanity of proving his own prescience, which all the world acknowledges, but in order to say that what was to happen was to happen, that illustrious exiles are heartily welcome to England, and that he *does* hope that their privacy will be respected.

THE TWO ENDS OF A CANDLISH.

MR. CANDLISH would have us put down
Compulsory Vaccination,
And pay off the National Debt
By stern self-abnegation.

To the stout M.P. for Sunderland,
Mr. Punch recommends
The proverb that warns 'gainst lighting
Your Candlerish at both ends.

To such double lighting in this case,
The objection's a specially strong one,
When, if CANDLISH has one right end,
He has also, as clearly, a wrong one.

But let's hope he's as unlikely
Vaccination law to upset,
As we fear he's to coax the Nation
Into paying the National Debt.

MONMOUTH AND SOMERSET.

MONMOUTH has returned SOMERSET. This announcement is explained by the following newspaper paragraph:—

"THE REPRESENTATION OF MONMOUTH.—LORD HENRY SOMERSET was elected, unopposed, for Monmouthshire on Saturday morning. His Lordship announced himself a Conservative, and denounced the state of the Army and Navy."

With regard to military and naval affairs, then, the new Member for Monmouthshire is a Reformer. As such, if he do the State service, Monmouth will have to be congratulated on not having flung a SOMERSET.

AMERICAN EXETER HALLS.

IN these retrograde days, we catch eagerly at the slightest hope for the future of mankind which any piece of intelligence pointing thereto encourages us to cherish. The following announcement, extracted from the *Musical Standard*, is the best bit of news in that way which has appeared for some time:—

"We hear that the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston (United States) has begun its rehearsal of the music to be performed at its triennial festival in May, for which it has in view engagements of several English artists, including, we hear, MADAME LEMMENS-SHERINGTON and MR. SANTELEY."

The refining influence of Music, and in particular of the sort of music which, like that of the great Masters above-named, especially affects the sentiments of reverence and spirituality, and awakens the senses of beauty and grace, will, it may be hoped, be brought to bear upon the American character with a degree of advantage. Absorbing devotion to commercial pursuits has rendered that character susceptible of some improvement in those regions of the mind of which the development is promoted by any impressions they are capable of deriving from divine harmony. Should HANDEL and HAYDN become popular in the United States, hereafter nobody will have cause to say that the mission of the great American branch of the Anglo-Saxon family is to vulgarise creation. Cultivated musical taste in the land of WASHINGTON will very likely in time produce a Composer; and by-and-by the great and glorious Commonwealth of the New World may be provided with a finer National Anthem than "*Yankee Doodle*."

Sovereigns and Ex-Sovereigns.

THE *Times* very truly remarks, in a leading article, that it is from France, above all countries, that the flight of Sovereigns has been most abundant. Just so; and now we expect to have one NAPOLEON added to all those Sovereigns. Let us hope that the loan required by France for the indemnity she has to pay will not, on the reverse, draw too many sovereigns out of England.

THE CLOSEST STUDY.—Any Study where the windows haven't been opened for the last Six Months.

THE AFFAIR-DIAMOND.

THE interesting MRS. TORPEY (who as the Chaplain of the House of Commons, remarked in his sermon at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, was acquitted by "a chicken-hearted jury"—

rather, perhaps, because she made artistic use of her own "chick" in arms) will doubtless join her self-exiled lord, and as a contemporary suggests, will amuse him with "singing the praises of English law." More likely her favourite song to him will be the German *lied* "*Du hast Diamanten und Perlen*." But what do the Strong-Minded women say to the case? Are they willing, for the sake of Equal Rights, to forego the delightful arrangement by which a married lady who does anything wrong is supposed to have done it under marital coercion? Or are they so confident in their own strong-mindedness and strongbodiedness as to despise the idea that they could be "made" to do anything?

A DOMESTIC TALE OF HORROR.



TABLEAU I.

Timid Wife. "HENRY, DEAR, HENRY! THERE ARE THIEVES IN THE HOUSE!"

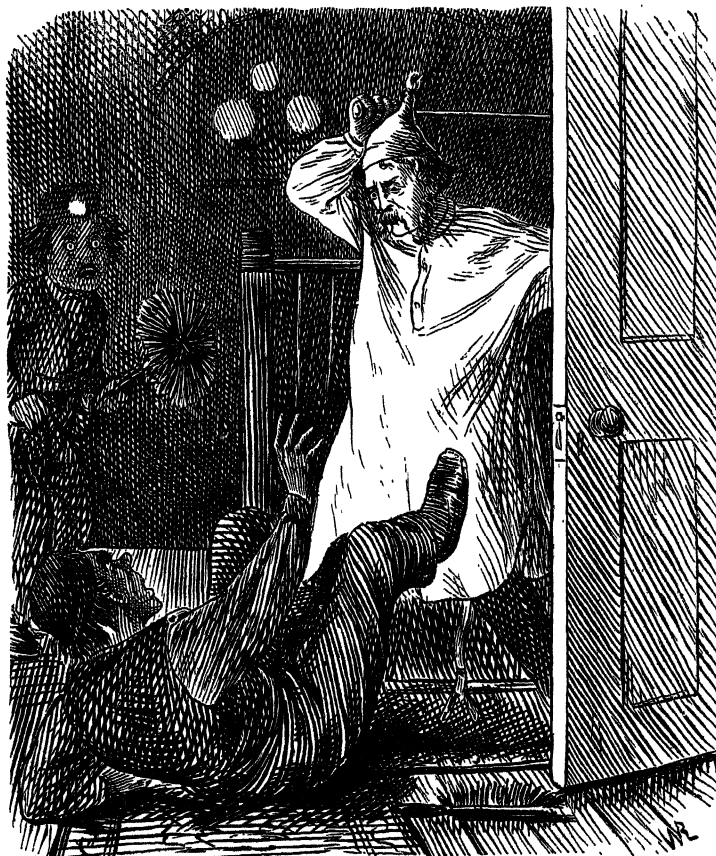


TABLEAU II.

Voice from the Bedroom. "HENRY, DEAR, HENRY! I FORGOT TO SAY THE SWEEPS WERE COMING THIS MORNING."

RITUALISM IN REBELLION.

THE *John Bull* reports a meeting of Ritualists, lay and clerical, at which it was unanimously resolved to disobey the late judgment of the Privy Council, which forbids clergymen of the Church of England to play at Roman Catholics. Our High Anglican contemporary, referring to the parsons present, states that, "the Incumbents seemed prepared to resign their livings." Only seemed prepared to resign their mere livings? One would think they would have been prepared to resign their lives. "SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE died a martyr," and there may be reverend gentlemen prepared to follow his example; but seemingly these are not the men. Although Ritualists advocate Auricular Confession, they do not, themselves, seem even prepared to be so much as what the Calendar calls Confessors.

"The Rye-House Plot."

AN ingenious student replied in answer to a question on this subject, that this "plot" was the ground on which the

Tower of Pisa stood, "which," he explained, "was the wryest house he'd ever seen."

A JUMPER.—It is said that a certain female Gymnast can jump fifty feet at one spring. This seems to be beyond the bounds of possibility.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 13.—In both houses announcement was made of the conclusion of the Black Sea Conference, and of the result of its discussions. As there has already begun a portentous disturbance on the subject, and as the best of the French journals informs the world that England has flung away all the fruits of the Crimean war: that she has begun to suffer by her Prussian policy, and by LORD GRANVILLE's obsequiousness to Family Predilections, we will set forth in the most prosaic manner what LORD GRANVILLE, late President of the Conference, stated the conclusions to be:—

1. The Clauses of the Treaty of 1856 neutralising the Black Sea are abrogated.
2. The restrictions imposed by previously existing Treaties upon the Porte in regard to the closing of the Straits of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus when the Porte is at peace are so far modified as to admit of her opening them, even in time of peace, to the ships of war of friendly and allied Powers, in case the Porte should deem it necessary.
3. The European Commission of the Danube is prolonged for Twelve Years.
4. Continual neutrality of the works already created, or to be created, by the Commission.
5. Right of the Porte to send war-ships into the Danube.

So much for the new arrangements. Then, by way of postscript to the famous Circular of the Russian Minister, declaring that the Czar would no longer be bound by the Treaty, the Representative of Russia has had to sign this:—

"IT IS AN ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLE OF THE LAW OF NATIONS THAT NO POWER CAN LIBERATE ITSELF FROM THE ENGAGEMENTS OF A TREATY, NOR MODIFY THE STIPULATIONS THEREOF, UNLESS WITH THE CONSENT OF THE CONTRACTING POWERS, BY MEANS OF AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT."

Commending all which to his beloved Public for calm consideration when the present Festivities shall be over (of a truth *Mr. Punch's* Loyalty has had to take the form of so many toasts to the happiness of The Couple, that he is slightly indisposed to political dissertation), *Mr. Punch* is happy to say that in Parliament, in the Press, and everywhere else where a row can be kicked up on the proceedings of the Conference, up-kicked will that row be. But for the hour let us celebrate the joyous Treaty between the Houses of Brunswick and of Campbell.

In this—what shall we call it?—Rubicund (that's a good word, and totally inapplicable) Spirit, let us briefly dispose of the Parliamentary utterances of the past week. They have not been unimportant, but, like all really important things, they may be described in a few words.

For instance, the Pillar Letter Boxes are not to be made big, to receive

newspapers, books, parcels. As it is, the slits are too wide, and not a day passes but *Mr. Punch* beholds some idiot painfully ramming a newspaper into the pillar, and accomplishing his purpose by dint of hard shoving and prods with a stick or umbrella. *Mr. Punch* calmly watches the process, and as soon as the scrunched article has descended, he sweetly informs the poster that the paper will not be delivered. The usual reply is "Who cares?" the party wisely remembering that it is his or her employer's business, not his or hers. But *Mr. Punch* is sometimes asked, "Why didn't yer say so before?" To which, if the querist be much smaller than *Mr. Punch*, he answers, "Can't you read the notice, you something or something?" (as the case may be).

The Lords have passed the Lectionary Bill—that for revising the Prayer-Book list of Lessons. An interesting theological debate arose to-night, and LORD GREY denounced the Athanasian creed as the barbarous product of a barbarous age. He never heard it without horror. LORD BEAUCHAMP, on the other hand, believed that it was a source of comfort to thousands. Thousands would seem to be somewhat easily, not to say oddly, comforted.

There was an Army Scheme debate to-night, and on other nights, and the most convenient course *Mr. Punch* can adopt is to say that MR. GLADSTONE tried to abbreviate the discussion, but that Honourable Members would say their say, and that the end did not come until Friday night. The Purchase Question was the great subject of battle, because Vested Interests of all sorts and sizes are at stake; but on the other hand it was necessary to get this part of the question out of the way, because the Government declare that nothing can be done in the way of real Reform until, as the *Times* succinctly puts it, "the Army shall be taken out of Pawn." Its gallant Uncles are its officers.

MR. CARDWELL explained, on a later night, that he had asked for only such legislation as was wanted, that organisation was a matter of detail, which demanded general authorisation, not special enactment; that none of the useful suggestions of any speaker had been overlooked, and that the Scheme would be found, when worked out, to be all that was required by the nation. "He couldn't speak Pharaoh," as THOMAS HOOD wrote, but we shall see, we shall see, we shall see—to dismiss the matter in true Philistine style. MR. DISRAELI spoke, gave the Government credit for the best intentions, and virtually conceded the Purchase Question, so that there was not much for MR. GLADSTONE to say in reply, COLONEL LORD LINDSAY's amendment was negatived, and the Army Bill was read a Second Time amid loud Liberal cheers. They may, perhaps, not be quite so loud after some of the divisions in the Future.

Tuesday. The friends of Convocation, if it has any, may as well be informed that the Lords struck out of the Lectionary Bill the recognition of the clerical Parliament.

MR. STANSFIELD, the new President of the Poor Law Board, having been re-elected for Halifax, without opposition, took his seat amid cheers from both sides. Liking him, *Mr. Punch* (who like THEMISTOCLES, has a talent for helping his friends) makes record of a fact which in the case of anybody he didn't care about he should have left unnoticed. Frankness is *Mr. Punch's* forte. His contemporaries puff their friends just as nobly, but do not state the reason for their advertisements.

There is a fine zoological collection at the India Office Museum, but it is not of the least use, being "boxed up." MR. GRANT DUFF said something about its being "partly accessible" to the scientific world, but there was certainly no *proxime accessit* in the case of DR. SCLATER, the invaluable secretary to the Zoological Society. That gentleman wanted to solve a problem in Natural History, by research at the Indian Museum, but was told that everything was packed away in boxes. Why not give the collection, *en bloc*, to DR. SCLATER, for the Zoological Museum. It is idiotic to hoard it up, as covetous old ladies hoard scraps and fragments, until the moths eat them.

MR. LAMBERT generously proposed to raise the salaries of Government officials, but as he did not offer to do it at his own expense, the proposal was politely declined by the First Lord of the Treasury out of which the money was to come.

The Postmaster General revises sundry postal charges, reduces the price of money-orders for very small amounts—raises the price of those for larger amounts—satisfies

the Small Parcels people, whose miscellanies are again to be carried by post—forbids Postmasters to buy postage stamps from the public (this is because letters with stamps in them are a good deal stolen) and receives compliments from the House. He deserves most of them, but he is wrong on a detail. Sums "under" ten shillings, for instance, are to go by money order for a penny. It should be "not exceeding." The next price is two pence. So, if people wish to manifest their sense of indignation at the absurd limit, they can take an order for nine and elevenpence, and put up a penny stamp with it, for the receiver. MR. MONSELL will not be angry.

The Trades Union Bill was read a Second Time. It is generally approved in the House and by the public, but the Unions complain of the clause which forbids "molestation" and "picketing," without which they say they cannot make a Strike complete. Precisely so—and hence the Bill will be passed in the present form, as prayed by the Chamber of Commerce at Sheffield, where people know something about intimidation.

Wednesday.—A Railway Debate, and a complete exposure, by SIR H. SELWIN-IBBETSON, of the reckless and shabby system on which some of our lines are managed. Of course, the usual answer was made, "Directors always ready to improve," "Suggestions not practical," "Very few people killed, considering how many travel," "Surely directors must know their own business," &c., &c. The clock, more punctual than most trains, brought the matter to an end.

Thursday.—The University Tests Bill was read a Second Time, in the Lords, without opposition. "What wilt thou do, renowned SALISBURY?" "You'll see, in Committee, renowned *Punch*," replied the Marquis.

In the Commons, there were no fewer than five divisions, at the end of the Army debate, on the question of adjournment, and of course, as this might have gone on until now, Government submitted.

Friday.—Bless us, haven't we told you above—how many times is *Mr. Punch* to—O, ah! Well, there was a slight row between MR. C. BENTINCK, who complained that MR. A. PEEL, a member of the Government, had made noises at him, and MR. BENTINCK begged MR. GLADSTONE to keep his colleagues in better order. MR. PEEL said that he had made no improper noises, but that he had certainly signified disapproval when MR. BENTINCK charged the PREMIER with want of principle. The House expressed its approbation of this explanation, and MR. GLADSTONE was satisfied with an explanation by MR. BENTINCK, and all became serene.

MR. NEWDEGATE, made a speech about Catholic convents, and wanted—

But we say. Does any body want to hear about that at a time like this? We trow not. What ho! The Flowing Bowl. Health and Happiness to HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS LOUISE, and to her Lord. Here we all are. Hooray!

ILLUSTRATIVE IDEAS.

(Respectfully Inscribed to MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.)

SWEETNESS and light MARIA JONES
Together doth comprise;
There's sweetness in MARIA's tones—
Light in MARIA's eyes.

In sugar-candy, too, we see
Those qualities unite;
Because that sweetmeat is, as she,
At once both sweet and bright.

Pax!

PEACE is assured. There is no necessity for any formal ratification of the Treaty. It would be an idle formality. The diplomatists may spare themselves all further trouble. We have the pleasure of drawing attention to what has been rightly called "a first result of peace," and of giving wider publicity to the most convincing proof of the return of a happier state of things.—Cook's excursions to Paris have re-commenced.

THE PURCHAS JUDGMENT—which the High Church party brought on themselves by their want of judgment.



"THE BURDENS OF FASHION."

WHAT WE MUST COME TO BEFORE LONG!

NATIONAL DEBT TILL DOMESDAY.

(Appeal of a British Tax-payer to the REV. DR. CUMMING.)

WHY, DR. CUMMING, with increased severity,
Should we be taxed for the gain of Posterity?
Taxed for the purpose of paying the National
Debt off—proposal of persons irrational.

As for Posterity, will there be any fit
By our taxation hereafter to benefit?
At our expense aught advantaged how can it be?
Ere it could possibly, where will this planet be?

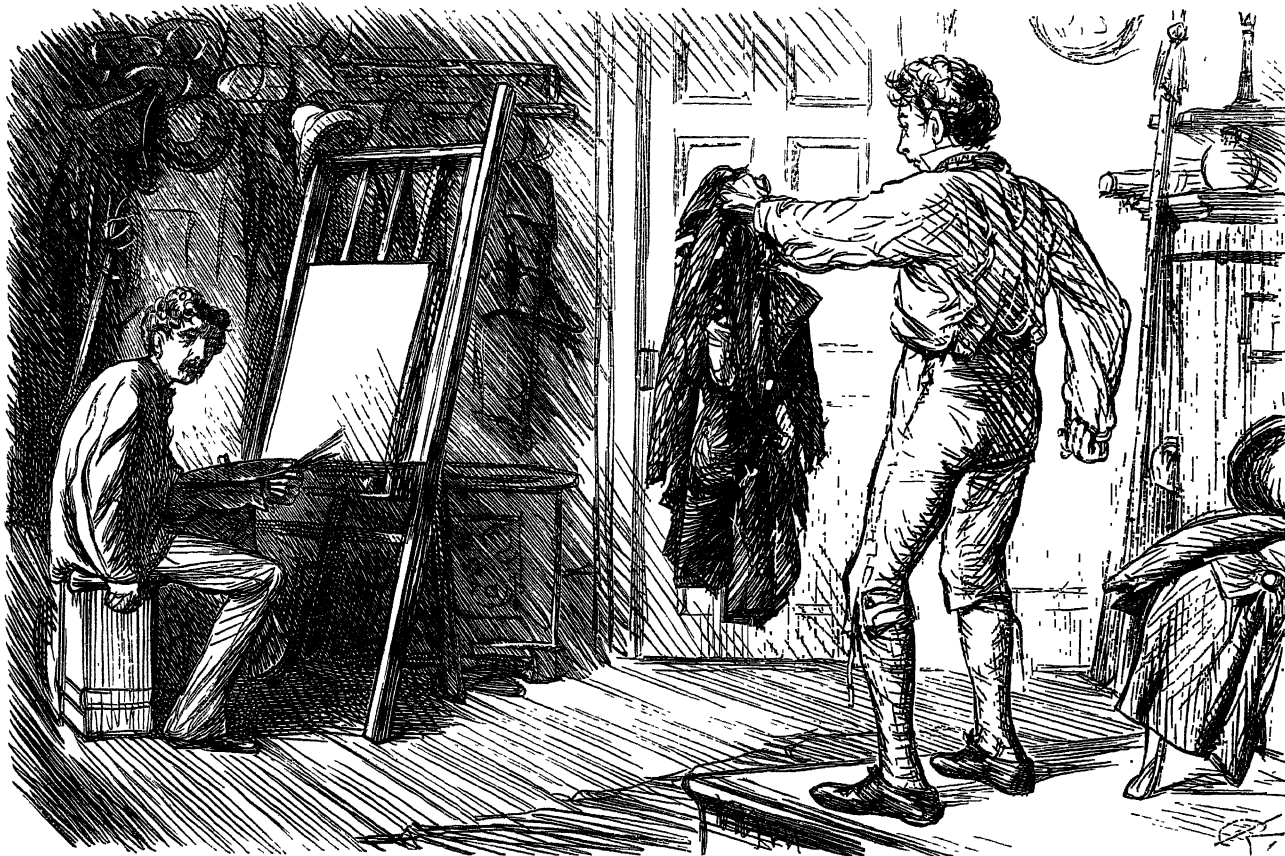
Should not the world's end have, Doctor prophetic,
Come four years since, but for slight exegetical
Error; and may we not shortly anticipate
That day which all things is destined to dissipate?

But if in prophecy you're altogether out,
And our Earth yet has a long time to weather out,
We shall in no respect any the better be
To us of thanks if Posterity debtor be.

My children's children, suppose I had got any,
(Being no Cæsar, I'm glad I have not any)
Debt, from my own predecessor inherited,
Nohow that I should redeem would have merited.

Much less will children of children of other men—
Deeply and dearly as I love my brother men,
For those grand-nephews and nieces that are to be,
Taxed ere they're born is what I do not care to be.

CUMMING, whatever we think of futurity,
Present taxation's a plague, of a surety.
Even supposed we this globe's perpetuity,
Paying the National Debt were fatuity.



REAL IRISH GRIEVANCE.

Irish Model (requested to put on rather a dilapidated costume). "THE BLISSED SAINTS DIRECT ME INTO THIS COAT, SOR!"

PAPAL INCORRUPTIBILITY.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin announces the notable fact that:—

"The POPE has refused his consent to the Prussian proposal of separating the diocese of Alsace and Lorraine from the sees of France."

A worldly Pope in the place of his Holiness would have acceded to that proposal in order to curry favour with the Emperor of Germany. But even though KAISER WILHELM should offer to dis-unite Rome from Italy, and replace the Sovereign Pontiff on his temporal throne if he would consent to separate Alsace and Lorraine from the French sees, no doubt the reply of *Pro Nono* would still be *Non possumus*. And perhaps ANTONELLI would advise him to persist in saying so.

A SEVERE STATE SURGEON.

THE principle on which, last year, MR. ROBERT LOWE professed to construct his Budget, was that of making everybody a little uncomfortable. It is to be feared that his forthcoming financial arrangement will be based on the same principle, with the aggravation of being made very uncomfortable to everybody. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is a State Surgeon, who does not put the patients on whom he operates under chloroform. His practice is anæsthetic in the opposite way, directed, when he reduces taxation, so to reduce it that they whose burdens are lightened by the reduction shall not feel it. But who will thank you, ROBERT, for the relief of which you take care that nobody shall be sensible?

Another New Title.

"DAYBREAK in Spain." Why select this particular period of the day as the subject of a book? and why, further, go to Spain for a voluminous description of it? Is the early morn more striking in that country than in Italy, or the Tropics, or on Mont Blanc, or Notting Hill?

EXCEPTIONAL SON-IN-LAW.

HAPPY the man who, when he takes a bride,
Espouses her alone, and none beside:
And doth not find, as many husbands do,
That he has married her relations, too.

Let him that needs must wed select a wife
Whose parents, both, departed have this life.
Her sole regard that he may comprehend,
And prove the else friendless orphan's only friend.

What mortal ever yet the husband saw
Blest in the Mother he acquired by law?
Exceptions to all rules in time are born—
Long live thy Mother-in-law, LORD OF LORNE!

SAD OCCURRENCE.

MR. PUNCH,—I am sure you have a great respect for age. I am sure you would wish the old to enjoy their well-earned rest and repose in unmolested tranquillity, to take their nap and their doze and their sleep without any disturbance or interruption; to be allowed even to be stertorous without question or remonstrance. I feel a moral certainty, therefore, that you will share my indignation, when you hear that in my neighbourhood we have lately witnessed the public scandal of a sale by open Auction of no less than "three thousand old sleepers." Poor dears! But I cannot trust myself to write further. I can only invoke your powerful aid to prevent the recurrence of such an outrage on all the best feelings of our Ascidian Nature.

A MAN WITH TWO GRANDMOTHERS, AND A GREAT AUNT.

Cool Spot, E.C.

THE best place in the City for Summary proceedings is of course the Vintry Ward.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



ROYALTY THEATRE.—Passing through "The Elegantly Appointed Saloons" (vide New Royalty playbill—no, we beg pardon, "Programme") we find ourselves in the Auditorium, where the prices range from sixpence to two guineas, and all is velvet, lace, young women in waiting, RIMMEL'S perfumed programmes (with advertisements of lime-juice, glycerine, and "photochrome"), apples, oranges, ginger-beer (as "Nectar for the Gods"), and "Refreshments of the finest quality" for those who are inclined to take advantage of the minutes allowed between the Acts.

TIME 8:30.—Piece, "An Original Comedy in Three Acts, entitled—
BEHIND A MASK."

Our Scene, before the Curtain; the Auditorium generally, Stalls in particular. On the Stage the Scene of Act I. is supposed to represent "Behind the Scenes of the T.R. Pevensey-super-Mare."

Young Gentleman enters Stalls late, joins his party. Greetings. He settles down after the usual difficulties with his hat.

Elderly Gentleman, with Young Lady, enters elegantly-appointed Saloon. Elegantly-appointed Female Attendant appears from another elegantly-appointed Saloon somewhere.

Elegantly-appointed Syren (courteously suggesting). The lady would like to leave her cloak—

[Young Lady hesitates, not being sure what is the correct thing to do.

Elderly Gentleman (probably Uncle). No—no, never mind.

[Foresees saving sixpence. He proceeds, ticket in hand, with an undaunted air.

Elegantly-appointed Male Box-keeper (suddenly appearing from behind some elegantly-appointed curtains, and addressing Elderly Gentleman authoritatively). Leave your coat and 'at, Sir?

Elderly Gentleman. (who would sooner die than yield these articles, sternly). No, I'll—um—I'll (as if giving expression to a brilliant idea)—I'll take 'em with me.

[Flatters himself on having "shut up" the elegantly appointed one, and on having again saved sixpence. Shows ticket defiantly, while Young Lady is half afraid that in consequence of her Uncle's abrupt manner, he'll be refused admittance out of spite. They are, however, handed over to the care of another elegantly-appointed Syren, dressed somewhat in the style of the pert lady's maid only seen in farces, who shows them into the Stalls.

Niece (thoughtfully). We shall want a—

Syren (sweetly). Programme? (Hands one.)

Uncle (pretending not to notice this—another sixpence saved). Where are our Stalls? (They are pointed out to him. He begins to feel hot. Wishes he'd left his coat. Stoops to put his hat under the seat. Comes up again purple with the exertion.) Very awkward these—(kicks his hat, and dives again. Reappears very much exhausted, after staving in one side of his hat. Wishes he'd left it, with his coat.)

Friend behind him (recognising him). Hallo! You here!

Uncle (puffing, and unable to deny the fact). Yes. (Apologetically) I've brought my niece. Let me introduce—

[Introduces Friend at back to Niece at his side. Niece inclines her head at an acute angle, and sees as much of her Uncle's Friend as she can conveniently take in with her left eye. Uncle, in this operation, feels that his white tie (which he won't and can't pin without using bad language) has wriggled round. Both wish that Friend was sitting in front

instead of behind. Original Comedy has in the meantime progressed.

Intricate and complicated plot of Act I. Miss JOSEPHINE BELLINGHAM—pretty name by the way—elopes with ALGERNON PERCIVAL, —another very pretty name—in order to become MRS. ALGERNON PERCIVAL, or MRS. PERCIVAL, as the case may be. That's all.

Lounger (coming in late and joining Party in Stalls). What's this? His Friend (briefly). First Act.

Lounger. Ah! (looks about). Anything been done, eh?

His Friend (much interested in the piece). No, nothing particular. Joe Attwood (a prompter, capably made up and very carefully played by MR. FLOCKTON). Yes, Governor (to MR. BELLINGHAM, the manager), our JOEY (meaning Miss JOS. BELLINGHAM) is, &c., &c.

Man (who knows something about theatricals, in Stalls). What's the prompter supposed to be doing?

Amateur Friend. Don't know. (Brilliantly) Prompting, I suppose. Doesn't seem like it, though.

Lady Vaguely (in Private Box to the HONOURABLE CHARLES, her friend, in attendance). It reminds me of—dear me—what's that piece in which ALFRED WIGAN, you know, and his daughter—

Hon. Charles (exercising his memory). Ah—yes—"The"—um—(thinks he's got the name, but hasn't)—"The"—um—no—(corrects himself)—not "Still Waters,"—no— [They both think it over.

Deeply-interested Swell (in another Private Box, leaning with his back towards the Stage). I say, old boy—(to dinner companion)—what a bore it is not being able to smoke at a theatre.

Second Swell (also deeply interested). Ya-as. (Yawns.) S'pose we go to Alhambra? Deuced good band there, first-rate. 'Pomysoul (he means to say "'Pon my soul"), best place for evening—in a box, of course.

First Swell. Ya-as.

Enter on Stage CAPTAIN CHIFNEY CHALLONER, well played by MR. O. SUMMERS, and excellently "made up."

Lady Vaguely (suddenly). O, I know—(taps HON. CHARLES with her fan)—"The First Night"—that was the name of the piece.

Hon. Charles. Yes: of course, behind the scenes.

Second Swell (condescending to attend for a few minutes). That fellow's not so bad, is he? He's dressed deuced well.

[He alludes to MR. BISHOP, who is an admirable exponent of the HON. TIM WHIFFLER. MR. BISHOP is certainly one of the best (and we have very few) "Young Men" on the Stage.

Captain Chifney (on Stage, speaking in a deep voice). AW—ya-as—doosid good—haw—haw.

Critical Habitue (in Stalls). Rather like BANCROFT in Ours.

Lady Habitue. Yes: but it's the same sort of character.

Josephine (on Stage, to her parent in a plum-coloured coat). Kiss me, father—kiss me—say that you—(He kisses her. Recollection of Scene in "David Copperfield," where EMILY, on the night of her intended elopement with STEERFORTH, asks PEGOTTY to kiss her, and pardon her if she has ever caused him any sorrow, &c., &c.—Ahem! —JOSEPHINE continuing). Kiss me, father—(he does so, she clings to him)—say that you—that you—(Her father twinkles his eyes, purses up his mouth, smacks his lips, somewhat after the manner of the late MR. HARLEY or the present MR. COMPTON)—that you—(Struggles with her feelings, whatever they may be, still guided by LITTLE EM'LY)—That you—booh-hoo-hoo!

[Her feelings being too much for her, she gives way, and is led off by an elderly matron.

Amateur in Stall. MR. ALGERNON PERCIVAL will have a pleasant elopement, if that's how she's going on.

Act progresses. MR. BELLINGHAM (Peggotty) receives a note from JOSEPHINE (Emily) to say she's gone. JOE (Ham) reads it to him. End of Act.

Niece (to Uncle, in Stalls, answering friend behind). Yes, it's— it's pretty.

Friend behind. Your Uncle seems greatly interested.

Niece. Yes, I must wake him; he always sleeps at a theatre.

[Wakes her Uncle, who blinks for a few seconds and then refers to his watch.

ACT II.

Private Theatricals at Feltham Hall.

Mrs. Percival (formerly Josey Bellingham). I'll put you all right. [Takes manuscript and makes herself generally useful, and particularly disagreeable.

Lady Vaguely (in Private Box to HON. CHARLES). I don't think she would be invited again. [HON. CHARLES simpers.

Mr. Cadby Scratle (on Stage). I'm a local reporter and a dreadful little cad—(to everyone, briskly)—good evening—and I'm asked here to the rehearsal—in order that I may write a full account of LORD BEAUMORRIS'S private theatricals in the small provincial journal.

[N.B. This, perhaps, is the most original idea in the "Comedy." Swell (interesting himself in MR. BISHOP, who is in evening dress,

and playing Honourable Tom Whiffer, as in Act I., capitally). Ya-as, he is deuced well dressed. Only—(horriſied)—look—
Second Swell (equally horriſied). Some one ought to tell him not to wear white stockings in evening dress with low shoes. Looks horrid bad.

PLOT OF ACT II.

MRS. PERCIVAL rehearses a part in which she has to say, "O, my father, do we meet again?" or words to that effect—

Clever Habitué (languidly). Bet she meets her father.
Everybody (everywhere in theatre). O, of course.

[—and, strange to say (dear me, how curiously things do come about, to be sure!) she positively rushes into her father's arms, who has come in evening dress to superintend professionally the rehearsal. So new, you know, and takes you so by surprise!]

ACT III.

Lodgings by the Sea-side. About four years after Act II., judging that is from the size of the child, ALGERNON PERCIVAL, JUNIOR, who is brought in at the finish on the MRS. TORPEY principle, in order to excite the compassion of the audience.

Joe Attwood. JOSEPHINE is gone "off her chump." (He means gone crazy with grief owing to the disappearance of MR. PERCIVAL.)
Habitué. Why didn't PERCIVAL write? or telegraph?
People generally. Ah! why didn't he?

[General dissatisfaction with PERCIVAL's conduct.

Joe Attwood (to MRS. DURDHAM, the Matron). Don't persevere, Mum. (She cries.) Don't persevere, Mum. (She does something else.) Don't persevere, Mum. (This being said at intervals for about a dozen times, gets laughed at occasionally.)

Critical Habitué. Perhaps that's what he'll say to the author: "Don't persevere, Sir."

Enter JOSEY "off her chump," mad as TILBURINA, in white muslin.
 MR. ALGERNON PERCIVAL returns.

Algernon Percival. When she sees me she'll be pleased.

[Will she? He is dressed in black frock coat and trousers, frilled shirt, and purple gloves, being in mourning for his father, whose illness has taken him away, and caused his wife's madness. O, isn't it simple and pretty, and O, so natural, and O, so probable, and O, so affecting!]

Critical Person in Pit (who hasn't been a playgoer all his life for nothing). I say (to his companion) do you see that there pianner in the corner? Well, you'll see if some one don't go and play her a tune which she heard before, as a child, or somewhere a long time ago, and then she'll wake up all of a sudden like, and the young cove'll call out to her, and she'll come round all square, and tumble into his arms. See if she don't. (And so she does.)

His Friend (admiringly). You was right. You see 'd it afore.

Critical Pittite (winking). Know it off the reel. Lor' bless yer, it's the reg'lar thing. Come along!

Exeunt Omnes.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

THE SONG OF THE BOLD TAR.

Come listen to this Jolly Old Tar,
 And the time he will beguile
 Not in tittle tattle,
 But a-telling of a battle,
 Of the famous battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 Of the famous battle of the Nile.

Chorus, if you please.

At the battle of Nile
 I was there all the while,
 At the battle of the Nile
 I was there!

'Twas past three bells when the en'my's sail
 Hove in sight of our larboard bow;
 Our skipper cried—
 I was standing by his side,
 But—his words I've forgotten now,
 My boys! my boys!
 His words I can not remember now.

We saw five thousand Frenchmen there,
 At the distance of a mile;
 We gave three cheers
 For the gay Mounseers
 Who were sailing so bravely up the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 All a-sailing bravely up the Nile.

All hands to breakfast had just been piped,
 And the kettle began to bile,
 When a shot went a whizzin'
 Through the main-gallant-mizen—
 'Twas the first at the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 'Twas the first at the battle of the Nile.

Our Admiral he were in his dish-o-bill,
 But he dashed on his cockéd tile:
 'Twas lion-hearted NELSON,
 And he hadn't nothing else on,
 On the morn of the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 On the morn of the battle of the Nile.
 [Authentic Chorus as before.

A British Seaman's brave and true,
 At all dangers he will smile;
 And a sailor may be bold,
 Though he stops down in the hold
 All the time of the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 All the time of the battle of the Nile.

A Tar must go wherever duty calls,
 Though to face a crocodile,
 O, 'twas hard that a cold
 Confined me to the hold
 On the day of the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 All the day of the battle of the Nile.

The cannons began to rage and to roar,
 And where was this Tar meanwhile?
 Aye! this brave heart beat
 Neath a blanket and sheet
 In my berth at the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 Influenza at the battle of the Nile.

'Twas done! we'd won! they slept! I crept
 Out of berth, sheets and blanket a-pile,
 And jumped into the river
 'Twas a bad thing for my liver,
 To tell of the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 To be first with the battle of the Nile.

Once more I stood on England's shore
 On the shore of our own dear Isle
 I've lived a long time in it
 But never till this minute
 Have I sung of the battle of the Nile,
 My boys! my boys!
 Have I sung of the battle of the Nile.
 But—(heroic chorus.)
 At the battle of the Nile
 I was there all the while
 At the battle of the Nile
 I was there!!

Royal Development.

TALK of the law of Natural Selection, we are all glad to see it allowed to govern the marriage of a British Princess with the heir of a British Peer. This is a great improvement on the rule of non-natural selection by which German husbands have hitherto been wont to be chosen for our Royal spinsters. Happily, too, Natural Selection, in the present instance, will not be accompanied by Struggle for Existence.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

A PRECAUTION, suggested by the late panic with respect to an exanthematous complaint, has suggested, in some quarters, the inquiry whether there is any peculiar process appointed by the Faculty for the Vaccination of such as are of riper years.



“TRAIN UP A CHILD,” &c.

“MAMMA, DON'T YOU THINK PUG OUGHT TO BE VACCINATED?”

“WHAT NONSENSE, DEAR! THEY ONLY VACCINATE HUMAN BEINGS!”

“WHY, LADY FAKEAWAY'S HAD ALL HER SERVANTS VACCINATED, MAMMA!”

PUNCH'S PROTHALAMION.

(On the Espousals of the PRINCESS LOUISE and the LORD OF LORNE,
March 21, 1871.)

MAD March, that lion-like break'st on the year,
Be lamb-like for LOUISE, who weds to-day:
Or, if thy wild winds needs must pipe and play,
Be it blithe wedding march, and chorus clear.
And if thy dust appear,
Be't that gold dust of thine, whereof they say
A peck of it is ransom for a king,
Which on her golden head for guerdon lay,
Crowning her new life with the smile of spring,
While pairing birds shall sing
The song that best befits a marriage morn—
And with thy softest green the boughs adorn,
And woo forth from its bud each sweetest flower,
That all Earth's fairest firstlings may be born
To deck the bridal bower,
And grace this rosy hour.
And thou, by Windsor's walls, thine elms among,
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.*

This is no common day, e'en among days
Of princely wedlock: when our Windsor rose
Boldly the pale of Royalty o'ergrows;
Beyond that old ring-fence shoots venturous sprays;
Like a free field-flower strays,
And—*Rose d'Amour*—save Love's no lordship knows!
Cupid, that laughs at locksmiths, laughs at ties
Fast knotted out of Royalty's red-tape,

And under a wise mother's guardian eyes,
By the heart's right o'er the hand's destinies,
Makes Law help Love's escape.
Then boldly leap, LOUISE; and, lusty LORNE,
Show how a dear load may be lightly borne,
Though weighted with a princely coronet—
He that would win the rose must brave the thorn!
Envy's the winner's debt—
Blithely this flowret set
Beside thy eagle plume, and wear it long—
And Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

“Let royal blood but with blood royal blend,
Lest crowned heads out of subjects' reverence fall,
Or subjects, with the throne for pedestal,
For dangerous and dizzying heights contend.”
So Fools the time would mend,
And on the dial back the hands would call,
And have things still to be as they have been,
Keeping the Future to the Past in thrall;
But while they mouth their cues, Time shifts the scene,
And east, from Clown to Queen;
Old properties, old phrases pass away,
And lo, new actions move, new actors play!
Such change of scene is here, where Youth and Love
Take parts they seldom in Court-shows essay,
The varnished mask remove,
And doff the *glacé* glove,
For Youth's true face, and Love's clasp warm and long—
Sweet Thames, flow softly, till I end my song!

Or, if blood-royal to blood-royal run,
The stock of the MAC CAILEAN-MOR* may claim

* Mr. Punch presents his thanks to MASTER EDMUND SPENSER for the loan of this line.

* For the benefit of readers unread in Highland family lore, Mr. Punch ought to say that MAC CAILEAN MOR is the great COLIN, the real founder of the house of Campbell. He fought Norse HAGO at Largs (A.D. 1263), and after



OVER THE RING-FENCE.

To match the GUELF's for long-descended fame,
 Since WILLIAM's niece the GILLIE CALLUM won,
 And left a Norman son,
 To mask MAC DIARMID's under BEAUCHAMP's name.
 The while LOCHOW, at blood-feud still with LORNE,
 Reaped the red harvest sowed by sword and flame,
 Till to Kilchrenan CAILEAN MOR was borne,
 While the MAC DOUGALL's pibroch skirled in scorn.
 And CAMPBELL's tree took root,
 And grew so great of girth, so flush of fruit,
 Its arms LORNE's land and lordship shadowed o'er,
 And what strength spared was won by wooer's suit,
 Till, by MAC DIARMID's boar,
 ARGYLL LORNE's galley wore—
 No prouder coat, St. George's flags among!
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

A Royal Maid's white palm ere now was laid
 In a red CAMPBELL's. Was not stout SIR NEIL,*
 For service done at need by sleight and steel,
 With BRUCE's sister's hand by BRUCE repaid,
 When kings thanked subject's blade?
 So of *mésalliance* needs no dread to feel,
 Believers in blue blood and blazon's power;
 LORNE boasts all rights that pedigrees reveal
 To counterpoise e'en his LOUISE's dower;
 And,—best gifts of the hour,—
 He brings his youth and strength and promise fair
 Of all that crowns with joy a wedded pair:
 While she that blushes, blissful, at his side,
 Moves to the altar, 'mid a nation's prayer
 That best may her betide
 Kind stars can give a bride.
 Then, while those prayers move heavenward, swift and
 strong,
 Sweet Thames, flow softly to my nuptial song.

a long life of gain and glory, was buried at Kilchrenan, on Loch Awe, having been slain on the Sreang of Lorne, in a foray against the Mac Dougalls, Lords of Lorne, and hereditary enemies of the Campbells, who gradually ousted them of their lands by the sword, and completed the work by the wedding of COLIN, first Earl of Argyll (A.D. 1470) with the LADY ISABEL STEWART, daughter and co-heiress of JOHN, Lord Lorne. It was this COLIN who thus brought into the house of Campbell the lands, title, and arms of its ancient enemy, and so bore the galley of Lorne on his banner, alongside the boar's head of Diarmid, the mythic ancestor of the MAC CAILEAN MOR. It was DIARMID's grandson, *Gillie Callum*, who, going over to Normandy, before the Conquest, there married the niece of DUKE WILLIAM, the Conqueror, and gave to his sons the Norman name of *Beauchamp*, Latiné, *Campus-bellus*, Anglicé, *Camp-bell*.

* SIR NEIL of Lochow received from KING ROBERT BRUCE, as the reward of his good service in council and in the field, the hand of his sister, LADY MARY BRUCE, A.D. 1314.

FIRST PRINCIPLE IN A PROTOCOL.

THE language of diplomacy is not always that of truth. But truer words were never written than those of the special protocol, signed by the representatives of the Great Powers, at the first meeting of the late Conference concerning the Black Sea, in which England has triumphed so gloriously. This protocol affirms that a Power which is party to a joint-treaty is not justified in rescinding that Treaty without the assent of its co-signatories. The degree of truth expressed in this proposition is fully equal to that which *Hamlet* enunciated when he said—

"There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave."

And, as *Horatio*, on receipt of the foregoing information, remarked to the giver, so we, touching that equally true protocol, may say to EARL GRANVILLE—

"There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from the grave,
 To tell us this."

It is so evidently true. Indeed, nobody ever denied it; not GORTSCHAKOFF even, nor his master. So neither, amongst ourselves, would any two characters known to the police, if they were in a responsible state of mind, deny that theft, and swindling, and robbery accompanied with violence, are utterly unjustifiable. "But," the British rascals would add, grinning, "what then?"

The Victory Won.

THERE can no longer be any doubt that MR. FORSTER's Education Bill is a complete success, and that the reproach of ignorance will soon be wiped off from us as a nation. A School Board has been elected at "Ystradgunlais hower." We regretted to find that there was no member of it bearing the name of JONES.

SABBATARIAN INFORMATION.

A TEXT, which is to be found in text-hand copy-books, says, "Mind your own business." This excellent injunction cannot be more exactly obeyed than in endeavouring to enforce the Act of CHARLES THE SECOND, which prohibits Sunday Trading, against shopkeepers who, by infringing that too commonly treated as obsolete statute, evince opinions as to the observance of the Sabbath Day differing from your own. Acting on the golden rule above quoted, as well as on that other which requires us to do as we would be done by, the REV. J. BEE WRIGHT, Secretary to the Association for the Suppression of Sunday Trading, on Thursday last week, according to a Police Report, summoned MR. THOMAS DEXTER, tobacconist, of No. 23, Queen's Road, Bayswater, on a charge of unlawfully exercising his worldly calling and business on the First Day of the Week, contrary to the statute 29 of the most religious and gracious King aforesaid, cap. 7. This grave offence having been clearly proved, MR. MANSFIELD fined the defendant in the nominal penalty of one penny, and refused to allow the prosecution their costs; thus treating a Society of zealous philanthropists as though he considered them a set of meddlesome bigots, or else pharisaical hypocrites, who, having instituted a vexatious prosecution under an antiquated Act, deserved to be scouted out of court.

It is true that the worthy Magistrate, so to call him, "granted a case" for decision by the Court of Queen's Bench on certain points; one of them being, "whether a Magistrate, on convicting an offender under the Lord's Day Act, is not required, by the statute 11 and 12 Victoria, cap. 43, section 18, to award to the prosecutor the cost of the summons that he obtained against the offender." But suppose the Court above should confirm MR. MANSFIELD's decision, that he was empowered to saddle the Anti-Sunday Trading Association and its Secretary with the costs of their laudable attempt to vindicate a pious law. In that case they will be charged with liabilities to the amount, perhaps, of several shillings. Very likely this will be a heavy expense to be shared by persons who, being of course for the most part unlettered, may be presumed to belong mostly to the poorer classes. Should it ultimately fall on them, subscriptions will doubtless be forthcoming to indemnify that busy Bee, though by no means busybody, the REV. J. B. WRIGHT, and his Sabbatarian employers.

NEW WAYS FOR NURSEMAIDS.

AMONG the arrangements of the contemplated tramways, there ought to be one which would remove from the pavement of every street a constant source of annoyance, and indeed injury, to passengers walking thereon. The perambulators propelled by gaping maid-servants incommode people very much. They are continually pushed in men's way, very often poked against their legs, soiling their trousers, and not uncommonly driven over their toes, thus crushed by the wheels of cars of baby juggernauts. If the Police had orders to cause these vehicles to be kept to the road for other carriages, the nuisance which perambulators now constitute would be abated. But nobody whose mind is largely endowed with an acute feeling of tenderness for helpless infancy would very much like a regulation which would occasion children, as well as nursemaids, to be run over and squelched by vans and omnibuses, albeit for the sake of protecting his own corns, and bunions, and gouty lower extremities, from contusion. Now, our own legs and feet, and the infants of other people as well, might be alike secured against damage of that description by a separate tramway laid down in the carriage-way of every street for perambulators alone, which the most vacant of servant-girls could not help wheeling straight on, inoffensively and out of danger. The man whose nature is rightly constituted has a kindness for children, but likes always to see them in their right place, where they would evidently be situated when wheeled along on a tramway which they and their attendants had all to themselves.

Note on Macbeth.

(*Shakespearean Clown sings.*)

O TELL me, my reflective Brother—
 When *Duncan* was of life bereft,
 You know his horses eat each other,
 Then how much horseflesh was there left?

A FACT FOR CARLYLE.

THE earliest manifestation of Hero-worship, of which we have notice in any record ancient or modern, was on the part of a young Greek enthusiast of the name of LEANDER.



IRREVOCABLE.

Customer (for the Royal Wedding photograph). "CAN'T I HAVE THE LADY ONLY? I DON'T SO MUCH WANT THE GENTLEMAN!"

Young Person (with decision). "No, Sir; WE CAN'T PART THEM, Sir, NOW!"

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE season of Spring gives us lamb and violets, salmon and patron Saints. St. David and St. Patrick are commemorated in March, St. George only waits until April. (Of this last-named Saint a very careful notice has for some time been in preparation, to include six autobiographical anecdotes of his boyish days, a selection from his unpublished correspondence with his laundress, and an authentic portrait of his chief antagonist—the Dragon.)

St. Patrick's Day! The heart leaps up with uncontrolled delight, and a flood of popular airs comes rushing o'er the brain. What reminiscences of bye-gone days invade the territory of the mind! All the population of Dublin, headed by the Lord-Lieutenant and Ulster King-at-Arms, abroad at daybreak, looking for four-leaved shamrocks in the Phoenix Park, and singing Moore's *Melodies* in unison; an agreeable mixture of whiskey and water provided in unlimited quantities in every market town in Ireland, the expense of the water being defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund; the Lord Mayor of Dublin presented with a new shillelagh of polished oak, bound with brass, purchased by the united contributions of every grown-up citizen bearing the name of PATRICK; the Constabulary in new boots; a public dinner on the Blarney Stone, and a fancy-dress ball on the Wicklow Mountains! These are but a few of the marks of distinction showered on this memorable day by Erin's grateful sons and daughters, who owe to St. Patrick two of the greatest distinctions that ever befel them—freedom from serpents, snakes, scorpions, efts, newts, tadpoles, chameleons, salamanders, daddy-long-legs, and all other venomous reptiles, and instruction in six lessons, in "the true art of mixing their liquor, an art," it has been well observed, "which has never since been lost."

This leaning of the Saint to potheen is viewed, however, by one section of the community with manifest displeasure—the Temperance and Teetotal Societies—who remain indoors the whole

WHO CAN IT BE?

MR. PUNCH,

In a leading article in one of the papers on the Judgment in the PURCHAS case (nice amusement for the next generation!) I find a reference to "CAROLINE DIVINITY." Can you tell me who she was? I know that the Puritans gave peculiar names to their offspring, so that this lady may have been one of those children who were born at that time and received the extraordinary designations at which posterity smiles; only that I have no recollection of CAROLINE being amongst the names favoured by the grim Anabaptists and Independents. Perhaps, however, you may have made acquaintance with "CAROLINE DIVINITY" in your voluminous reading: if so, a reference will greatly oblige a

PUZZLE-PATE.

HUMILITY IN TRIUMPH.

THEIR conquered foe the Germans made
Under no Caudine yoke to march;
But they themselves tramped, calm and staid,
Beneath that foe's Triumphal Arch.

Therein did they forbearance show,
And let all Europe see they knew
The honour to a noble, though
Aggressive nation, which was due.

Gaol-Bird Guests.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, "the released Fenian prisoners continue to be treated almost as national guests in the United States." Many of our American well-wishers, in the excess of their amity towards us, perhaps, have invited some of those patriots to their domestic board; but now repent that they carried their enthusiasm so far—having lost spoons.

Clerical Error.

"HIGH" Parsons would have couples tarry
When they propose to wed in Lent—
But why? The sooner people marry,
The sooner, mostly, they repent.

of the day with the blinds closely drawn down and straw in front of their houses, and employ paid emissaries to distribute tracts amongst their excitable countrymen.

The notorious fact that St. Patrick lived to be considerably more than a hundred, cut a wisdom tooth at ninety-eight, never had a day's illness in his life, was possessed of funded property, and could see to read without spectacles until within six weeks of his untimely end (caused by a fall from a cherry-tree), speaks libraries for the tonic and salubrious qualities of that stimulating spirit, which has ever since his day been known and highly appreciated under the name of "L.L.," or Long Livers' Whiskey.

A curious custom is kept up by the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick (founded by KING BRIAN BOROO THE FOURTEENTH) on the morning of this day, the origin of which is lost among the wilds of Connemara. Before it is light the Knights all go up in their robes and shamrocks, one by one, into the belfry of the Cathedral, and toll the great bell one hundred and twenty-three times, the exact number of years to which the Saint, in forgetfulness of SIR GEORGE CORNWALL LEWIS and the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, is said to have attained. They then parade the principal streets of Dublin on piebald horses, preceded by a band of music and the Law Officers of the Crown, and disperse at a moment's notice, no one knows where.

St. Patrick's tastes were athletic. He had a wart on his forehead, and a cousin in the militia; and displayed a profound acquaintance with the laws of short whist, then in its infancy. He was an early riser, a deep thinker, and a careless dresser, and foresaw, with an eagle glance, the gradual development of the Railway System, while his declining years were soothed by the devoted attentions of some of the oldest families in Ireland.

Reflection in a Quiet Street.

Two classes of persons may be said to be "music-mad,"—those who are mad after music, and those (the far greater number) who are every day driven mad by music (!) from street-bands, street-niggers, street-organs, and street-singers of all descriptions.



A GENERAL SALUTE.

Captain Dyngwell, 1st R. V. (*sotto voce*). "NOW, WHAT THE DOOCE CAN THESE SYMPSON GALS MEAN BY LOOKING IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER?"

HALF A CENTURY HENCE.

FORESHADOWED BY OUR OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

A.D. 1921. JANUARY.—A clean, well-constructed, and comfortable cab, with a civil, conscientious, and obliging driver, is seen for the first time in a London street.

February.—A poor governess is paid better wages than a cook, and is actually treated by her mistress as a lady.

March.—A Bill is introduced in the House of Commons, rendering it penal to give alms to a street-beggar.

April.—Hyde Park is disposed of to a Building Society, and the stuffed animals are removed from the British Museum.

May.—Opening of the Thames Embankment throughout the whole extent of London, reaching from Southend to the bridge at Hampton Court.

June.—Abolition of the "chimney-pot" by Act of Social Parliament, and invention of a comfortable and becoming hat for gentlemen.

July.—A 'Drawing-room is held for the first time at Windsor Castle, that being now the centre of the fashionable West End.

August.—Enlargement of the Royal Albert Hall at Kensington, in order to accommodate the audience expected to listen to a lecture on Fine Art by Mr. Punch.

September.—During the vacation all London is macadamised, excepting in such thoroughfares as are paved with asphalt.

October.—The balloon St. Leger race is run for the first time over the new course, starting from the Land's End to the roof of John o' Groat's House.

November.—The Lord Mayor's Show is held upon the Fifth, in pursuance of the Act prohibiting the exhibition of any guys in London excepting on that day.

December.—Grand Inauguration of the Punch Statue in the centre of what formerly was known as Leicester Square, but which, having been roofed over, has been christened the Walhalla, and is filled with England's Worthies, waiting for their Chief.

A HIGH JOKE IN SPAIN.

THE *Times* remarks that when the MARQUIS DE MIRAFLORES, addressing the Spanish Senate, said, "I ask the Senate to pass a Bill that shall put an end to all revolutions," his words "convulsed the House with laughter." Naturally. The Spanish Senate laughed as heartily as the British House of Lords would laugh if some noble Peer were to request their Lordships to pass a Bill that would initiate a series of revolutions. Perhaps if M. THIERS were to talk to the French National Assembly about legislation that should put a stop to revolutions, he would be laughed at by his hearers equally with the MARQUIS DE MIRAFLORES. Revolutions in France, as well as Spain, constitute, as MR. O'BALLAGHAN says, the natural order of things.

THE DEAN AND THE PARSON.

DEAN OF RIPON to PARSON PURCHAS.

Dean (*sings*)—

THE Judges have spoken. Now don't be irascible:
Off with your Tunicle, Stole, Alb, and Chasuble.

Pars. P. (*sings*)—

That's true, Mr. Dean, but they also declare,
That a Cope in Cathedrals all clergy must wear.
On High days and Sundays—

Dean (*sings fortissimo*).—

What me! wear a Cope!
On Sunday or Anyday! Go to the—POPE.

[*Exeunt in opposite directions.*]

Matrimony Made Seasonable.

WOULD those of their Reverences who think it wrong to marry in Lent, be reconciled to a Lenten marriage by an arrangement that, at the wedding-breakfast thereafter, to preclude undue fast-breaking, the fare should be limited to red-herrings?

DOLTS OF DOVER.



E. KNOCKER, at present Mayor of Dover. This personage is stated, in the report of the meeting at which the above amazing decision was arrived at, to have abused *Punch*,

"Believing it to be a publication contemptuous of Religious Influences, if not absolutely hostile to them."

Unhappy Dover, unhappy Mayor! Over head and ears tumbleth his Worship at the first word. Why does he "believe" anything about the character of a publication, when it is open before him, and, if he can read it, he can "know" what it contains. But perhaps Mr. KNOCKER's modesty suggested the word—he is not a brass knocker—and he only ventures to believe that he understands *Punch*. Well, he does not, but we forgive that. But then Mr. KNOCKER, like the scandal-monger in the play, says, "As we know nothing about it, let us believe the worst."

"Religious Influences" is a phrase belonging to a certain class of Christians, among whom are thousands of the best people in England. Therefore *Mr. Punch* will not (and certainly not on the provocation of such a very weak vessel as poor Mr. KNOCKER) depart from his thirty years' rule of never chastising folly in a way that may offend piety. He therefore merely remarks that when Mr. KNOCKER (a "serious attorney") will leave off "believing," and will point out one paragraph or picture, in all *Mr. Punch's* volumes, which evinces contempt of Religious Influences, *Mr. Punch* will make the amplest amends.

But a gentleman—(we would say a Christian, but for being adjudged unworthy company for the young Christians of Dover) always supposes the best, as long as he can. *Mr. Punch* supposes that Mr. KNOCKER is a dismal person. He is to be pitied for this. If he thinks that Nature made a mistake in supplying us with a machinery for smiling and laughing, or that it is a sin to use that machinery, we can but deplore the profanity that criticises Nature, and wish that Mr. KNOCKER may some day abate his presumption. And we have done with him when we have conferred on him our Royal Licence to change his name—by altering one letter.

In a book by an author whose name he may have heard—nay, seen, for he must have visited Westminster Abbey—Mr. KNOCKER will find this passage. It will serve for a motto which he should cause to be printed, with a black border, and hung up by a black cord in the reading-room of his Christian young men.

Wasp. Why do you laugh, Sir?
Quarions. Sir, you'll allow me my Christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.
KNOCKER. Nay, in some sort, Sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this Company.

Of MR. MAYOR KNOCKER, whose ideas of the conduct befitting young Christians are thus crystallised, *Mr. Punch* takes leave—with the sensation experienced on coming out of the shop of a highly respectable undertaker.

IRS.—MR. PUNCH has been much ill-treated in this Dover business. He speaks of "this Dover business" without explanation, for, thanks to his contemporaries, all the civilised world is aware that by a majority of 15 to 13 it has been decided that *Punch* shall not be taken in by the DOVER YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. He could, perhaps, bear that, with the fortitude furnished by philosophy, but his grievance is that the Dolts of Dover committed their crime against sense at a date which afforded all his newspaper friends an opportunity of so demolishing the unhappy criminals that little is left for *Mr. Punch* to do, except to make his best bow to his faithful Allies. DEAN SWIFT observes that one doesn't throw water on drowned rats.

However, he has a word or two more to say. First one with His Worship, Mr.

But now, MR. MOWLL (why the initial and final?), one word with you. We are apprised by the report that you

"—took up pretty much the same ground as the Mayor had occupied, and triumphantly producing a back number of *Punch*, containing a humorous illustration of an old lady imparting to a sympathising friend the fact that, although she permitted JEMIMA, the cook, to go to chapel three times a-day, she discharged her duties in the kitchen no better, arguing that this was a Sneer at Religion."

O, MOWLL, MOWLL! We cannot be serious with you. From one or two things your Mayor said (we have hinted why we do not touch on them), we believe that his dismalness is respectable, and we have respectfully castigated it. But you must be simply stupid. With that picture staring you in the face, and with the meaning palpable, you detect a Sneer at Religion. It would be wrong to flagellate you! Poor MR. MOWLL. Please take from *Mr. Punch* the assurance that the meaning of the picture was the *exact reverse of what you imagined*. Are you sure that your name isn't MOLE? Then it ought to be. But if you are quite sure that it isn't, why—off to your Thistles.

But what of Dover? What of its Young Christians? What of people who can choose such Rulers and can submit to them? We suppose that they suit Dover, and the next deduction is that Dover must be a place of Dolts. Well, (here interposing our Royal acknowledgments to the Rev. H. P. HUGHES, who exposed the absurdity of the Mayor and President, and to the 12 others, who "voted *Punch*") we apprise Dover that its unhappy dulness shall be respected and tenderly cared for. Our pictures shall henceforth be explained (in foot note or otherwise) for the instruction of Dover, and as the Essex Calf has been improved into average sense, *Punch* hopes that years of cultivation may elevate the Dover Dolt.

A REASON.

(*Faute de Mieux.*)

WHAT right to be First Lord has MR. GOSCHEN?
 This right at least—that his name rhymes to ocean.
 And as his name is JOACHIM, the riddle
 Is further read in hope he'll play first fiddle.
 Not to the tune that GLADSTONE now bewilders,
 And from the race has scratched poor Flying CHILDERS!

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"TO SCHOOLS AND INSTITUTES.—A Member of the Mathematical Society will be happy to deliver SIX LECTURES on the Poetry of Motion—"

VERY pleased to find that learning can unbend and disport itself on such a fascinating subject as Dancing, for which, of course, "the Poetry of Motion" is only a graceful euphuism—

"—being introductory to the study of Euclid, Trigonometry, and the Higher Plane Curves."

Very puzzled to think what the connection can possibly be between the Waltz, the Quadrille, and the *pas seul*, and "Euclid, Trigonometry, and the Higher Plane Curves;" and fear we are altogether mistaken in our notion of the lecturer's benevolent design.

HARROWING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THIS joke is mine, and I have been looking at it until I quite admire it:—

"*Arma virumque cano*," says the poet; "*Arma virusque cano*," say the Harrow boys when they are licked for refusing to be vaccinated.

That's good, though I say it that shouldn't. Yours respectfully,
 A HARROW BOY'S FATHER.

[Indeed you shouldn't.—P.]

Anthropoid Apes?

WE are informed that numerous quids have been lately discovered in the conglomerate. They are supposed to be relics of a transitional period when monkeys chewed tobacco. The scientific author of *The Descent of Man* should have one of these quids presented to him as a *quid pro quo*.

EXTRA WEEK'S HOLIDAY AT ETON.—Her Majesty the QUEEN having been successfully re-vaccinated, it has been decided, &c., &c.

THE GREAT EVENT ON THE RIVER.

(A PROSPECTIVE RETROSPECT.)

THE Boat-race is a certain remedy for lassitude, low spirits, loss of appetite, aversion to business, and disinclination to flirting.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race has been witnessed by 15,674,989 delighted spectators since its first institution by the Heads of Houses in the two Universities, for the encouragement of sound and useful rowing; 1,746,911 pairs of gloves, of all sorts, sizes, colours, and descriptions, have been lost and won at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race; 391,208 engagements date from its successive happy anniversaries; and the Champagne consumed from its foundation after the Battle of Waterloo to the present era, would fill the Suez Canal twice over, with about a hundred and fifty dozen to spare for medicinal purposes.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race undoubtedly encourages Trade, Manufactures, and Commerce by the impetus it gives to the production of blue silk (plain, moiré, and watered), blue satin, blue sarcenet, blue lutestring, blue poplin, blue rep, blue net, blue gauze, and everything else that is blue—except blue devils, for which the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race is a perfect cure.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race is alluded to by WATERLAND, REMIGIUS, UNDIS, and other writers of classical and aquatic antiquity.

The only University "Test" that will never be repealed is the question, "Are you Oxford or Cambridge?" at the time of the Boat-race.

There was a general holiday, followed by illuminations and fireworks at night, on the occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race.

All the public offices, Banks, Baths and Washhouses, and other places of business were closed, and everybody went down to the banks of the Thames, from the peer in his robes, to the artisan in his blouse.

Mr. Punch witnessed the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race from his private Trireme (painted dark and light blue in alternate layers, to show his rigid impartiality), with a blue "Peter" flying from the

mast-head. He was escorted to the place of embarkation by a troop of the Blues.

"Where to spend a happy day?" In an elegant carriage, in elegant attire, with elegant ladies, and an elegant luncheon, surveying the glories of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race.

When Mr. TOOLE returned from the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, he acknowledged that now at last he was "happy."

The reproach that has hitherto attached to the first of April will be henceforth abolished for ever, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race making that day memorable and honoured for all time.

MOST NATURAL SELECTION.

IF MR. DARWIN'S theory of the Descent of Man were true, we should, in consistency with it, have to accept quite new views of marriage. At present, marriages with near relations are generally considered objectionable, and that in proportion to proximity of kin. Accordingly, therefore, the more remote the relationship between a married pair, the more normal the marriage. Now, if we are descended from Anthropoid Apes, the Orang-Outang, the Chimpanzee, and the Gorilla are certainly our poor relations, and they are as distant as they are poor, far more distant than any tribe of natives capable of articulate speech. If, then, we believed the genealogy which MR. DARWIN claims for us, we should conclude that there was no cause or just impediment whatever why we should not marry cousins so very many more degrees removed than any other as those arboreal and quadrumanous ones above-named. We might even go farther, and not, unless Darwinism is nonsense, fare worse, clearly do best of all to marry, if possible, the Larva of a Marine Ascidian.

but better. Any human being, desirous of a perfect mate, would clearly do best of all to marry, if possible, the Larva of a Marine Ascidian.

"THE WEED THAT CHEERS," &c.—Smoking must be carried to a great excess in the 91st Regiment ("Argyllshire Highlanders"), to oblige that corps to have a "Pipe-Major."



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

GRAND BACK-HAIR SENSATION FOR THE COMING SEASON.

HAVE THEY IMPROVED ?

FROM DEAN SWIFT'S POLITE CONVERSATION.
(1738.)

LADY SMART'S Antechamber.

Lady Smart (to LORD SPARKISH, who enters). My Lord, your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Lord Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late. I was your Ladyship's before ?

Lady Smart. O ! COLONEL ATWIT, are you here ?

Colonel. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. And MR. NEVEROUT ! Well, I'll get a knife and nick it down that MR. NEVEROUT came to our house.

Neverout (to MISS NOTABLE, who enters). Miss, your Slave. I hope your early Rising will do you no harm.

Miss. I always rise at Eleven, whether it be Day or not.

Lady Smart. How do you like this Tea, Colonel.

Colonel. Well enough, Madam, but I methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. O ! Colonel, I understand you. BETTY, bring the Canister. I don't love to make two Wants of one, want when I have it and want when I have it not, He, he, he, he. [Laughs.]

Colonel (to Miss). Miss, when will you be married ?

Miss. One of these Odd-come-shortly's, Colonel.

Colonel. Odd so ! I have cut my Thumb with this blessed Knife.

Lady Answerall. Ay, that was your Mother's fault, because she only warned you not to cut your fingers.

Lord Sparkish. Come, Miss, never sigh, but send for him.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall (speaking together). If he be hanged he'll come hopping, and if he be drowned he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear, you'll make me die with laughing.

Neverout. I'll make you a fine Present one of these days, Miss. O, 'tis the prettiest thing. I assure you there came but two of them over in Three Ships. Pray, Miss, what's o'clock ?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a Bell, and you are a Fool that can't tell.

Lady Smart. My Lord, my LADY ANSWERALL and I were walking in the Park last night till near Eleven. 'Twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I, and I'll tell you a Comical Accident. Egad, I lost my Understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Neverout. Egad, I kicked my Foot against a Stone, and tore off the Heel of my Shoe, and was forced to limp to a Cobbler in the Pall Mall. He, he, he, he !

Lady Smart. My Lord, has CAPTAIN BRAG the honour to be related to your Lordship ?

Lord Sparkish. Very nearly, Madam ; he's my Cousin-German quite removed.

Lady Answerall. Pray is he not rich ?

Colonel. Well, however, they say he has a great Estate, but only the right Owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Answerall. What ! I see 'tis Raining again.

Lord Sparkish. Why, then, Madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how is that ?

Lord Sparkish. Why, Madam, we must let it rain.

Neverout. Miss, indeed you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh ! I know that already. Tell me news.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What ? You think you said a fine Thing, then : well, if I had a Dog with no more Wit, I'd hang him.

Lord Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and Butter for Fish. Let us call another Cause, Miss. What do you think of my friend Tom, here ?

Miss. My Lord, I think he's not the wisest Man in the World, and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Lord Sparkish. That may be true, but yet he that hangs Tom for a Fool may find a Knave in the Halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two. I shall get a Fit of the Head Ach to-day.

Neverout. O, Miss, I have heard a sad Story of you.

Miss. I defy you, MR. NEVEROUT. Nobody can say Black's my Eye.

Neverout. I believe you wish they could.

Lord Sparkish (looking at his watch). 'Tis past Twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what's that among all us ?

Miss. Well, MR. NEVEROUT,—here's the Back of my Hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find you will have the last Word. Ladies, I am more your's than my own. [The party breaks up.]

FROM DEAN PUNCH'S POLITE CONVERSATION.
(1871.)

LADY SMART'S Drawing-rooms.

Lady Smart (to LORD SPARKISH, who enters). Ah, HENRY. We saw you in the Park, but you wouldn't see us (with meaning).

Lord Sparkish. 'Sure you I didn't.

Lady Smart. Quite right not to see us, HENRY.

Lord Sparkish. Can't guess what you mean, I'm sure. Awful crowd. Poor little DOLLY BEAN had his pocket picked.

Lady Smart. Was the pickpocket in a Victoria ?

Lord Sparkish. O, you're so awful clever, LADY SMART. Fellows say that you write LORD SMART's speeches for him ?

Lady Smart. I would, if I thought he could read.

Lord Sparkish. That's good. Must try and remember that. MISS NEVEROUT, there's the pigeon-shooting business to-morrow.

Miss. O, I'm coming. I have been talking to Mamma about it for the last ten days, and I shall manage it at last.

Colonel. Don't bet against me, please, or you'll make me nervous.

Lady Answerall. Who cleverly fixed it for the Private View day ?

Colonel. Private View—which—where ?

Lady Answerall. Why, the Academy.

Lady Smart. O, we can easily manage both. One doesn't want more than an hour at the pictures.

Miss. I do, a great deal more, but I would rather see the pigeons.

Colonel. Yes, I forgot you paint, or something. Or, perhaps, as ARTEMUS WARD says, you sculp ? Here's TOM NEVEROUT.

Neverout (who enters). Here he is. "And yet I am not happy."

[This was a bit of Stage wit of the period.]

Colonel. You don't look happy, old man. What's the trouble ?

Neverout. O, not much. Yes, I'll have some tea. You were not at PATTI last night, LADY SMART.

Lady Smart. Which I weren't. (All laugh.)

Neverout. Sorry for you. You missed a treat.

Lady Smart. I know I did. She is awfully good in *Amina*. But LORD SMART insisted on my going down to the House, and sometimes one has to be obedient.

Neverout. I suppose so. But I didn't mean PATTI, but your handsome and meritorious neighbour, four boxes off.

Lord Sparkish. Yes, now you mention it, I heard of that at the One o'Clock, but it went right out of my head. Tell us.

Neverout. Well, you know, I don't say it isn't awfully hard on poor old BERTIE, who is no end of a good fellow, and all that. But then he's old enough to know. Anyhow, he had been dining, and we'll suppose the wine was bad, and his grievances came strong upon him. However, it's to be kept out of the papers, if they can.

Miss (laughing). The most lucid narrative I ever heard. I wish you'd write novels.

Lord Sparkish. Row'll be final, suppose ?

Neverout. Must, this time, I should say. Mind was much too freely spoken on both sides.

Colonel. And on the third ?

Neverout. Well, you see, the third hadn't much chance of being oratorical, having, at an early stage of the debate, been spun right out of the box. It's a fact. Little BOBBY LARDNER saw the exit. I'm awfully sorry, you know, and I hate talking about it.

Miss. Very much. We are all sure of that.

Neverout. Now don't chaff a fellow. We don't say sharp things now-a-days, you know. All very well in the time of QUEEN ANNE.

Miss. When was that ? I will bet you half-a-dozen pair of gloves you can't tell the date within twenty years.

Neverout. Thank you. I haven't got to get my living by a competitive examination. Ask that Colonel ; they're going to educate the soldiery, don't you know.

Colonel (coldly). That's chaff, if you like, and not in the best taste neither. (Recovers his good temper.) No, I don't say that, but the idea of education is revolting to my finer feelings. (Laughs.)

Miss. All very well, but I am covetous of gloves. I want to know what made MR. NEVEROUT speak of QUEEN ANNE ?

Neverout. Well, I saw a book on a fellow's table, and it was called *Polite Conversation*, as talked by our great grandmothers, and I give you my word they all snapped at one another like fish-fags. And weren't they vulgar, just ?

Lady Sparkish. Tastes alter. But tell me, were they stupid ?

Neverout. Why, no, not that. They all tried to talk like a comedy, don't you know ; wit, and all that. Some of the things made me roar, but they wouldn't do now, you see. By the way, we're to have SCHNEIDER again and the *Grande Duchesse*.

All, O, that's delightful !

[Future ages must find out the point of this "suckasm" for themselves, as Punch is a family journal.] [The party breaks up.]

MY HEALTH.



My Aunt is of opinion that I shall be the better for my journey to Rams-gate: this she says before starting, at the Railway Station. I never knew any two people so difficult to find as my Aunt and her maid, or any things so difficult to keep in one place as my Aunt's and her maid's packages.

Of course (after an altercation with the Cabman in consequence of the number of parcels outside, in which he has the best of it), I have to take their tickets and look after the luggage. It requires a considerable amount of "looking after." I

ask them in the meantime to step into a waiting-room: from that moment I experience the greatest trouble in what I may term marshalling my forces.

After seeing the luggage labelled, and arranging for one porter to carry our wraps, rugs—we have as many as if we were going on an Arctic expedition—and umbrellas, and entrusting another porter with the turtle-dove in its wicker cage, I go in search of my Aunt.

Into one waiting-room—no. Somebody very like her, but that won't do.

Into another waiting-room—no. Odd. Perhaps the refreshment-room—no. Ah, there's DODDRIDGE, her maid, by the bookstall. DODDRIDGE has known me from infancy, and calls me MASTER GEORGE. She is a trifle more cheerful than my Aunt, there being, perhaps, just one smile to choose between them. You never know when either of them is going to cry. There are some subjects of conversation which, if anybody touches upon ever so lightly, set them off one after the other, as if by mechanism. DODDRIDGE's sorrow is the memory of her great-grandfather, whom she supported for years (she's a kind soul) until there was nothing left to support, except his loss, which appears to be still (and it happened twenty years ago at least), insupportable.

Mem (always to be borne in mind in talking with DODDRIDGE). Never mention any great grandfather. Ignore such a being.

My Aunt has a secret sorrow. There's the difficulty with her. No one can tell *why* she chooses to dress like a Lady Abbess (with modifications). No one can tell *why* she invariably retires for two hours during the afternoon, and will be at home to no one.

You can avoid the pit-fall of DODDRIDGE's grief, but you can't do the same with my Aunt's. You may step down on it suddenly if you're treading (conversationally) ever so lightly, and then—squish!—out come the tears, not noisily, but with sufficient force to give you such a shock as you'd have if you'd pulled a shower-bath string, when you thought there was nothing in and the top turned out to be full.

You never knew of what subject to steer clear with her. And then, when she cries, it is most embarrassing; she weeps with her eyes wide open, not blinking for a second, and she never has a pocket handkerchief to hand when wanted. If my Aunt is up-stairs, her pocket-handkerchief is down-stairs, and *vice versa*.

I find DODDRIDGE at the Stall. Where is my Aunt? "Lor, MASTER GEORGE," says this excellent woman, "how should I know? What with the bustle, and the whistling, and things going about, I really can't see no one nowhere, and where your Aunt has gone, MASTER GEORGE, is a misery" (she means "mystery") "to me." I point to a waiting-room and tell her to go in there. She continues, "and then, MASTER GEORGE, there's poor Charlie (the King Charles, now in her arms, turning up his nose at me, and showing his teeth), I must take him with me in the carriage. Lor, if he was to go in the luggage place, or if I was to part company with him, Missus would never forgive me, for she says, just before you left us, says she,"—

—I pretend to see my Aunt in the distance and leave DODDRIDGE. I find my Aunt at last, slowly walking up the Greenwich Train platform. I bring her back, and then go for DODDRIDGE, in the

waiting-room. DODDRIDGE has vanished. I rush out, and to secure my Aunt, ask her to "wait *there*" (a seat under the clock) while I fetch DODDRIDGE.

I find DODDRIDGE in the refreshment-room, feeding the dog. We've only got five minutes—she can't find her purse. I pay—sandwich for dog. Now then, back to my Aunt.

No Aunt—try for luggage. See Porter with turtle-dove, showing it to some other men. Don't see Porter with Arctic rugs.

On my return, followed by Porter and dove, who shan't quit me any more, I miss DODDRIDGE—[I can't help confounding DODDRIDGE with a "d" briefly and alliteratively]—and suddenly encounter my Aunt coming out of waiting-room.

"Oh," I exclaim, "here you are, at last."

[*Mem.* On consideration (reviewing the day from a diary point of view) this was not exactly the tone in which to address her. Must be gentle with my Aunt.]

Afraid I spoke roughly—shall I apologise? I see the tears gathering in her eye. Can't be brutal—can't say "only two minutes; no time to cry; come on; cry when we're in the train." What can I do?

Porter does it. Porter says, "Only two minutes more, Sir." Then we hurry on. That is, the Porter hurries first to say we're coming; I hurry next, at only half the pace I could and should go if I were alone, and then comes my Aunt, whom at this moment, in my impetuosity (I am impetuous and hate missing a train) I should like either to carry down the platform, on a truck, at a run, or (with another fellow) to take both hands and pull her along, somewhat after the country dance style of "up the middle and down again." I don't think this cruelly, but as much as to say (if I *could* say it to her), "You'll thank me for it when you're seated."

She is seated; half a minute more. She's in the carriage—so's the turtle-dove. Where's the other porter? and DODDRIDGE? Good heavens! DODDRIDGE!! and Charlie!—a quarter of a minute. Stout old Guard, with ruddy face, says, "Now then, Sir," intimating that I must get in and let him shut the door. I say, "Tell me have you seen—"

Quotation suggests itself—"Tell me Shepherd (Guard of the Rams-gate train) have you seen my DODDRIDGE pass this way?"

No. "With a dog?" shrieks my Aunt.

"Got a ticket for it, M'm?" asks Guard. My Aunt turns to me.

"Yes," I reply; luckily I have, at least, I know I received one, but can't find it, or any of them, *now*, of course; bother the things.

"Yes, and for the maid—"

Sharp Porter (suddenly). "Maid and little dog, I put 'em second."

He rushes (for sixpence) wildly along the platform, tugs at a door, lugs out DODDRIDGE (who thinks it's something to do with the police, or train on fire) and the dog, brings 'em along, I beckoning (having come out of the carriage again), my Aunt waving her handkerchief from the window, the old Guard looking at his watch, and then opening the door with "Now then, Miss"—Miss to DODDRIDGE, which means a shilling prospectively from me—I jump in, DODDRIDGE is bundled in and falls somewhere as the signal is given, the engine shrieks, and we are off.

"O, Mum!" exclaims DODDRIDGE, "the rugs and umbrellas!! They was put in with me, Mum, by the young man as showed me into the second-class, as I didn't know as MASTER GEORGE had took a first ticket for me, Mum, and I've left 'em there, Mum, in the 'urry. Whatever shall we do, Mum? There! I wouldn't ha' had that tappen for fifty pound, Mum, I wouldn't."

I say, we shall get them on the first stoppage, and I wish we may.

Mem. What I am on all hands advised to get for My Health is, Quiet, Repose, and an absence of Responsibility.

First Stoppage. Old Guard (sounds like a Napoleonic title) looks in, brings rugs, &c. Joy of the party.

Old Guard informs us through the window, pleasantly, that he's going through with us. I reply that I am glad to hear it.

Mem. Politeness to a Guard, or from a Guard, costs something. Invariably.

Old Guard, still looking in, says with a knowing look, "All right, you'd like this carriage to yourselves"—I, my Aunt, and DODDRIDGE, aged fifty-three if a day—"so I'll do my best to keep it for you," with which he nods, winks, smiles and locks the door. Does he think we're a bridal party, two spoons and an old maid? or can he imagine that my Aunt wants to smoke?

Smoke! I should like a cigar now, while travelling. *The time* above all others. My Aunt hates it. Not to be thought of—or rather to be thought of as much as I like, but not to be tried on any account.

Mem. Absence of Worry is essential to My Health. I feel I shall worry myself about not being able to smoke, while I'm at my Aunt's.

ONE LINE, AT LEAST, THAT IS WORKED ON THE "BLOCK" SYSTEM.—The House of Commons.



A LOGICAL REFUTATION OF MR. DARWIN'S THEORY.

Jack (who has been reading passages from the "Descent of Man" to the Wife whom he adores, but loves to tease). "SO YOU SEE, MARY, BABY IS DESCENDED FROM A HAIKY QUADRUPEL, WITH POINTED EARS AND A TAIL. WE ALL ARE!"

Mary. "SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JACK! I'M NOT DESCENDED FROM ANYTHING OF THE KIND, I BEG TO SAY; AND BABY TAKES AFTER ME. SO, THERE!"

IN THE HANDS OF THE SANS-CULOTTES.

FAIN we would turn our eyes; spare easy blame;
Nor take her plight for text wise saws to spin.
Has she passed through the famine, and the flame,
By her endurance half redeemed her name
From its foul taint of wantonness and sin,
To sink to this extremity of shame!

If willing captive of this ruffian-swarm,
How fallen—fair, frail Paris—from the pride
With which the harlot-houri plied her charm
Of beauty, weird and witch-like, and the harm
Of those Circean spells that none defied,
But her sweet smile was potent to disarm.

Or if unwilling victim, blacker still
Her infamy, and deeper yet her fall,
Whose nerveless arm and palsy-stricken will,
For fear of less enduring greater ill,
Leave her of shameful fear the shameless thrall,
And, changeful in all else, a coward still.

Beneath the canopy of lurid smoke,
Brooding above the blood that stains her stones,
Pale phantoms of old terror, new awoke,
The Furies of red Ninety-three invoke,
All but the fiery hearts and trumpet tones
Of the wild zealots that the invader broke.

Out of the gathering woes—wherewith close bound,
Like the seathed scorpion in its ring of fire,
Mad tail on helpless head writhes rancorous round,

Slaying and slain with suicidal wound,—

Comes "*Vive la République!*" from those whose ire
Lays the Republic death-struck on the ground.

Till none can say if other hope remain,
Than to seek shameful safety from the foe!
So dyeing deeper her disgrace's stain,
And turning all men's pity to disdain,
Making us own her due in her worst woe,
And bidding those that smote her smite again.

WELL SAID, SIRE!

"I am impelled above all things to give expression to my humble thanks for the Historic Successes which have blessed the armies of Germany."

Emperor to the Reichstag, March 21.

A BRACE of approximate words well expresses
The difference 'twixt Gallic idea and Teutonic:
The German aspires to Historic successes,
The Frenchman's are nothing unless Histrionic.

A Case for the Police.

LAST Thursday night, as the family were retiring to rest about half-past ten o'clock, great consternation was caused in the household of two highly-respected maiden ladies residing in a genteel villa on the banks of the Thames, not five minutes walk from a railway station and omnibuses both to the City and West End, within a convenient distance of two packs of hounds, and in the centre of a good shooting country, by the alarming discovery of a thief in the candle!

A GREAT "MESS."—Our Army.



NATIONAL (BLACK) GUARDS.

PARIS. "MURDER!" THIEVES! HELP!!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 20. Except for the sake of the profound wisdom and the brilliant wit which *Mr. Punch* brings to bear upon the least important and least amusing subjects, there is no particular reason why anybody should read the *Essence* this week. For Parliament has done little, and done that little dully, a word derived either from the Welsh *dwl* or the Saxon *dol*, or both, or neither.

LORD CAIRNS stated that there is in preparation a Code for Magistrates in petty sessions. It is supposed to be very much wanted, though there are not wanting authorities who contend that the remarkable elasticity of the present no-system fits it to the wants of the nation and to the genius thereof. We have not the slightest clue to the meaning of the phrases which we have just used.

MR. LOWE was severe upon Half-Crowns. No new ones have been coined for a long time,

and no new ones will be coined. They are not called in, but will be extinguished by Natural Selection in favour of the Florin. Schoolboys accept nothing under an Angel, and therefore the question does not concern them; but it may be well that anybody who is now in the habit of being thankful, or pretending to be thankful, for the Tip of half-a-crown, should understand that he is to profess similar sentiments when he is endowed with a two-shilling piece.

Hansoms, to which reference was also made to-night, received compliment, on occasion of explanation why their drivers are to be paid eightpence for waiting a quarter of an hour, while Growlers get only sixpence. The time of the Hansom was declared by MR. BRUCE to be of more value than that of the Growler, because the former, being expected to go faster, was drawn by a better horse. As the ladies have taken so largely to the use of Hansoms (especially of late, on pretence of fear that the close cabs are used for hospital purposes), it would be well if affectionate request were officially made to the drivers not to employ the worst of language when any difficulty of the road occurs.

To-day a question was asked as to the state of Paris, but this was forty-eight hours before the atrocities which have excited the indignation of Europe, and all that the Minister had to say was that LORD LYONS, in accordance with the wish of M. THIERS, had removed to Versailles, as had the other diplomatists.

Next, did MR. TREVELYAN make a speech in support of his proposal that there should be no more appointments to Honorary Colonelcies. He wished to begin checking the creation of Vested Interests. But MR. CARDWELL did not see that this course would be a just one to those who have already forfeited money in the hope of obtaining the rewards assigned to General Officers. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, also, thought that the course would be premature, and COLONEL S. KNOX accused MR. TREVELYAN of stumping the provinces and dictating to the Government. On division he was defeated by 204 to 111.

Next we had a talk on the Principle of Selection. The discussion was not based on MR. DARWIN'S book, which alleges that we are descended from something like the Larvæ of Marine Ascidians (we Aint, with an emphatic Capital), but upon the choosing officers for regimental promotion. Then a squabble about going into Supply, and a renewal by MR. GEORGE BENTINCK of his declaration that the real Government is below the gangway ("Gang awa," said a Scotch member, waking up from a dream that he was in Elysium, drinking toddy with MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS and BURNS), and there seemed to be something in this, for MR. GLADSTONE actually postponed the Estimates, that MR. MUNDELLA might be able to make a speech against them on the following Thursday.

We went into Supply, and voted, *inter alia*, £75,000 to buy 77 pictures and 18 drawings, chiefly of the Dutch school, for the National Gallery. These pictures were collected by the late SIR ROBERT PEEL, and the present SIR ROBERT had had them valued at £80,000, but had sold them to the nation for the reduced sum. *Mr. Punch* happens to know that they are worth at least £100,000 at the present preternatural price of precious paintings. MR. BENTINCK admitted their value, but thought that while we had so many paupers we ought not to buy pictures. This was a bit of clap-trap that might be well expected from a Republican shoemaker, but which did not befitt the lips of an educated M.P.

MR. PETER TAYLOR objected to the item of £14 10s. for the insignia of PRINCE ARTHUR as Knight of St. Patrick. *Punch* is unequal to any remark on this.

The excellent Bill giving power to Poor-Law Guardians to detain Casuals in Unions, thus depriving the latter of some part of their character as Hotels for Vagabonds, was read a Second Time. The Habitual Pauper will always be imprisoned for some hours, or until he has done certain work, and in some cases may be delayed to his great inconvenience.

Tuesday. LORD HOUGHTON elicited (a certain class of literary gentlemen would say eliminated) from LORD GRANVILLE a declaration that England had not intended to recognise the Southern States of America, and therefore had not been prevented from doing so by the influence of Russia.

Two notices were given, which notice. CAPTAIN STACPOOL is resolved that the QUEEN shall have a Palace in Ireland, and MR. MIALL has finally made up his mind to destroy the Church of England on the 18th of April next.

A debate on Harbours of Refuge, on the proposal of LORD C. JOHN HAMILTON (would he oblige us by signing this way, to avoid confusion?) that a harbour should be made at Filey. Which is a very pleasant place, and it is a relief to get over there from Scarborough (which would be the pleasantest place in the world but for the visitors), but why it should have a harbour all to itself is not so clear. The debate was rather worth hearing, some odd doctrines being advanced. One was, that it is inhuman to have many places of safety, as the knowledge that they exist induces navigators to embark in bad ships, and to run needless risks. But the real question was one of money, and MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE were that night stern guardians of the public purse. LORD C. JOHN HAMILTON was defeated by 124 to 89. Nevertheless, we repeat that anybody weary of the sham swelldom of Scarborough will find a delightful Harbour of Refuge at Filey. If he does not like that, he may go to Philæ; "nobody wants to be a hinderin' of him, do they?" as Mr. Foker's papa stated and inquired.

Wednesday was devoted to a discussion on a Bill for the abolition of the Scotch law of Hypothec, word derived from the Latin *hypotheca*, a pledge. The thing is akin to the English law of distress by a landlord, but unless *Mr. Punch* is misinformed, the Scotch landlord has a very much longer arm than his English brother. Except that the revolutionary question was asked, whether a landlord ought to have more power than any other tradesman who lets you have anything, and that the English territorials affected terror lest the Government should abolish their rights, there is only to be said that the Ministry were in the minority. Observe the value of a little article. Had the proper one been "a" instead of "the," MR. DISRAELI might now be in the Royal Closet. The defeat was signal, and the Bill was lost by 184 to 105.

Thursday. Be it known that the House of Lords is enriched by two additions unto the Roll of Peers. SIR HENRY BULWER, Author and Diplomatist, and deservedly successful in both capacities, is now LORD DALLING AND BULWER; and SIR WILLIAM MANSEFIELD, of Indian renown, is now LORD SANDHURST. Epigrams on these promotions may be sent in when Dull Folks are tired of sending "For-Lorne," "Purchase," and "Berlin-on-the-Spree."

N.B. Not that *Mr. Punch* objects to Correspondence. He used to do so, but now that a cart collects paper, to be stewed up, and reproduced, and the owners of the cart pay for what is collected, he is delighted to see Toby carrying tons of letters and sketches down-stairs.

In the Commons, MR. MUNDELLA let off his oration against the Estimates, objecting, on the usual grounds, to the increase of our defensive power. The PREMIER answered him, sufficiently, with a speech, and the House, conclusively, with a majority of 294 to 91. MR. LEATHAM moved to knock off 20,000 men, and was himself knocked down by 304 to 74.

Then SIR CHARLES DILKE did a dreadful thing. He proposed to cut down the Household Troops. A TALBOT came to the rescue, and cut him down by 168 to 51.

Friday. LORD CARNARVON, in an able speech, called attention to the Tien-tsin Massacre, and to the very unsatisfactory satisfaction given by the Chinese authorities. He was for dealing with them



JONES'S LAST DAY.

Friends. "HULLOA! WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD FELLOW? COME TO GRIEF, EH? HAVE SOME SHERRY, OLD BOY?"

Jones. "SHERRY? AY—BRANDY! FAINTING! CONFOUNDED FELLOW!—BUMPED AGAINST ME! AH—H!"

[MORAL.—Don't be Vaccinated until the Hunting Season is over.]

much more vigorously than we do. LORD GRANVILLE defended his policy, but somehow omitted his only strong plea, namely, that we ought to be consistent, and having done nothing to avenge the Greek atrocities, we ought not to be severe on Chinese assassins.

MR. BENTINCK called MR. GLADSTONE'S attention to the Republican demonstration of MR. ODGER and his friends. The PREMIER said that he should not interfere, and that such matters were best left to sink, unnoticed, into the oblivion which was their destined and their proper course. Still, *pace* the Mayor of Dover, we hope that we may be allowed to laugh at Brutus of Brooke Street.

The rest of the night's proceedings may be called slow, unless anybody can extract excitement from MR. AYRTON'S announcement (made with noticeable politeness), that he meant to allow carriages to go from the Gate by Marlborough House to Storey's Gate. The Trades Union Bill is to be cut into two Bills, and the civil and criminal portions are to be severed. Is this a circumbendibusque mode of abandoning the latter? To use an entirely new quotation, *Nous verrons*.

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.

HERE is a scrap of highly interesting intelligence from a fashionable writer:—

"The reversible satins are gradually gaining ground in England."

If we were the father of a fashionable family, we should be deeply gratified by this momentous news. We presume, of course, these satins, when worn out upon one side, can be turned and worn till they are worn out on the other. Thus, a fashionable father may chuckle and quote SHAKESPEARE of his fashionable daughter, "Aye, she can turn and turn, and still go on turning" her reversible satins. Satin at first thought seems hardly a material to be lauded by economists. But it may do a man a good turn when it is made reversible.

SCOTLAND YARD.

HERE'S a health to the brave Police
For preserving Her Majesty's Peace;
We've their pay to augment;
It were money well spent;
And their numbers we'd better increase.

In our midst we have felons and foes,
And we need more defenders from those:
Men who'll bear back the knaves
By the show of their staves,
And, if need be, with prods and with blows.

We have ruffians and rowdies, who fain
Some occasion for plunder would gain;
We have democrats who
Are allied with that crew,
Whom the Government fails to restrain.

They're in Progress advanced; so far gone
Revolution's brood, mingled with spawn
Of foul Licence and Crime,
It is very high time
That those rascals were told to move on.

For the gallant Police give three cheers.
May they catch all our rogues by the ears!
In one toast we'll combine
The Police with the Line,
The Militia, and bold Volunteers.

ACCOUNTED FOR AT LAST.—Is it not strange that the "best Man" at a Wedding is not the Bridegroom? This must be the reason of so many unhappy marriages.

THE NEW THRONE.

BERLIN, MARCH 21, 1871.

"By one o'clock the White Saloon was full. The throne of gold and crimson stands in its accustomed place. By a side-door suddenly appear a body of mechanics in their working clothes, and advancing to the throne take it away. Is there to be no throne, then? is the whispered inquiry among the ladies in the sloping seats. There are the mechanics back and at work building—yes, actually building—a substitute for the crimson and gold throne they have taken away—its legs four cannon-balls; its seat, back, and sides great slabs of stone."—*Daily News Letter, on the Opening of the Reichstag.*

THEY took the royal throne away,
Of scarlet decked with gold,
Where Prussia's kings of earlier day
Were wont their state to hold.

And sturdy workmen filing in,
Before the courtiers all,
Bore four rough stones, and, for each stone,
An iron cannon-ball.

They built those stones into a seat,
Strong, stern, of trappings bare,
And set those iron balls for feet,
That massive weight to bear.

And there stood, type of *Kaiser-thum*,
The KAISER's new-reared throne,
Each foot upon a ball of doom,
Seat, back, and arms of stone.

So quickly into form they build,
That solidest of thrones,
Who marked the mortar's hue, free spilt,
To bind those mighty stones?

Yet they that watched might see it ooze,
So fresh the fabric stood,
Not white, like lime that masons use,
But darkly red like blood.

By that throne, blood-bound, iron-balled,
Which WILLIAM mounts to-day,
Looms he, who blood and iron called
That throne's cement and stay.

And near him the grey warriors stand
Who that grey KAISER crowned,
VON ROON, VON WRANGEL, flag in hand,
VON MOLTKE, world-renowned.

Yet mild the old KAISER's speech, nor rude,
As fits such suite and throne,
But humble words of gratitude,
And peacefulness alone.

Peace smiles from these mustachioed lips,
Peace folds these blood-stained hands;
Peace speeds the war-fire's swift eclipse,
Mid these glad home-bound bands.

And perching with unwonted feet
On iron, blood, and stone,
Lo, a white dove hath found its seat
O'er the new KAISER's throne!

IN THE STREET.

French Gentleman, taking leave of English Lady.
Well, Madame, adieu! As to the conduct of England towards us, I fear we shall retain—pardon me—the belief we have long had, that you are a nation of Shop-keepers.

English Lady. Very well. Mistakes will always be made. We long had a belief that you were a nation of Soldiers. [Exeunt.]

Pretty Thought.

LORD LORNE's motto is "*Knee Obliviscaris.*" But he hopes, and we hope, and everybody hopes, that his beloved Princess *will* forget all about that trouble, now happily past and gone.



"IN CONFIDENCE."

Hungry Customer. "TAINT BAD."

Chef. "GLAD YOU LIKE IT; FOR, TO TELL YER THE TRUTH, A'THOUGH I'VE BEEN A MAKIN' O' THIS SOUP FOR FIFTEEN YEAR, I AIN'T NEVER TASTED IT MYSELF!"

A BRAVE PRIEST.

VERY well said, CHAPLAIN-GENERAL GLEIG. Your letter (in the *Times*), touching the PURCHASE decision, Reverend and Dear Sir, does you honour. You tell the Chaplains in the Service that they, of all people, are most bound to show obedience to constituted authorities, and therefore you commend the judgment of the Council to their best attention. Sir, with exactly the reverse of disrespect, *Mr. Punch* cites your and his friend WILLIAM of Avon. "Your Worship speaks like a thankful and reverent youth, and I praise Providence for you." But there is no novelty in your saying the right thing at the right time.

O dear Sir, *labuntur Anni!* That is why *Mr. Punch* used a quotation with "youth" in it. You are a goodly evergreen. But, Sir, what an awful time it is since what followeth was written about your reverence. The bard (*Punch's* contributor, DR. MAGINN) writ in *Fraser's Magazine*—there was idiotic talk of Republicanism then, as at present—

"And if the Row were opening now,
Would flame once more the soul of GLEIG;
The surplised crew he would eschew,
And sport claymore and philibeg.*
One rub-a-dub brings 'PARSON SUB,'
Where beams the banner of THE BEAU,
Nor HUME nor PLACE find softer grace
Than savage SOULT, or scamp JUNOT,
In fields Iberian long ago."

* Must we annotate? Alack for an ignorant rising generation! Well, then, MR. GLEIG, before taking orders, was a gallant Highland soldier, and fought in the Peninsula. The bard called him "Parson Sub," from his delightful book, *The Subaltern*. The DUKE was called "The Beau," from his contempt of foppery. MR. HUME did not deserve the insinuation, nor indeed did MR. PLACE, who, though a Radical tailor, had good sense. SOULT and JUNOT were French Generals, of a now non-existent type, for they gained victories. Iberia is Spain.



ENCOURAGING !

Riding-Master (to Sub. belonging to one of the new Mounted Batteries). "WELL, SIR! YOU'RE ALL 'OF A HEAP' ON THE HORSE'S NECK—YOU'VE LOST YOUR SWORD AND YOUR FORAGE-CAP; AND YOU'VE LOST YOUR STIRRUPS—AND—YOU'LL LOSE YOURSELF NEXT!!"

"MUSICAL HONOURS."

THE QUEEN she hath graciously knighted
Three *Mus. Docs.* all in a row—
There's STERNDALE BENNETT, and BENEDICT,
And DR. GEORGE ELVEY also.

Then say your grace, BENNETT and BENEDICT—
"Benedictus Benedict!"—
And ELVEY's elevation
No envious organist strike at.

'Tis in honour of Music we're told;
These three *Mus. Docs.* are knighted:
Let the "heavenly maid" of the Nine
No more feel herself the most slighted.

But she probably considers,
(Though the QUEEN's the fountain of honour,)
That one of the excellent Ministers
Might lay higher favours upon her.

Would MR. FORSTER but open
Her way to the National Schools,
And to the Three R's add another—
Namely, *Ar-*mony and its rules!

What if these three Musical Knights,
Harmonia's errant Hectors,
Were installed in three new berths
Of Musical School-Inspectors,

And sent forth, with the blushing honours
That they our gracious QUEEN owe,
With *Tonic Sol-fa* to win a
New battle of *Sol-fa-rino*?

We hear much of the discord prevailing
In National Education;
Suppose, by the teaching of music,
We helped its elimination?

The rising generation
To a sense of Time's value bringing,
And teaching them rightly to bear
Their parts in more than singing.

So that England, on the old ways
Still advancing towards new lights,
Might for future harmonious days
Thank future Musical Knights.

REVOLUTION AT DOVER.

As *Mr. Punch* expected, Dover rose in Revolution. Happily there was no violence. A meeting of the Christian Young Men took place, and a Resolution was carried rescinding the Idiotic Decree against *Mr. Punch*, and ordaining that his journal should "lay" on the table, as heretofore. He congratulates Dover upon its return to good sense, and requests that all may be forgotten except that Dover has had the narrowest escape from demolition. He had prepared for a Bombardment, to which that of Sebastopol would have been but as a display of Crystal Palace fireworks. When Dover shall have amended its grammar, peace shall be formally signed.

PUNCH.

The Saddle on the Right—Donkey.

CONSIDERING the prominent position in the Sansculotte Central Committee taken by the workman Assr, it is suggested that the best name for the present rising in Paris would be the Assi-nine movement.



TWO EXTINGUISHERS.

Fastidious Snob (probably from Dover). "I PROTEST AGAINST YOUR SMOKING, SIR. I THINK SMOKERS SHOULD BE COMPELLED TO TRAVEL BY THE CATTLE-TRAINS!"

Gentleman (throwing away his cigarette). "IN THAT CASE, SIR, PERHAPS SOME YOUNG CALF MIGHT OBJECT!!"

ADULTERATION EXCUSED.

PERMIT me, *Mr. Punch*, to say a word in excuse of the adulteration of articles of food by those who deal in them—numerous if not respectable tradesmen.

I am, Sir, in the habit of using ginger, medicinally. I use unbleached ginger. Bleached ginger is spoilt ginger. But unbleached ginger is only to be had at certain shops. I tried four of the chief grocers in a principal London thoroughfare the other day for it, and couldn't get it. An intelligent chemist, at whose shop I asked for unbleached ginger, did not keep any. He said the Public would not buy it; but insisted on having their ginger bleached, because it looked white and pretty. With such a Public to deal with, shopkeepers are obviously tempted to adulterate food and drink, at least in order to colour them. Who can wonder at finding copper in pickles? And who can wonder at the need of enlarging Earlswood and other institutions of a similar character? Qualification for those asylums should be greatly on the increase among a Public that has got to prefer, for the mere appearance of the thing, bleached to unbleached ginger.

The ginger which our forefathers consumed in the good old days of QUEEN ELIZABETH, was manifestly unbleached. "Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too," swore the Shakspearian Clown. It was a true oath then; but would be a rash one now. Bleaching greatly impairs the strength of ginger's essence; so that bleached ginger is not hot but lukewarm in the mouth. Moreover, by being bleached, ginger is hardened, and rendered difficult to grate.

Ginger, in relation to Earlswood and the like retreats, is as a straw which, when thrown up, affords information which I do not repeat to you any more than I should offer instruction equally superfluous to my grandmother. On behalf of the small tradesmen, however, whom public imbecility tempts to do worse things than

A SONG OF SPRING.

(By a Singer who unluckily is Rather out of Sorts.)

SPRING'S delights are now returning,
Cuttingly the East wind blows:
Blazing fires we must keep burning,
Chilblains else infest our toes.

Fitful are the frequent changes;
One day freezing to the bone:
Next, the glass to ninety ranges,
When the sun has brightly shone.

Hence come asthma and bronchitis,
Coughs and colds and sore-throats too:
Hence the tongue, inspected, white is,
And the cheek is pale of hue.

Rheumatism and lumbago,
Influenza too attacks:
Till we live on slops and sago,
And lie helpless on our backs.

Friends robust enjoy for dinner
Ducklings and spring cabbage sweet;
Envious we grow daily thinner,
Getting nothing nice to eat.

Doctors send us nasty mixtures,
Frequent powders, draughts, and pills:
Indoors keeping us as fixtures,
Till we call to pay their bills.

A Noisy Offender.

SOME people appear to have singular notions of the powers and duties of the Police. In a notice of the earthquake in Wales we read that "a lady, in the absence of her husband, much alarmed by the noise, went in great excitement for a police officer." We are not told what the constable was expected to do. Probably to take the earthquake up; or, at the very least, to report it to the inspector on duty for making a disturbance.

BEGINNING BETIMES.

It is pleasant to see that scientific improvements and sanitary contrivances are early brought under the notice of the youthful members of the Royal Family. The "Albert Victor Filter" is ready.

bleaching ginger, I will not go so far as to say that it is not desirable that the Pillory should be reinstituted, but would only venture to suggest that the number of eggs with which the People would be allowed to pelt the rogues standing therein, should, in cases of adulteration extenuated by circumstances of temptation, if possible, be limited. Allow me to call myself

CLEMENS.

P.S. Perhaps, too, justice tempered with mercy would require that the eggs should not be too stale.

THE HEDGE-SPARROW'S HOORAY!

A HEDGE-SPARROW, warbling on a spray,
Said to a Cock Robin, on All Fools' Day,
You may say what you like about your nest;
But we'll lay you an egg that shall beat your best.

"Indeed," the Cock Robin replied, "how so?"
Said the Hedge-Sparrow—"What I have sung, I'll show.
Your eggs are red-freckled, and ours light-blue;
And that is the colour of the Cambridge Crew."

In and Out.

THE best motto for the Royal Albert Hall, with its admirable arrangements for going in, coming out, and returning, or, as the lawyers phrase it, "ingress, egress, and regress," would be a not unfamiliar line of SHAKESPEARE, slightly modified:—

"It has its exits and its entrances."

"IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE."—Candle-droppings on the carpet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 27. The Marriage with your Sister-in-Law Bill came on for Second Reading in the House of Peers. To parody a marvellous line from SHELLEY,

"O Sister! 'Legislation' is a delicate thing,"

particularly when it affects a Sister. The Bill was promoted by the Judge in Divorce, LORD PENZANCE, who delivered a long and able speech in its favour. It was opposed by the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, and then, after speeches from LORDS LIFFORD and DENMAN, the first for, the second against it, the Lords threw out the Bill by 97 to 71. So the less instructed classes, who are not apt to perceive that whether a law be good or bad it must be obeyed while it is law, will comprehend merely that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY for the Church, LORD PENZANCE for the Law, and the HOUSE OF COMMONS for the Nation, approve of the

repeal of the prohibition, but that twenty-six noblemen are able to maintain it. Which facts seem to have enraged SERJEANT JOHN SIMON, M.P. for Dewsbury, for he has given notice of a Resolution that the right of the Lords to reject Bills which have several times passed the Commons, is unconstitutional, and ought to be limited. This proceeding is one which we should not have expected from an LL.B. and a Serjeant-at-Law, though it would not have surprised us if adopted by another gentleman of the name of SIMON, whose negotiations for the purchase of certain confectionery were frustrated by the circumstance of his not possessing a small portion of the circulating medium of exchange.

MR. LOWE declines to let us have Adhesive Stamps on commercial bills. His reasons are, that officials might be too stupid to put on the right stamps, and too fraudulent to cancel them on use. The view may be sensible, but it is not complimentary. Perhaps, if officials were better paid they would be more clever and more honest.

The War Secretary declared his final mind on the Martini-Henry rifle. All sorts of tests prove that this is the best possible weapon for our soldiers; and, therefore, there is to be no more inquiry or delay, but the Martini-Henry is to be placed in the hands of all our Braves who shoot.

The Spanish Council of State has at length authorised the payment of the Compensation Money to the crew of the *Tornado*. Those unfortunate persons owe this entirely to the incessant exertions of Mr. Punch, but he expects no commission on the amount, but begs that they will drink his health with cheers like a tornado. The word being from the Spanish *tornado*, it is all the more fit that Spain should on this occasion raise the wind.

Previously to FIRST LORD GOSCHEN'S *début* in his new character, MR. GRAVES moved that we ought to have Gun Vessels, of light draught, to protect our harbours. There was debate, but such satisfactory assurances being given, there was no division.

The new FIRST LORD then moved the Navy Estimates, and did so in a very able manner. You may be content with knowing that he asks for something under Ten Millions of Pounds—takes £385,000 more than last year—wants only the same number of men and boys as before—and spends the excess on Ironclads, and other valiant vessels. The men and boys, and some two millions and a half were voted. "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules," &c.

Tuesday. The Lords discussed what was described as the Law of the Reserve Forces, but which turned out to be the question as to the powers of Lord Lieutenants of Counties, as to the appointment of officers in the Militia. A minor point, though perhaps it was not minor in the opinion of LORD VIVIAN, who moved for a Committee, was that he had been "snubbed," he said, by MR. CARDWELL. LORD SALISBURY said that the Government were so manifestly wrong in the matter complained about, that it was not worth while inquiring. The motion was negative. On the main question there is no doubt that though the Lord Lieutenants are usually high-

minded personages, the nation would be best served by their having no power to appoint officers.

More important was a speech by LORD STRATHENAIRN, sometime Commander of the British Forces in India. He, speaking as one who has authority, and not as the scribes who scribe upon questions whether they understand them, or do not, declared that a shameful ignorance of strategy characterises the British officer. That Brave, who is full of noble qualities, ought to be instructed, or he would certainly lose battles which his valour and that of his men would, if properly directed, win. Government and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE admitted the truth of the criticism, and made consoling promises.

In debate on the Armament of Gibraltar, SIR HENRY STOKES assured the Commons that everything was being done to strengthen so important a place. Satisfactory in itself, SIR HENRY, and even more satisfactory as showing that philanthropocosmopolitanism isn't going to make us give up Gib. Observe, as a literary exercise, the exquisite art of that last passage, and compare it with SHAKESPEARE'S multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red. Also remember THOMAS HOOD'S illustration of these last words, a yokel being turned into a soldier. "Happy ye," who sit at the feet of GAMALIEL PUNCH, and drink wit and wisdom from his inexhaustible Rabelaisian Oracle of the Bottle.

In discussion on Export of Arms to Belligerent States, MR. LOWTHER proposed that this question should be settled with foreign nations. MR. HENRY JAMES contended, with ability, that any such attempt would complicate the subject, and break down the simple laws of political economy; and when PUNCH adds that SIR ROUNDELL PALMER praised that contention, and to a great extent agreed with MR. JAMES, it will be understood that about enough had been said. But nevertheless there was a good deal more said, and then the motion was withdrawn.

The Trades Unions Bill was cut in two, and made a sort of Amphisbæna, and in the course of the week, both halves went through Committee.

Wednesday. To-day Mr. Punch was not in his place in the House, but in his place in the West Arena, block B, of the Royal Albert Hall. He had the happiness of hearing his Royal Lady and Mistress, QUEEN VICTORIA, say this to the PRINCE OF WALES:—

"I have to express my great admiration of this beautiful Hall, and my earnest wishes for its complete success."

MR. PUNCH'S cheer tore all other shouts to shreds, and then he rushed up-stairs to a refreshment room, and poured a libation in honour of his QUEEN, and to the crowning of her wishes. The heathens shed their libations on the ground, or on a victim. But MR. PUNCH didn't see any victim handy, and he did not wish to splash the new flooring. Besides, as has been solemnly affirmed by the Christian Young Men of Dover, he is anything but a heathen. He was then graciously pleased to proceed to the East Balcony, block N, and to gaze down on the brilliant scene. Having expressed his unhesitating opinion that it was splendid, he retired to a cigar in Palace Road, but the wind being cold, he came back again, in time to direct a respectful but admiring gaze at his adored PRINCESS OF WALES (in beautiful ruby), his worshipped PRINCESS LOUISE (in bridal white), and to shout a good deal more when his QUEEN rose, and finally saluted the Eight Thousand.

As for the Commons of England, such of them at least who were not at the Albert Hall with the PREMIER, they discussed a Bill invented by LORD SANDON, for establishing Parochial Councils in the interest of the Church of England. The Bill was read a Second Time; but, as it was arranged that nothing more was to be done with it at present, all that need be said is, that the plan proposes to make the laity work with the clergy. LORD SANDON'S appeal to the Dissenting Members to assist him in a scheme for the good of religion, was not ungraciously received.

Thursday. LORD LAUDERDALE'S demand for a return of the number of ships of the sort required for the defence of our Harbours and Coasts, was met by an explanation that there were none, as yet, that met his description.

A petition, asserted to have been signed by 250,283 women (or at all events to have that number of names attached to it) against one of the Sanatory Acts, was heaved into the House by two Members. *Sententia ponderantur, non numerantur.*

Then came the long-expected debate on the conduct of Ministers in accepting the Black Sea Conference. The affair was a *flasco*. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE did not describe it amiss when he compared it to flogging a dead horse. None of the great guns went off. SIR CHARLES DILKE put the whole case against the Cabinet as strongly as he could, and at the end of the debate the Foreign Under-Secretary, LORD ENFIELD, replied, with *aplomb* and effect. The PREMIER would not allow the motion of censure to be withdrawn, and it was negatived. Moral.—Russia has all she wanted, but she has had to be civil, and perhaps no particular harm will come of the changed securities, while, certainly, England does not go to War.

Friday. LORD DALLING and BULWER took his seat. Mr. Punch congratulates his Lordship on his well-earned honours, and, by way

of promoting conversation, would like to ask him what he thinks, just now, of France, Social and Literary, and of the Monarchy of the Middle Classes in Paris.

The Commons mustered thinly to hear MR. BAILIE COCHRANE urge upon the Government that something should be done to procure for France a mitigation of the German terms of peace. MR. GLADSTONE, in defending the course of the Cabinet, made the best speech which he has delivered this Session. He objected to being hampered by any Parliamentary resolution, but promised to avail himself of any opportunity of lightening matters for the French.

Finally, there was an amusing debate on the Privilege of Married Women to commit Crime at the suggestion of their Husbands. It arose out of the case of MARTHA TORPEY of the Diamonds and Anæsthetic. MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT made his *début*, and explained, having been an eye-witness of her trial, that her being "a little woman with a baby," really got her off—the jury waxing sentimental. Ridicule of jurymen angered MR. MONTAGUE CHAMBERS. There was able law-talk, especially by MR. JESSEL and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the *status* of she-criminals, and it is probable that we shall soon cease to insult a strong-minded and strong-bodied woman, by acquitting her on the presumptuous presumption that she Did as She Was Bid.

Saturday. The University Boat Race, and the Isis was again defeated by the Cam. At least we suppose so. But, as there seemed to be some difficulty about the Press, we accredited and dispatched to the scene a Special Reporter of our own, whose portrait we subjoin.



This individual has not since been heard of, and therefore we are obliged to borrow from our contemporaries the information that Light-Blue won by some two lengths. We need hardly say that Mr. Punch wasn't going to get up in the middle of the night to see a race on the river. Father Thames appears to have forgotten his duty to the civilised public. Is this his gratitude for the Embankment, or his revenge for Barking?

SORS VIRGILIANA FOR THE PARISIANS.

(*Æneid.* book viii., l. 274.)

*Cingite fronde comas, et pocula porgite dextris :
Communemque vocate Deum, et date vina volentes.*

Or, in Mr. Punch's own hexameters—

Garland your hair with wreaths from your Liberty-trees; fill your glasses:

Toast "*La Commune*" as your goddess, and make her guards free of your cellars.

Cannibalism Extraordinary.

It is our melancholy duty to announce that a gentleman well known in literary circles and the neighbourhood of Hoxton, a kind husband, an affectionate father, a devoted friend, and an ex-churchwarden, one at whom the finger of suspicion has never been pointed, and on whose character the breath of calumny has never yet alighted, was the other day found *devouring a favourite author!*

THE HEIGHT OF SABBATARIANISM.—Finding a bank-note on the pavement on a Sunday, and declining to pick it up.

SCIENCE IN FASHION.

A FULL, true, and particular account of the PRINCESS LOUISE'S wedding-dress appeared, of course, in the *Morning Post*. It indicated, very signally, what has been for some time observable by any student of our esteemed friend, *Le Follet*, that millinery is fast rising into the dignity of a science. This inventory of "The Bridal Attire" is, in the complexity of its details, equal to an elaborate architectural or anatomical analysis. It really may be said to be quite a model of scientific precision; specific even to the niceties of botanical nomenclature. Limits of space forbid the description of the entire costume to be quoted at length, but so much of it as the concluding portion, comprehending one item, will exemplify the rest:—

"The bridal veil is made *en suite* with the tunic and flounce, but, instead of the cornucopia a bouquet is substituted, and is worked from a sketch made by Her Royal Highness. This bouquet is composed of roses in the centre, surrounded by lighter flowers, among which orange-flowers, myrtle, jasmine, and myosotis form part. The delicate quaking grass (*Briza media*) and graceful fronds of fern (*Polystichum angulare*) appear to great advantage on the net, which is sprigged with small sprays of orange-blossom and marguerites, and powdered with very small rings."

The exactness with which the quaking-grass (*Briza media*) and the fern (*Polystichum angulare*) are particularised is remarkable. One wonders, however, that an adept in dress-making so evidently scientific as the author, whose descriptive powers are instanced above, omitted to be equally precise in a preceding portion of his statement, where, having explained the "tunic," whereon "the most prominent objects are medallions containing bouquets," of certain flowers, he goes on to say that:—

"The medallions are surrounded by a wreath of roses and lilies, and above is a smaller bouquet of tulips, roses, phlox, coreopsis, wistaria, &c., whilst in the openings of the ground-work butterflies are introduced with very pleasing effect."

An accomplished naturalist, no doubt, and writing for the information of readers to whom the fashions are a matter of serious study in connection with universal knowledge, he might as well have added, to distinctness in point of botany, equal desecration respecting entomology. He speaks of butterflies as introduced with very pleasing effect, among the flowers in the medallions of the Princess's tunic. How pleasing the effect was we should be able to imagine all the better if we knew exactly what butterflies those same were. Another time, perhaps, on a like opportunity, he will mention the ornamental insects' names, and may tell us that in the openings of the ground-work, or some other equally suitable region, were introduced butterflies, namely, for instance, the Swallow-tailed Butterfly (*Papilio Machaon*), the Common Blue Butterfly (*Polyommatus Alexis*), the Red Admiral (*Vanessa Atalanta*), the Peacock (*Vanessa Io*), the Black-veined White or Hawthorn Butterfly (*Pieris Crataegi*), and the familiar Cabbage Butterfly (*Pontia Brassicae*). Moreover, since beetles as well as butterflies are sometimes included among the decorative elements of feminine costume, he must not forget to cite the entomological names of the *Coleoptera* as well as those of the *Lepidoptera* in occasionally describing a dress embellished with insects of both those orders.

THE ORDER OF THE BATH IN PARIS.

At last there really seems to be a glimmering of reason among the Reds of Paris. See what the *Daily News* is able to report of them:—

"In the name of public health the Commune requisitions warm baths for the National Guards."

There is very little doubt that the (black) guards who have been putting Paris in hot water would most of them be all the better for a bath in it. Perhaps the next thing they will do will be to requisition some soft soap, with the intent to give themselves a sanitary lathering. Considering the dirty work which they have recently been doing, few of them can boast of having clean hands just at present; and every sincere friend of order would rejoice if, when the Great Unwashed have come out of the bath, the Government were able to give them a good towelling.

A Very Large Family Party.

THE total number of authors in ALLIBONE'S great *Dictionary of English Literature*, we are told, is 46,499, and of these no fewer than 810 are—perhaps we ought not to break the news so abruptly—SMITHS!

MOTTO FOR SIR JULES.

HERE is "BENEDICK, the married man." SIR JULES' motto must be BENEDICT, the U-Knighted man.



A PANIC IN THE KITCHEN.

Facetious Page. "NOW, THEN, HERE'S THE CENSUS, AND MASTER'S ORDERED ME TO FILL IT UP. I'VE PUT DOWN YOUR AGES WITHIN A YEAR OR SO, AND YOU'RE TO 'RETURN' YOUR FOLLERERS, IF ANY, HOW MANY, AND STATE 'POLICE OR MILITARY,' FEES AND TIPS FROM TRADESMEN AND WISITORS 'PER ANN.,' PRICE O' KITCHEN-STUFF, AVERAGE O' BREAKAGES, &c., &c."

FROM THE THREE TAILORS' GHOSTS.

"A meeting of members of various Radical and Democratic Associations in London was held last night at the Wellington Music Hall, Brooke Street, Holborn, for the purpose of making arrangements for establishing a great national Republican movement. MR. GEORGE ODGER presided. It was resolved that a Central Republican Association be at once formed, and an executive council and general committee was elected, with instructions to prepare an address to the country, and to draw up a programme for the association."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"WE, the Three Tailors of Tooley Street" were a mighty power in our day:
And our Shadows have not grown less to *our* eyes, in the years that have rolled away,
Since we uttered to the universe our famous declaration—
We three,—together the third of a man,—representing the British nation!

Now our shades from Tooley Street, Borough, to Brooke Street, Holborn, wend,
And in consecration and blessing o'er CITIZEN ODGER bend:
As in the Wellington Music-Hall he takes the President's chair,
The mighty Republican movement to set a-going there!

And well the Hall's name befits the work that therein is to be done:
For WELLINGTON was a tyrant who showed how battles should *not* be won:

And Music's an art, whose orchestras for Republican ruling call—
Viz., "every instrument for itself, and no conductor at all!"

And Brooke Street is the street, wherein, if the lessons of life be weighed,
The foundations of the Republic may most fittingly be laid;
For set in running water the ground-work best may be
Of the fabric that's quickest to rear and to rase of all fabrics in historie.

But think not that CITIZEN ODGER is here the Republic's praises to sing,
Or to show how and why rule of President beats rule of Kaiser or King:

If all that were not self-evident in France, we've not far to seek
To find the palpable proof—to the tune of "*Vive la République!*"

Nor is CITIZEN ODGER here to pronounce what our English Republic's to be,

But merely to draw up a programme, and appoint a Com-mit-tee:
And to lay down the keel of a Central Republican Association,
And to put forth—bless him!—as *we* did, an address to the British Nation!

And in place of the Union Jack to nail the red flag to the mast,
With texts for general guidance—as, "The cobbler beyond his last;"

And "Jack's as good as his master, in fact decidedly better"—
And "Property is robbery," and "Law is a dead letter."

"In the boat of the selfish capitalist let the workmen shove their oars,

And treat *his* accumulations as *their* Co-op'rative Stores;"

And proclaim the pregnant principle—which he who runs easiest reads—

"To every one according," not "to his *deserts*," but "*his needs*."

And when these sacred doctrines take root here, we shall see,
This side the Channel also, the growth of the Liberty tree;
With its blessed fruit upon it, gleaming ruddily far and wide,
Above, red caps, red flags, and, below,—something red 'tis as well to hide.

So good speed to your National Movement—no fear it should not make way,
With the light of France to guide it on, still on, to the perfect day!



A FRENCH LESSON.

BRITANNIA. "IS *THAT* THE SORT OF THING YOU WANT, YOU LITTLE IDIOT?"

Blow up gaols, and drown policemen; rods, laws, and strait-waist-coats burke;
And you'll make this dull world a bright one, of all play and no work!

The English oak's a slow-growing tree—fit for pig-meat alone its fruits:

The French poplar of liberty grows in a night,—what matter about its roots?

And there's no faith but the Republican, and ODGER is its Prophet,
And we, Ghosts of the Tooley Street Three, wish him—and England—much joy of it.

MY HEALTH.



In THE TRAIN. All three silent; turtle-dove cooing; melancholy noise. I feel inclined to say a lot of things, but don't. Must select my subjects carefully, or else they'll both cry.

Things I feel inclined to say, but don't—(keep 'em for another time). The noise made by the train fits any tune (hum one and try it—hum another. Can do this when with musical friend, but not now; keep it.)

That we wriggle about a good deal in this train.

That time soon passes while travelling.

That Railway Travelling is superior to Coaching.

That it's delightful to get out of Town.

That the Country is looking very well.

Mem (to consider what I mean by this.) Whatever anyone else may mean, I find, on analysis, that my notion is, that the Country is different to Town, that it is green, that there are trees, that there are fields, that there are sheep and cows.

That it is impossible to make out the name of a station from listening to the Porters.

That we want a new Act requiring uniformity of pronunciation among Railway Porters.

That it's a great mistake to allow stupendous advertisements in stations. Strangers might easily mistake "Panklibanon," or "Ozokerit," when in enormous letters on a large board, for the name of the place.

Mem. Panklibanon wouldn't be a bad title; sounds eastern. "Cedars of Panklibanon," &c. Wonder what Panklibanon really is. One thing I do know, that it is not another name for Canterbury, where we are now halting, and I make this note.

Mem. It is a pity, also, that Guards, Porters, and Officials generally differ as to the time the train is going to stop at an intermediate Station. One says, "Two minutes;" another, "Hardly a minute;" a third, "Four minutes;" a fourth, "Off directly." Our own confidential Guard assures me that I shall have plenty of time for a cup of tea or coffee and a bun, and he will show me the refreshment-room. This results in his getting a glass of beer (from me), and in my ordering a cup of tea, and just getting it very hot, when I'm

trying to swallow a sponge-cake. The bell rings, somebody outside cries sternly, "Any more going on?" and our old Guard looks in to say, "Now then, Sir, time's up."

Continuing, on my resuming my seat (being received coldly by my Aunt), to "think," and to make occasional notes (which I manage by grasping my pocket-book tightly in my left hand on my knee, and pressing down upon it heavily and slowly with my pencil, producing thereby a kind of musical character which subsequently costs me some considerable time and trouble to decipher) would gradually send me to sleep, but for DODDRIDGE, who can't be persuaded that the wheel is not on fire, and my Aunt, who is sure we are going so unsteadily as to be certain of an accident.

Mem. Sympathetic nerves. They make me quite uncomfortable. DODDRIDGE sniffs, and is sure it's fire. My Aunt clutches the seat-arms convulsively every three minutes, and says, jerkily, "I can't stand this—I know I can't"—then she breathes, as if with difficulty, relaxing slightly her hold on the arm—three minutes of quiet travelling—when we come on to a decline, or an incline, or a beautiful bit of engineering, which takes us on to a curve, and nearly sends my Aunt into a fit.

I tell her, cheerily, that there's nothing to be frightened at. I beg her to think how many thousands travel and yet—

I've done it. DODDRIDGE has begun to sob, and my Aunt is staring, in a three-quarter-face attitude, out of the window, with the tears gradually gathering in both eyes.

What have I said?

Ramsgate.—My Aunt likes to take watering-places at a disadvantage, as it were. She is the guest who comes too early, and witnesses the preparations.

February is *not* the season for Ramsgate. Ramsgate is "to let." There is no one on the pier. There is no one on the sands. There is no one in the street. There is no one on the promenade.

My Aunt has very nice lodgings. There's a piano in the dining-drawing-room, which I am glad to see.

After all, we shall manage to be cheerful.

Mem. With regard to My Health, go in for diet. Also for quiet. Diet and Quiet. Just the opportunity here. Opportunity also for reading, not writing (except occasional notes), but only reading.

A little music in the evening will be cheerful. I ask my Aunt, after dinner, to sing. She will. Her collection of songs is of a deeply melancholy character. She commences with "*The Forsaken*," which makes DODDRIDGE, who is in a corner knitting or doing something with a piece of green leather, a pattern, and a needle, snivel. On her finishing, I say, "Very pretty. What is it?" and I examine the copy. Will she sing again? Yes. She selects "*My Heart is Sore*"—which is very depressing. The burden of this is, that the singer (my Aunt) complains of having been slighted and neglected for another (some other lady), after having trusted herself to the gentleman apostrophised in the ballad as "Ah, cruel! couldst thou" something or other, which he not only apparently *could*, but would, and, for the matter of that, *had* done, and pretty effectually too.

After this, we three sit thoughtfully (I don't know what I'm thinking about), and the Dove coos plaintively. I sleep next door to the Dove, and hate him.

My Aunt now rises and examines her *répertoire*. She chooses another. It is "*Blighted*," which cheerful composition shuts up DODDRIDGE entirely, and sets my Aunt gulping with emotion. She breaks down. They are both crying. What am I to do? I don't feel inclined to cry. I wish I did. I would willingly. My Aunt can't find her pocket-handkerchief, so, it being a lovely evening and warm for this time of year, she goes out of the open window, and sobs on the steps leading into the garden. DODDRIDGE retires. I look at my watch. Nothing to do. No books. Forgot to buy papers. 9:30. Too early for bed. I wonder if this sort of thing will go on every night.

My Aunt says (returning from window), "I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull here."

I reply, "Oh no, not at all. It's just what I want. It'll do me good."

My Aunt hopes it will, and, taking her candlestick, goes to bed. Quarter to ten. Well, yes, I *will* go to bed. It's so calm and quiet here, I shall get a good night's rest. I might smoke outside. No, it's getting cold, and above all things my Health requires me to be very particular about the night air. Daren't smoke in the house. Perhaps it will do me good to give it up gradually. Am restless.

Bother my Aunt's songs, they've made me quite sad.

In the front of the house it is a calm night: at the back, where my bedroom is, it is a rough night. Peculiarity, perhaps of Ramsgate. I've heard that the climate is different on both cliffs, but that there should be scarcely a breath of wind in front of the house and a hurricane at the back-door is a meteorological phenomenon. I am awake at midnight: I am more awake at one a.m.: I am hot and feverish at two. Window rattling, wind howling. I try several



THE "ROUND OF THE STUDIOS."

Male Dilettante, No. 1 (making a telescope of his hand). "WHAT I LIKE SO MUCH IS THAT—ER—THAT——"

Ditto No. 2 (with his nose almost touching the canvass). "I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN—THAT BROAD—ER——"

Female Dilettante, No. 1 (waving her hand gently from right to left). "PRECISELY. THAT SORT OF—ER—OF—ER—OF—ER——"

Ditto No. 2. "JUST SO. THAT GENERAL SORT OF—ER—OF—ER——"

Ditto No. 3. "O YES—QUITE TOO LOVELY—THAT PARTICULAR KIND OF—ER—OF—ER——"

[And so forth.]

"good things for sending you to sleep." I count up to a hundred, and am more wide awake than ever. I try a hundred backwards, and feel quite ready to dress (if they'd only call me now) and go out for a walk. About 2'30 I begin to wander in my mind, then for a short time I am wakeful, then drowsy. I am saying to myself "Now I'm going to sleep," when the Dove in next room commences cooing. I count his cooing. He coos seven times and stops. Thank goodness. He recommences as I am beginning to doze. I count ten coos. I strike a light and look at [my watch. 3'30!! and My Health absolutely requires a great deal of sleep. The wind subsides. So does the Dove. I begin to wonder if . . . to arrange what I'll do to-morrow—I will—let me see—I'll—first . . .

Knock at door. Hot water. Ah, yes. 7'30, Sir. Quite so. All right. Feeble. To sleep again.

Diary of Next Day. Aunt the embodiment of the soul of punctuality at breakfast. I have to apologise. Storm: new bed: Dove—no, on second thoughts, I won't say anything about the Dove. Delicate ground—it's a pet. Love me, love my Dove. It is trying work for the nerves, living with my Aunt. She starts at the least thing.

If I come into the room at all quietly, she jumps up, exclaiming, "Ah! I do wish you would knock, or cough before you come in."

I'm now always knocking and coughing. I knock first, look in, and then cough. This will become a habit, if I go on with it very long. Then, if I get tired of a book, and drop off to sleep, and the book falls, up jumps my Aunt and presses her hand to her heart, as if I'd shot her.

She will have the coalscuttle outside the room, so that my carrying a scuttlefull to put on the fire is a feat not unlike BLONDIN's walking on the tight-rope. It's most difficult to carry it without spilling a coal, specially while my Aunt is saying, "Do take care," and I know that the fall of one lump will make her give such a jump as will be fatal to my steadiness.

If I come upon her suddenly at a turn of the stairs, she clutches the bannisters, she is so startled. I can't, as it were, accustom her to my appearance. I am the Skeleton popping out of the cupboard, the Ghost on the staircase, the Cuckoo in the clock, the Jack in the box, anything, in fact, sudden in its movement, and startling—that is, as regards my Aunt. I propose, in a satirical mood (of which I afterwards repent, but I was worried) that I should be perpetually playing a trumpet, or have a bell round [my neck like Charlie, the little dog.

For me to come in by the window from the garden simply kills her. I never saw anybody so frightened in my life. I explain that I really did not know she was there. DODDRIDGE, calming her, says, "O, MASTER GEORGE, you ought to be more considerate."

An Artist Out of Place.

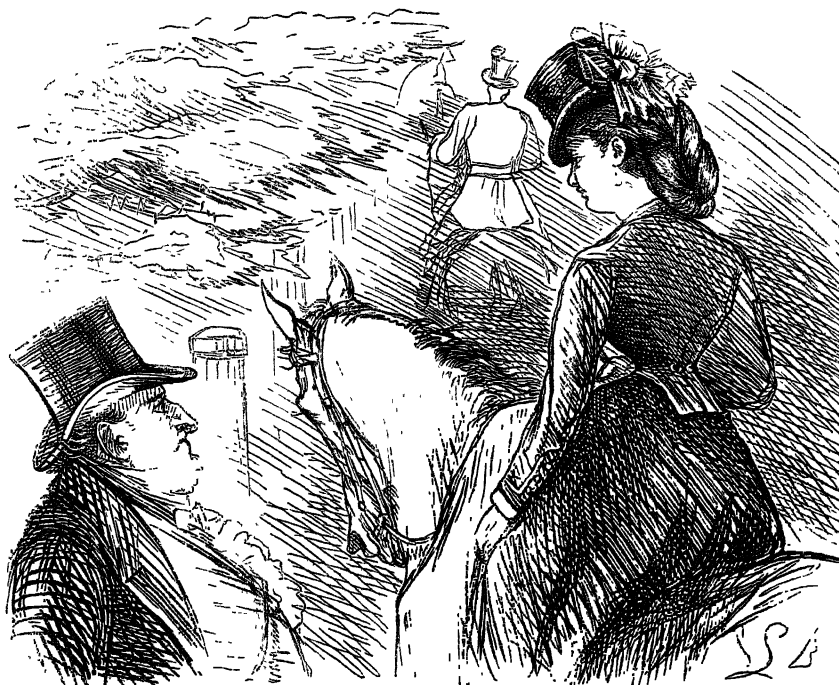
THE *Morning Post* announces that:—

"It has been intimated to a well-known artist that it is contrary to rules that he should use the lobby of the House of Commons for the purpose of sketching Members."

Nobody, one would think, could need to be informed that the lobby of the House of Commons is not a drawing-room, although a well-known artist appears to have been using it as a *studio*.

FLIPPANCY.

ANY lady who speaks slightly of Ministers of religion is not a lady. We were much displeased with MISS SHALLOW (the Justice's daughter), the other evening. Referring to the Purchas decision, which pronounces the white dress to be the only legitimate garb of the Clergy, the misguided young person said that she should henceforth always call the Parsons the Surplice Population.



WONDERS OF FASHION.

"WEAR MY HAT ON MY HEAD! IMPOSSIBLE, GRAND'PA, DEAR! HAVEN'T DONE SUCH A THING FOR AGES! IT'S PINNED ON WITH MY HAIR!"

AN A B C FOR YOUTHFUL ANGLICANS.

- A is an Alb, which, to souls unenlightened,
A surplice might seem with its fulness all tightened.
B 's a Biretta, which Anglicans wear
To hide their defects both of head and of hair.
C is a Chasuble, hung on a peg,
And useful to hide like defects in the leg.
D 's a Dalmatic, for festival use,
Embroidered all o'er by an Anglican goose.
E is an Eagle, which serves as a desk
In part mediæval, in part arabesque.
F is a Frontal, which gracefully fell
O'er the altar, affronting the people as well.
G is a Gradual, for gradual intrusion
Of offices Roman for England's delusion.
H is a Humeral, thrown o'er the shoulder,
Of humorous appearance to worldly beholder.
I is an Introit, by Anglican Quorum
Sung out as they march from the Sanctum Sanctorum.
J is a Janitor, placed at the door,
Instead of the Beadle, who watched there before.
K is the Calendar, which, as they say,
In the Ordo Romanus is spelt with a K.
L is a laud, which they're constantly yawning
In tones most pathetic, both evening and morning.
M is the Mass they're so bent on repeating,
That their service might almost be called a "Mass-meeting."
N is a Neophyte, young, uninquiring,
Who sings in the Choir with devotion untiring.
O is an Orfray, a piece of embroidery
Worked o'er the Vestments to make them more tawdry.
P is a Pectoral (not Lozenge, but Vest),
Made, not to relieve, but to burden the Chest.
Q is a Quidnunc, who having deserted
The English Church, is by the Angles converted.
R is the Rubric, now no longer needed;
By the New Directorium quite superseded.
S is the Stole, whose true form they're revealing;
Preferring the perfect to imperfect stealing.
T is the Thurible, whose very small
Incenses the people, and makes them rebel.
U is the obsolete Use of (old) Sarum,
Brought out for their converts, for Rome to prepare 'em.

DARWIN AND PICKWICK.

"*HYPOTHESES non fingo.*"
SIR ISAAC NEWTON said.
And that was true, by Jingo!
As proof demonstrated.

BUT DARWIN'S speculation
Is of another sort;
'Tis one which demonstration
In nowise doth support.

Time, theory's dispeller,
Will out of mind remove it.
We say, as said old *Weller*,
"Prove it. And he can't prove it."

"Turk's Cap."

At the great "function" (this just to air our Spanish) at Kensington last week, a young person, not much accustomed to such state displays, asked what it was the Turkish Ambassador had on his head, and why he wore such a covering? Her companion, who was much older, and ought to have known better, took a disgraceful advantage of the questioner's simplicity, and told her that His Excellency's head-gear was called a Fez, and that he only wore it on festive occasions.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"A YOUNG Matron" writes to ask us to recommend her a good Manual of Domestic Medicine. We know of no better book than SOUTHEY'S *Doctor*.

A HUE AND CRY.

THAT very useful body, the London School Board, continues its weekly meetings and debates. On the last occasion, a Committee having reported on the Candidates for the office of Solicitor (the appointment of Beadle is not yet given away), a complaint was made that those selected were all of one "complexion." This sounds unreasonable, for it must be obvious even to the meanest capacity that respectable solicitors, such as we are certain gentlemen offering their legal services to the Board could not fail to be, would all be of one complexion—fair.

Again we read that "the Committee did not consider the religious opinions or 'colour' of any candidates," and this time rejoiced to think that the Members were so liberal, so unsectarian in their views, as not even to look with disfavour on a candidate, although in personal appearance he might be tinted, or, possibly, deep black.

Dean of Ripon and Mr. Purchas.

Dean Close. I'd not stay in such a Church as

You would make it, MR. PURCHAS.

Mr. Purchas. Nor would I, dear DOCTOR CLOSE,
Were our Church what you suppose.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

"I COULD a tail unfold." Could you? Then lose not a moment, but go instantly to MR. DARWIN. He will be delighted to see you.

COLLEGE FOR COBBLERS AT OXFORD.—All Soles. Instead of a College it will be an *Awl*.



STICKING UP FOR AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Miss Frumpington (who has dropped in for a chat about last night's ball). "AND CAN IT BE TRUE, CLARA, THAT CAPTAIN JINKS ACTUALLY SO FAR FORGOT HIMSELF AS TO TRY AND KISS YOU IN THE CONSERVATORY AFTER SUPPER?"

Clara. "HE DID, INDEED, MISS FRUMPINGTON. VULGAR LITTLE WRETCH!"

Miss Frumpington. "YOU SURPRISE ME! TO ME CAPTAIN JINKS HAS ALWAYS BEHAVED LIKE SUCH A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!"

A PROPOS OF THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL,

AND ITS OPENING, MARCH 28, 1871.

WHAT is there not easy to laugh at,
If the taste of the joke and the tap
That our sparkling Guffaw-ba* we quaff at,
Are points that don't matter a rap?
If the past's as much theme for our scorning
As the future, and what lies between;
If the present, o'er-sea, reads no warning—
It's easy to laugh at the QUEEN.

If the tastes of crown'd heads be a trifle,
On their realm's lot that weighs not a feather;
If high thoughts in high places to stifle,
Harm not Princes and People together:
Had Queen's consorts but one road to go,
Their sole guide-post the beef-eater's halbert;
Were their Science and Art all a show—
It's easy to laugh at PRINCE ALBERT.

If with small means to work out great ends;
Into steps to convert blocks of stumbling;
And by brain-power and pluck turn to friends
The foes whose first aim was your humbling;
If with beauty JOHN BULL to imbue,
Till his clumsy hands own Art's control,
Be things any fellow can do—
It's easy to laugh at KING COLE.

Were Art-teaching so easy a matter,
Where Industry long has scorned Beauty;

Were Aesthetics but vague German chatter;
If Low Labour owed High Art no duty;
If our Upper Ten Thousand had taste;
Were there no need of teaching our toilers;
If to spend cash on culture be waste—
It's easy to laugh at "The Boilers."

Were nobly-proportioned halls common,
And oft within estimates built;
Were our architects Grecian or Roman;
Were fitness for use their Art's guilt;
Had GILBERT SCOTT, R.A., the right
Out on COLONEL SCOTT, R.E., to call;
Had it rival for space, sound, and light—
'Twould be easy to laugh at the Hall.

Were Englishmen's loyalty dead,
And their Queen and Princesses no more
Than a widow with daughters to wed,—
Horse-leeches, still crying for more.
Save bare use and work done, if all metres
Of value to trust we refuse—
It's easy to scoff the Beef-eaters,
And easy to laugh at the Blues.

Were Court-pageants but mumm'ries outworn,
And State ceremonial a toy;
Thrones but targets for satirist's scorn;
Crowns but butts scoffers' wits to employ;
Had Old England no field but the Past,
Had New England the Future to sway,
'Twere easy—laughs well who laughs last—
To laugh at last week's "opening day."

* The wine of laughter, a growth of the same grape as the "sparkling Catawba," which our American cousins declare superior to Champagne.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF PARIS.—A French Army.



CASE OF CENSUS-CONSCIENCE.

Conscientious Head of Family (an old Lady, giving the paper, on Monday, to the Enumerator). "HERE IS THE PAPER, MR. ACCUMULATOR, BUT I WANT PARTICULAR TO SAY SOMETHING FOR THE INFORMATION OF HER MAJESTY, BLESS HER HEART, LIKEWISE HER FAMILY! WHICH YOU SEE IT SAYS 'SLEPT OR ABODE'—AND I WOULDN'T DECEIVE HER MAJESTY AND HER GOVERNMENT ON NO ACCOUNT, AND THE FACT IS, THAT I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK ALL THE BLESSED NIGHT BY REASON OF A TOOTH, WHICH I HOPE YOU'LL EXPLAIN TO THE QUEEN, AND SAY I COULDN'T HAVE IT TOOK OUT ON SATURDAY, AS MY DENTIST IS OF THE JEWISH PERSUASION, WHICH I DON'T BLAME HIM FOR, QUITE THE REVERSE, BUT I AM GOING TO HIM TO-DAY TO HAVE IT EXTRICATED, AND SO PLEASE TO SAY THAT I ONLY 'ABIDED,' &c., &c., &c., &c."

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUES.

MY two blues, you're true blues, to that I'll take my oath of you: I don't know which to praise the most, and so say, "Bravo, both of you!" If the "blue riband of the Thames" should be the dark or light blue is hard to choose, but, 'tween your blues, 'tis clear you make a bright blue.

'Tis well with JOHN BULL, in his need while the old boy can find him Gameness and pluck like LESLIE's and the seven that sat behind him Hang your "Decisive battles of the world," PROFESSOR CREAMY!—Better, I say, one race so lost, than half a score won easy.

That school is a good public school where such pluck is inculcate, Its long bills and long vacations though Pater Familias sulk at: It was no fool who told us Waterloo was won at Eton: They are the sole invincibles who *won't* know when they're beaten.

Eight even backs that rise and fall with a steam-engine swing, Eight flashing blades that sweep and turn, swift as an eagle's wing, Twice eight arms tough as oaken boughs, eight broad and brawny chests, Eight bulks of seasoned muscle, filling out eight Guernsey vests—

'Twas with these, along the towing path, exultant Cambridge saw His good ship clear of Oxford, foot by foot, brave GOLDIE draw. And still light grew between the boats—length, length and a half, and more—Till when Cambridge passed the Crab Tree two lengths ahead they bore.

And "Cambridge!" "Cambridge!" was the cry, as their oars with even flash Under GORDON's ready yoke-line gave the Oxford boat their wash: But Oxford sheers off to the right, out of the Cambridge spray, And HALL has lost his water, and holds the outside way. Upon the shore of Middlesex the stream runs slack and slow, And Oxford's oars dip raggedly, and Oxford's heart is low. GOLDIE's two lengths at Hammersmith at Chiswick have grown three, And the race looks like a run-away, with Oxford all at sea!

But when did LESLIE yet say die? He has called upon his men, They have pulled themselves together, and are creeping up again: 'Tis forty strokes a minute—forty-two! forty-three! At Barnes Bridge two lengths to the bad, scarce one at the Brewerie.

By Jove! the race is still to win, if Oxford can but stay, And by the Ship a half-length of the lead is pulled away;— But let Oxford try her fastest, still Cambridge is as fast: With LESLIE's bow at GOLDIE's stern the winning flag they've past!

Never a pluckier race was run since first old Father Thames Saw the Dark Blue and the Light Blue dare trial of their fames; Ne'er winner won by harder fight the honours of the day, Ne'er loser, of all honours but these, bore more away.

They may sneer their sneer at athletes—at athletes and athletics; May preach how youngsters should be all saps, sages, and ascetics; But muscle goes to manhood still, and muscular Christianity, Saving WILKIE COLLINS' presence, is not altogether vanity.

There are worse schools than an eight-oar, with its discipline and training, And its practical instruction in obeying and abstaining. There are worse lessons than this race suggests to the reflecting, To make our victors modest, and our vanquished self-respecting.

A BLANK TO THE BETTING RING.

OUR friend "ARGUS," on Monday last week, announced in the *Post* that:—

"As this is Passion week there will be no racing."

The owners of studs and members of the Jockey Club, belonging for the most part to the Nobility and Gentry, are of course more or less conversant with the higher Clergy. You, who know what Passion week means, can therefore understand how it is that no racing takes place therein. But that must be a mystery to the generality of Sporting-men.

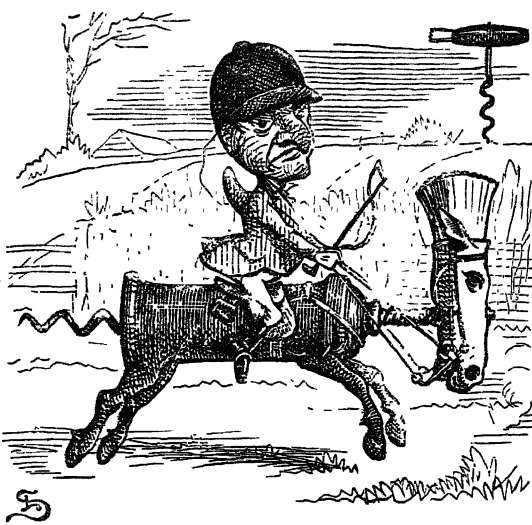
Splitting the Difference.

SPEAKING of the attendance of the company of Divines and Scholars, now engaged on a very important work of Revision, at the meetings they have lately been holding, the newspapers inform us that "the number of those present varied between 20 and 21." There is but one inference to be drawn from this statement, namely, that the exact number of those present must have been 20½.

CANDLISH ECONOMY.

THE Member for Sunderland, MR. CANDLISH, declares that the Naval Estimates are excessive. Heh, Sirs, as the Honourable Gentleman's friends over the Border would say, this CANDLISH bodie is just a Saveall.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Lords, on Monday, April 3, had begun their Easter holidays, but the Commons were still at their post. Nay, one of them was watching over the interests of the pleasure-seeking Aristocrats. Mr. PUNCH mentioned that SERJEANT SIMON had fulminated notice that the Lords were not to be allowed to reject Bills which the Commons had often passed. Counterblast to Simonism was emitted by Mr. CHARLEY, M.P., for Salford (N.B.). This is pronounced Saulford, more or

less, and not mincingly, as if the first syllable were the Affectionate for Sarah, who announced his intention to move that the attacks made in the Commons on the Lords, for exercising an undoubted right, are Unconstitutional. That is a frightful word, and we would give something to know what it means.

The Elections (Parliamentary and Municipal) Bill, better known as the Ballot Bill, was read a Second Time, its enemies again exacting assurances from the PREMIER that they were not to be bound by this formality. Mr. BENTINCK, of Norfolk, thought that a dissolution must immediately follow the passing of such a measure, but Mr. GLADSTONE cheered him up, and entreated him to tranquillise his mind, as nothing so "wicked" as a dissolution was being thought of. Sir J. ELPHINSTONE denounced the Bill, declared that he would avail himself of every form of the House to defeat it, and instantly allowed the second reading to be taken without a division.

Then did Home Secretary Mr. BRUCE introduce his great measure against Intoxication. This objectionable practice he hopes to hinder, in some measure, by the following enactments:—

CONCERNING LICENCES.

The country being divided into districts, the Magistrates of each district are to say how many Public-houses it wants.

They are to advertise how many Licences they will issue, and these are to be sold by auction to the highest bidder, only he must be Virtuous.

If they announce too many the Ratepayers may interfere.

The Licence or Certificate will enable the buyer, in consideration of the price he is to pay, to keep a Public for Ten Years, but he may be turned out if he keeps it in an improper manner.

The Resident Manager of the Public will be the responsible person.

Present Publicans have a sort of vested interest for Ten Years, subject to conditions of good behaviour.

If penalties have reached £65 in three years, the licence is forfeited without appeal.

Here be it said that the Government hope much to diminish the number of Public-houses.

CONCERNING HOURS.

Publics and Beershops to keep the same hours.

They are not to open before VII. in the morning, as Mr. BRUCE wishes to repress the practice of early drinking by the artisans.

In London everything is to shut at XII at night.

In County Towns at XI.

In Rural Districts at X.

On Sundays everything is to be shut except between I and III in the afternoon, and between VII and IX in the evening.

CONCERNING TIPSINESS.

A Manager permitting it on the premises is to be punished, or he must prove that a drunken person whom he has made drunk was not drunk when the liquor was supplied.

Tipsiness in a Public or in the Streets, is to be atoned for by a fine of One Sovereign, or Hard Labour.

Heavier punishment still for a tipsy person who ought to have been specially sober, as one in charge of horses, steam-engines, or dangerous weapons.

CONCERNING ADULTERATION.

Samples may be collared by Government inspectors, and for the first offence

a heavy fine, second, IMPRISONMENT, third, A HEAVIER FINE AND FORFEITURE OF LICENCE. [Ha, ha! Mr. Bung.

CONCERNING TRAVELLERS.

A Traveller, qualified to be supplied with refreshment, must be not less than Five Miles from his residence.

The Publican will have to prove that this condition was complied with.

A Sham Traveller is to be severely punished.

CONCERNING BAD CHARACTERS.

A stringent clause accomplishes that which Mr. KNOX and other Magistrates have tried to do, but have been baffled in doing by the success of Quibble on Appeal.

Mr. BRUCE holds himself to have steered between the Scylla of Tee-total Idiotism, and the Charybdis of Vested Greediness. He hopes to do good, but he says, with Mr. PUNCH, that "Education alone is able to create among the people a higher standard of morality—a greater contempt for and disgust of drunkenness, and to teach them what was due to their families and to themselves. By these means, and by these means alone, can we hope to make the people of this country what they ought to be—a moral, religious, and sober people."

The Bill was well received, but it was of course too complex to be judged offhand. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, true to his abstinence policy, could not understand Licensing what was Wrong. Mr. M'LAREN approved of the general scope and spirit of the Bill. Other Members spoke, but reserved opinion. The measure will be a pleasing study for Parliamentarians and others during the holidays.

Mr. PUNCH has a million of good qualities, and one of them is the quality of Mercy, which is not strained. Having expounded one large measure, he does not intend to be diffuse upon another. He contents himself, and his Public, by saying, that after Mr. BRUCE came Mr. GOSCHEN,

"Not in his Gorgon Terrors clad,
Nor circled with his vengeful band,"

that is, not as the First Lord of the Admiralty, surrounded by the "brawny boarders that mount by the chains, and are over their buckles in!"—ess us, if we haven't forgotten the Ingoldsby rhyme! Never mind. He came as the gentle exponent of a Bill on Local Rating and Local Government.

Mr. GOSCHEN had thoroughly mastered the subject, and he discoursed on it with lucidity and with logic. Mr. PUNCH proposes merely to say that the Bill constructs a system of uniform local government in England and Wales (not London), and of uniform taxation. And that the Government proposes to surrender the House Tax (£1,200,000, M'm) in aid of Local Rates.

"The old rating system is laid on the shelf,

Fal a la! la! Ah! Fal a la! la!

If you want any more you may sing it yourself.

Fal a la! la! Ah! Fal a la! la!"

to adopt a song which used to be merrily sung at the old Adelphi Theatre by the merry and sweet-voiced Mrs. FITZWILLIAM in days when—but no matter. Excuse these weeps.

Thursday.—Mr. MIALl presented his compliments to the Hierarchy and other clerical members of the so-called Church of England; having intended to destroy that Church on the 18th April, he has decided on letting it endure until the 9th May.

After an uninteresting debate on the Enclosure Law Bill—stay, we'll enliven the theme with a Byronic quotation,

"No Common be enclosed without an Ode,"

the Trades Unions Bills were finally considered. Please to observe that what is called the criminal portion of the legislation displeaseth the Unions, so the following sop is thrown to them. In the titles, nothing is to be said about "Masters and Workmen," and the stronger measure is only to be called "An Act to Amend the Criminal Law," and for the words "Trades Union" is to be inserted "Permanent or Temporary Association, or Combination." Perhaps it is not remarkable that after this piece of high comedy, Members were unable to take anything else, and took themselves off until Monday, the 17th April.

MY HEALTH.



HEN I am obliged to ask Aunt if she wouldn't like to go out for a walk. My walk is a good three-and-a-half miles an hour for a genuine constitutional. My Aunt's is one mile in an hour and a half, with stoppages. Tremendous exercise for control of temper—that's the only exercise it gives me.

I take my Aunt out in a fly—shopping, and to see Ramsgate. Ramsgate, for fly-driving, is a startling place for such a nervous system as my Aunt's. The place reminds me of the Centrifugal Railway where you went down a tremendous incline on the left, were whirled round a circle (still in your car head-over-heels) and shot up another tremendous incline on the right.

This is Ramsgate, only without the circle in the centre, its absence being compensated for by gutters, inequalities in the roads, and sharp right-angled corners, which the flies take with a bump that sets 'em all straight again, and puts you right for the next hill.

Going down a Hill.—My Aunt's teeth chatter—she is pale. She draws in her breath: she grasps the side convulsively with one hand, and DODDRIDGE with the other. She is perpetually worrying the driver to "go gently," which results at last in a funereal pace. When we are bumped, which happens every other ten minutes, she shudders and grasps whatever is nearest to her. I swear I am becoming fearfully nervous myself. The streets of Ramsgate were never meant to accommodate more than one carriage, and you have to go almost out of the town before you can get sufficient room to turn comfortably. When this critical moment arrives, my Aunt simply steps out and stands on the pavement, retiring subsequently within a shop-door, while the flyman is executing this strategic movement. In passing another vehicle we have half an inch between its wheel and ours. It seems as if my Aunt's last moment had come. She clutches at her heart and gasps spasmodically. As to my Nerves and my Health—a few days more of this and I shall be a shattered invalid.

Second Day of this Sort of Thing.—Can't stand it: the two old women, the dog growling, and the turtle-dove cooing will drive me wild.

My Aunt has got an idea that a turtle-dove will talk if properly trained. She practises this for one hour a-day, and asks me to continue when she's tired. The lesson consists in sitting before the cage, and wagging your head from side to side, saying, "Pretty! how d'ye do?" Tends to lunacy.

Mem. Surely this kind of life leads to drinking, or (as I look over the cliff and watch the waves) to—but no, I can swim.

This state is the worst possible thing for My Health—I feel it. I feel that I am heavy, that I have got a pain in my nose, and that I show signs of being, like Charlie, over-fed. Over-fed! like Charlie; yes, and growling.

But I am out by myself, for the first time. Alone and free. In an East wind, that seems to cut right into you, and make a cold draught, a sort of Suez Canal, through your ribs. I will not return to ask my Aunt, but will go for a constitutional. Where? Look at pocket-book, where I've previously noted what to do at Ramsgate.

Mem. When at Ramsgate go to Broadstairs. Good—will look in at tobacconist's shop and ask my way. I do so.

The *dramatis persone* of the shop on my entrance are—old man behind the counter (probably the proprietor), a customer (back view), a large shaggy dog on the floor (evidently a visitor), a big cat on a cigar chest (evidently a resident). The dog is eyeing the cat wistfully, while the cat is lying with her legs comfortably tucked up under her, pretending to be more than half asleep, but, in reality, very much awake. My appearance distracts the dog's attention, and offers him another subject for consideration, namely, my legs. Cat supremely indifferent. Proprietor attending to his business. Customer choosing a tobacco-pouch. Dog suspicious. Myself nervous. I cannot help it; after such a turn as I've had of it with a Jumping Aunt—[*Mem.* Startling name for a Sensational Novel, *My Jumping Aunt*.]—a ring-dove learning to talk, and a water-nymph (DODDRIDGE, the Crying Maid) of uncertain age (*i.e.* after fifty). My nerves are quite out of order, and My Health, instead of being improved, is sensibly worsened.

Mem. New verb, To be worsened, *i.e.*, to be made worse. Why

not? To be loosened, *i.e.*, to be made loose. Note for book, in *future*.

"Get away, you ruffian!" says the Customer, opportunely interfering with the dog's proceedings, who won't allow me to advance another step. Dog retires (on receiving an admonitory kick from Customer) with a side glance at cat, conveying the idea that he'd very much like to meet her by moonlight alone, and give her a bit of his mind, or rather a bite of it, at the same time sulkily protesting against such treatment before strangers.

This action (*i.e.* the kick) brings Customer and self face to face, which, by the way, is not generally the result of a kick.

"Why"—he exclaims, staring at me.

"Why"—I exclaim, recognising him in two seconds.

It is BUDD. The very fellow of all others for me to meet at this crisis of My Health. BUDD is a superlative. He is the jolliest, cheeriest, best looking, best hearted fellow possible. He is what is called a man with his heart in the right place. [Awkward, by the way, if he hasn't; but there are occasions when hearts are not in the right place, as, for instance, in a panic, when someone's "heart's in his mouth" (horrible!), or "sinks into his boots". But this never happens to BUDD. He doesn't know what nervousness means, and as for ill health, he appears simply unable to understand it.]

He is hearty.—I am delighted. What has brought us both here? Health. I have come in search of it, he has brought it with him.

"By Jove," he exclaims, after taking a good look at me, "I hardly knew you at first, *you've got so tremendously stout.*"

"Do you think so?" I ask, with an assumption of carelessness, as if it was, after all, only a matter of opinion, and that other people thought I was curiously thin.

"Think so!" says he, "why look here!" and he pinches my arm, and then prods me under (to put it neatly) my fifth rib. I wince. BUDD, who was in the Army, has, I find, taken to farming and country pursuits generally, and has an eye for fat, having exhibited pigs and got a medal. "He wants some of this off, eh, doesn't he?" he continues, appealing to the shopkeeper, who smiles, clearly afraid of offending two customers.

"Come and take a Turkish Bath, that's your tip," says BUDD; "You'll lose ten pounds of this," another prod in a new place, and shopkeeper much amused, counfounded his impudence, "in a week, and at the end of a couple of months you'll be fit for a Derby winner."

This view of the result of a course of Turkish Baths is encouraging, though my recollection of having taken one a long time ago in London, is that I was seriously ill for three days after.

"Bosh!" cries BUDD, heartily; "You come up with me, and I'll put you through your paces."

I promise to join him in a bath to-morrow. Will he, for company's sake, walk with me to-day? He considers.

"No," he replies; "I can't, because I'm going to commit the enormity of going out fishing."

Everything with him is an enormity. At one o'clock he is going to commit the enormity of taking a brandy and soda, and a biscuit. At this moment he is "going to commit the enormity of smoking a cigar." Falling into his way, I inform him that I propose committing the enormity of walking to Broadstairs.

"Do you good," says he; "take a breather to-day, and go in for the enormity of a Turkish to-morrow, no beer or butter, and you'll enter for the Gaspipe Stakes in a fortnight. Melt some of this off," another prod, "and choke off your nerves, or you're booked for a dead 'un before you know where you are."

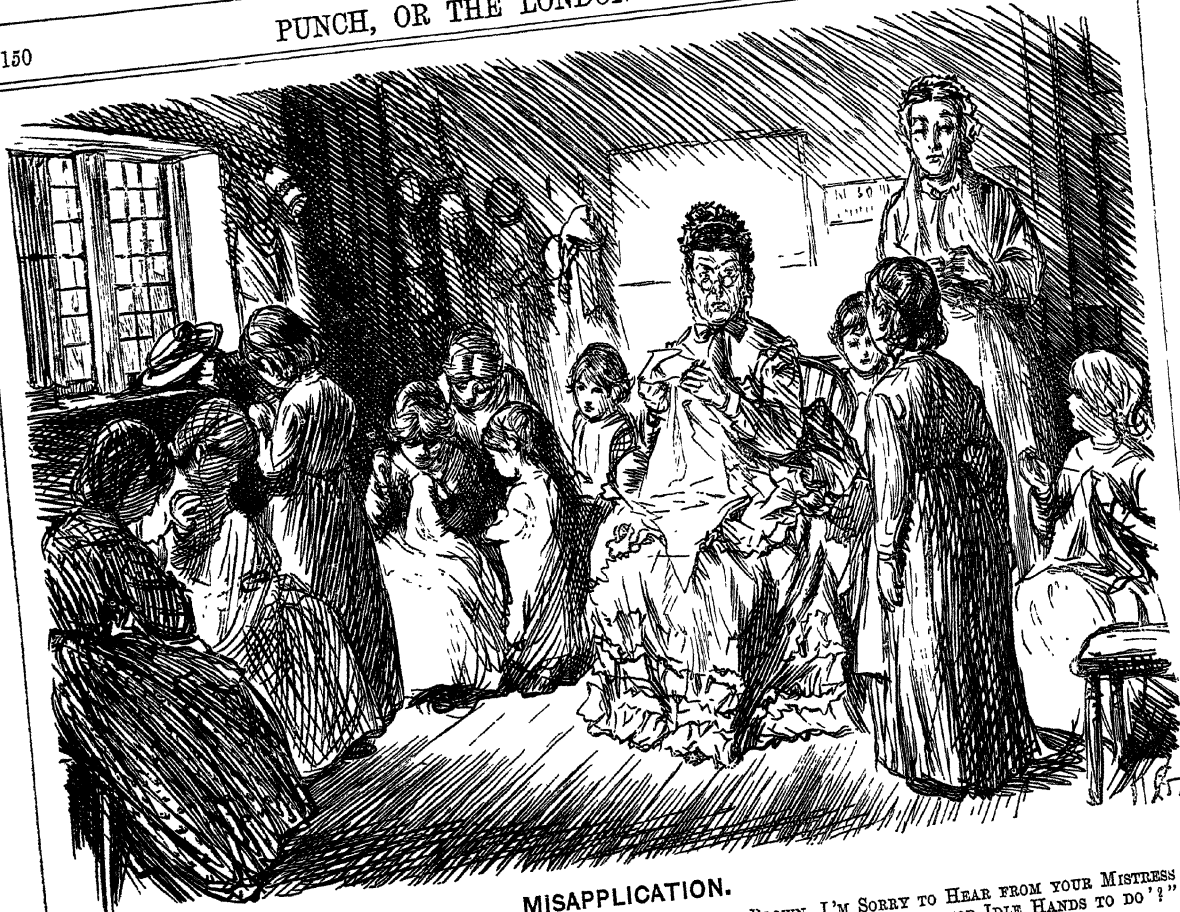
With this cheerful view of my case, given in the jolliest manner possible, he summons Growler, the dog, with a playful poke of his stick—very much like what he's been giving me—and marches out, Growler nodding to the cat, and expressing himself to the effect that it won't be long before he has the pleasure of seeing her again.

I am determined. Now I see my way. "Breathers" and Turkish Baths, *versus* "being a dead 'un before I know where I am."

Subject of consideration to occupy time of walk will be, how can I manage to get quit of my Aunt, DODDRIDGE, and the Dove, or, to put it in BUDD's style, how can I commit the enormity of choking off my Aunt & Co. (representing my nervous system), train for a gaspipe match, and so avoid the melancholy contingency of being booked for a dead 'un. Think it over.

Welsh Rabbit Hunting.

A LIST of fashionable announcements, the other day, contained a paragraph stating that a Drag Club is being formed in Monmouthshire, with the DUKE OF BEAUFORT as President, Mr. PRICE HAMILTON as Secretary, and an uniform consisting of a dark green coat with flat gilt buttons and a motto engraved thereon in the Welsh language. Peradventure, when this Welsh Drag Club goes drag-hunting, the drag, instead of being a red-herring, will consist of toasted cheese.



MISAPPLICATION.

Clergyman's Wife (who takes great interest in her Industrial School). "JANE BROWN, I'M SORRY TO HEAR FROM YOUR MISTRESS THAT YOU ARE NOT DILIGENT AT YOUR NEEDLEWORK! NOW, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS THAT 'FINDS WORK FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO'?"
Jane Brown (artfully thinking to propitiate). "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, YEOU DEW, 'M!!"

• A CLAP ON THE BACK FOR FAWCETT.

(A propos of his Stand-up Fight for Poor Men's Rights in Cases of Commons' Enclosure.)

YOU'RE often a terrible bore, my worthy PROFESSOR FAWCETT,
 When for one of your screeds of doctrine at the House you pour
 pitiless jaw set;
 By abuse of your forty - professor - power your radical tap of
 broaching,
 There's no Member more in the habit on the Commons of encroaching.

But in your case, my Professor, the old saw's truth we see,
 How, with higher lights as lesser, two of one trade never agree;
 That, I think, must be the reason for your strenuous reproachments
 Of those who promote the Enclosure Bills that on commons make
 encroachments.

You complain how the poor man's playgrounds, with their carpet of
 gorse and heather,
 Are laid into the rich man's fields by the thousand acres together;
 Till wild growth and wild Nature and wild waste dwindle down,
 And God's fair world of country is marred to man's foul world of
 town.

And you scorn the paltry acre for the poor man's pastime kept,
 When square miles into the widening net of the squire's new fences
 are swept;
 And in your complaint and your scorn, *Punch* is with you, heart
 and soul,
 And, bore and doctrinaire as you are, wishes more power to your
 poll!

RECITATION FOR THE PARIS PARTY OF ORDER.—"Red Ruffian,
 Retire!"

SUNDAY PARLIAMENT.

THERE is Parliamentary wrangle as to the means of getting more
 days for debating. A frightful proposal that the Houses shall meet
 in November is not a thing to joke about. But surely there is
 another way. Why not let the Houses meet on Sundays (after
 divine service) for the discussion of Religious Questions only, such
 as the Destruction of Churches, the Revision of Lectionaries, the
 Expulsion of Bishops, the Burial of Dissenters, the Ransacking of
 Nunneries, and the Explosion of Whalleyisms? Prepared by re-
 ligious exercises to approach such subjects in a befitting spirit, and
 not disturbed by any thought that dinners are waiting (as no one
 eats a hot dinner on the Sabbath) the Houses would be greatly
 assisted to desirable decisions. And we suppose that no one will
 deny that passing an Act of Parliament is a work of necessity or
 mercy.

THE FIRST PERSON PLURAL.

THE "Red" Departmental Provisional Committee of Marseilles, a
 few days since, issued a Proclamation, which contains the following
 glorious passage:—

"Questions of detail are raised in order to avoid the discussion of prin-
 ciples involved. In short, people dare to ask what we want."
 What astounding audacity! Fancy People actually dare to ask
 what We, the Sovereign Populace, want! "O, brave we!" as Dr.
 JOHNSON used to cry. Marry, "this is Erebus' vein; a Tyrant's
 vein," with a vengeance. Verily, King Mob doth talk the language
 of a despotic Monarch—in a burlesque.

A Dependent Position.

To be a great orator is a great distinction, but a successful public
 speaker pays heavily for his popularity, for how uncomfortable it
 must be for him, when a whole assembly hangs upon his lips!



TWO DROPS OF COMFORT.

PUBLICAN. "P-O-ON MY WORD! THINGS IS COMING TO A PRETTY PASS!"

CABBY. "LOR' BLESS YER, GUV'NOR, YOU AIN'T NO CALL TO BE AFRAID. WHY, MR. BRUCE HE TRIED TO REFORM *THE CABS!* WELL! 'ERE WE ARE!—HAS WE WOS!—NO BETTER, AN' NO WUS!!"

RED FINANCE.



saying about the comparative ingenuity of ourselves and our neighbours, generally current, will, as regards one particular, have to be reversed. The Red financiers will have proved that, in the matter of fiscal, or rather confiscational arrangements, Englishmen invent ideas, and Frenchmen improve upon them.

A! In Belleville's *Journal Officiel*, the other day, there appeared a letter proposing to pay off the German indemnity by a tax of three or four per cent. imposed exclusively on the fortunes of the great landowners and capitalists of France. This idea is not altogether original. The classes subject to the Income-tax in this country had all to themselves the honour of paying for the Abyssinian War; and will doubtless be further honoured by being solely charged with the expense of Army Reorganisation. The Red scheme of adjusting a national burden is only a little more partial than that which was instituted by British legislation. If, in France, the property of only one class be confiscated for the discharge of the nation's liabilities, the

TO PRESIDENT ODGER.

BY AN UN-READ REPUBLICAN.

(Found in St. James's Hall, after the Hindignation Meeting.)

O ODGER, my Codger, you ain't half a dodger,
The way to succeed in this world is success;
I'm blessed if your chances of being a lodger
In Buckingham Palace ain't all in a mess.

You can't git elected, you talk quite dejected,
Your colleagues sits grinning, your spirits to caw;
And then any meeting at which you're expected
Melts out in a mull, or busts up in a row.

Come, show you're worth something—the public's a doubter;
A King, says the Swells, is a Cove as "Can do."
To go by *your* doings thus far, my old spouter,
I'm blown if I'd bet you could cobble a shoe.

Flare hup! my bold Brutus, and make a diskivery
Of brains—make a boot with a brave double-sole,
And send it to Brumpton by Parcels Delivery,
With PRESIDENT ODGER'S kind love to KING COLE.

Stupid at the Poll.

AMONG the "Amendments" to the Ballot Bill is one by MR. LEATHAM, which, as MRS. SKETCHLEY BROWN says, we "don't hold with." He proposes that the voter should strike out from his Card the name of the Candidate he does *not* vote for, instead of the name of his favourite. This amendment is in the interest of the Stupid. But in the interest of the Nation we suggest that the Government form be adhered to, because that will probably make Mr. Stupid vote contrary to his own intention, and therefore in favour of the best man.

Malapropiana.

MRS. MALAPROP presents her compliments to MR. BRUCE, and begs to be reformed if he considers that her giving just a thimbleful of spirits to a cabman, for purveying her six boxes up above three pairs of stairs, would be permitted by the claws of the Excuseable Liquors Bill.

NATURAL SELECTION.

"DEVELOPMENT of Species!" said an old bill-discounter, "don't talk to me about development of species. The only thing worth studying is development of specie!"

THE CENSUS.

It was felt all over the kingdom; and in houses where the families were large, lasted a considerable time.

Some Heads of Families took it very seriously, assembling the entire household, in the dining-room, down to the baby, carefully reading aloud every word of the printed instructions, and prefacing the actual ceremony with an address containing a history of the Census in this country from the time of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, a recapitulation of its advantages, socially, personally, and politically, and an impressive appeal to the servant-maids to adhere scrupulously to the truth in all their statements, which they were requested to attest with their initials. Particular people like these used new pens for the occasion, enclosed the schedule in an envelope (not adhesive), sealed it with their armorial bearings, and, in some instances, it is believed, addressed the communication to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Others treated this decennial obligation with unbecoming levity, filling up the paper, after dinner, with a careless lightheartedness hardly suited to the solemnity of the occasion, and concluding the business with three times three and one Census more.

There were several well authenticated cases of maiden ladies requesting the attendance of their solicitor, to relieve themselves of all responsibility.

By many the questions to be answered were considered very inquisitorial, and sarcastic wonder was expressed that Government had not demanded to know whether they had been re-vaccinated, what their income and outstanding liabilities were, and to what extent they had become imbued, since the last Census, with the views entertained by BISHOP COLENSO, MR. DARWIN, MR. VOYSEY, and MR. PURCHAS.

Very different from those who were disposed to give more information than was required. Old MRS. DEWBURY was quite offended with her son because he would not write down that she could see to read without glasses, and got up regularly at six o'clock every morning, winter and summer, and that the baby was the most beautiful child ever seen. CAPTAIN T. DIBDIN BOWLING, R.N., recorded all his wounds and engagements, appending full details of the weather during the week ending April the first; and Professor BABBLEFORTH would like to have favoured the Registrar General with his views on Trades' Unions, Strikes, and the Co-operative system.

The most graphic pen that was ever manufactured at Birmingham for elsewhere would fail to describe the indignation, incredulity, scorn, contempt, and all the other passions sung of by COLLINS, &c., which raged in the breast and glowed in the face of MRS. GREYMARE when she looked over the shoulder of her meek and mild husband, and caught him in the act of entering himself as "Head of Family." These were her exact words, as taken down by a short-hand writer who happened to be on the spot:—"Well, MR. GREYMARE, you may consider yourself the Head of the Family, if you like, and Government too, if it chooses, but I don't."

THE SMITHS maintain their supremacy, the BROWNS are steadily advancing, and the ROBINSONS show no signs of diminution. There were 10,615 more JONESSES than at the last enumeration. A great falling off was observed in such common vulgar names as Samuel, William, and Richard, Mary, Sarah, and Ann; and a proportionate increase of Huberts, Harolds, and Sydneys, Ediths, Ethels, and Lilians.

We are rather reluctant to advert to the "Age" column, but truth is great and will prevail, as CORNELIUS NEPOS remarked in a letter to his uncle, then the Resident Minister at Carthage. Notwithstanding the threats of penalties and justices of the peace, and the progress of education, and the improvement in the position of women since 1861, there can be but little doubt that some mis-statements as to the age of the inhabitants of these Islands did creep in. Several rather flagrant instances have come to *Mr. Punch's* knowledge, but he forbears for the present publishing the names and addresses of the offenders, believing that, on reflection, they will acknowledge their fault to the Secretary, Census Office, Craig's Court, S.W., and forward him a more truthful return. MISS LAQUERON defeated the curiosity of her maid by locking up the document in her strong box, and delivering it in person to the enumerator when he called: MR. ST. LEGER BRANDENTHORPE adopted the same course with his man.

Change of Name.

IN consequence of MR. BENTINCK's complaint that the "two front benches" in the House of Commons are more comfortably "upholstered" than the rest of the seats that Honourable Member will in future be known as MR. BENCHTINCK.

LITERARY ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"THE best-thumbed book in my library," said a writer remarkable for his orthography, "is *Johnson's Dictionary*."



DISCRIMINATION.

Farmer (to "Whip"). "I SAY, JIM, IF THE FOX SHOULD BREAK THERE, HE'LL BE HEADED BY THEM RED COATS!"
 "Whip." "TANT THE COATS, BUT THEM AS IS IN 'EM. THEY KEEPS ON A CHATTERIN' ALL THE WHILE!"

CARRIAGES AT COURT.

(An Appeal from the Footboard.)

WHEN the QUEEN hopened that new 'All
 Of Harts and Science, Ho! I thought,
 Now there is just wot I should call
 The very place to go to Caught.

'Cause there the ladies would find room
 To wait within that Structsha vawst,
 And 'ave no more their beauty's bloom
 Nipped by the chill nawth-eastern blawst.

The carridges along the Mall
 A manly buzzum must distress,
 Therein sets hevery chawmin' gal
 Happarellled in "low" hevenin' dress.

The sentiment you'd feel is mixt
 Of hadmiration with disgust,
 An hour or more to see em fixt
 In line, with unpertected bust.

Although the Season is began
 In Mawch and Hapril, when 'tis cold,
 That sight is one to hany man,
 Unseasonable to be-old.

The tears of pity from 'is heyes
 That spectacle is fit to draw,
 Wen so unclement is the skies,
 And wen the breezes is so rawr.

We that attends in splendid state
 You'd henvy for our pomp and pride!
 Not if you know'd wot 'tis to wait
 Good three hours at a stretch outside.

Silk stockings is all very fine,
 And so is gordgus livery suits;
 But ho that a great coat wos mine,
 And good, stout, comfortable boots!

Ho, yes! The buckles glitters bright
 In shiny pumps on hachin feet;
 But hall a mockery is the light
 Of polish with the want of 'eat.

The ladies has their upper haulves
 Infected by the piercin' hair;
 We more peticklerly our caulves:
 A show-off pooty nigh as bare.

Both we and them in tip-top trim
 Is for the weather under-drest;
 We finds it out in jinte and limb:
 And they gets punished in the chest.

The lower ordas honly see
 The hupper clawsses outard show;
 But little do they think wot we,
 Meanwhile, has got to undergo.

New Nursery for the Army.

IN family circles, towards evening, you often hear it suggested to children of tender years that it is time for them to go to by-by. The Army Bill, however, if it become law, will, by putting an end to purchase, abolish the buy-buy system, in the Cavalry as well as the Infantry.

SIMPLE FORM OF DECEPTION.—Enter a crowded room, and at once take every one in with your eye.

THE DAY OF DROUGHT.

(A Pedestrian's Petition.)

THY praise, O SECRETARY BRUCE,
Shall worthily be sung,
For thine endeavour to reduce,
Beneath due licence, BUNG.
But whilst provision thou dost make
Against abuse of gin,
His ease do not forbid to take
A Briton in his inn.

I speak no word for them that swill,
I plead not for the sot—
But I espy, upon thy Bill,
A Sabbatarian blot.
When I on Sunday take my walk,
I want my glass of beer—
Of that enjoyment do not baulk
Thy poor Petitioner!

Save 'twixt the hours of one and three,
And those of seven and nine,
To close thereon each hostelry,
What reason can be thine?
I fear me that sectarian band
Thy better sense constrains,
On Sundays who, could they command,
Would stop excursion-trains.

O Liberty is my first love!
I'd fight in her just cause;
My rule, all politics above,
Is "Make no needless laws."
Confound the tyrant King who would
My rightful acts repress;
If any Legislature should,
Confound that, too, no less.

At Hampstead Heath and Hampton Court,
What wretchedness will reign;
When folk who thither shall resort,
No liquor may obtain!
Our Sunday will e'en gloomier still
Be rendered than before,
And unto those, against whose will
'Twill be enforced, a bore.

Sunday excursions may be checked,
On river and on rail,
And that, your Clergy may expect,
Will much their ends avail.
Your tavern-closing Sunday laws
Will none to chapels send,
But numbers more in guzzle cause,
"Saint Monday's" feast to spend.

UNSEASONABLE INDIGNATION.

In the face of events going on in Paris, to hold an Indignation Meeting at St. James's Hall, denouncing the House of Lords, for their refusal to legalise Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, was at any rate most inopportune. This is not the time for assailing an Institution of our Country. In withholding compliance with the demand embodied in MR. T. CHAMBERS'S Bill, the House of Lords must be admitted, on all sides, to have pursued its traditional policy. *Noblesse oblige*, and noble Lords feel bound to refuse every demand for the redress of any grievance, real or unreal, that they dare, until they dare no longer. The persons aggrieved by not being permitted to marry their deceased wives' sisters, are a small minority, and therefore the merits of their case do not signify. We many of us delight to maintain, and even to impose, upon other people, restrictions which do not annoy or injure ourselves.

The More Haste the Worse Speed.

So wonderful is the crossing of tides in the Parliamentary ocean
The flood of business is constantly stopped by some
Honourable Member's motion.



THE BRITISH VON MOLTKE.

AS HE APPEARED SALUTING HIS BRAVE ARMY AT BRIGHTON, EASTER MONDAY, 1871.

A WELSH HARP WITH ENGLISH STRINGS.

MR. PUNCH's ubiquitous eye has fallen upon four lines of poetry in the *Oswestry Advertiser*. They are given as the production of a Welshman who has condescended to compose in the language of Englishmen. They refer to a combat in which he had been engaged, his antagonist having been armed with a poker:—

"The knock with the 'prooker' i'll never forget,
As long as i'll come to Llangollen;
Whenever i'll come, i'll try to go home,
Bit better, bit better, than last time whatever."

They are not absolutely perfect to English ears, and we have an especial difficulty in accepting "whatever" as a good rhyme to "Llangollen." But we receive them gratefully as a proof of a conciliatory spirit on the part of the writer, who does not utterly despise *Saesneg*.

FRIGHTFUL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We read, to our horror, in a country paper on Monday:—

"HER MAJESTY having confirmed the sentence of deprivation against the REVEREND Mr. VOYSEY, he will be executed forthwith."

We shuddered for three days, but on the fourth our feelings were relieved by perusing in the same paper:—

"A DROPPED LINE.—After 'MR. VOYSEY' in the above paragraph, read 'he refusing recantation, the judgment of the Council.'"

We breathed again, and with a sigh of thankfulness consigned to the wastebasket a beautiful paragraph beginning "Shade of Torquemada! Do we live in the year of grace 1871?" &c., &c. Then we took the paragraph out again, as it will do the first time some cad is fined for misbehaviour in church.

Unthinking Masses.

ANOTHER Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race has been rowed; and Hammer-smith Bridge remains. How thoughtless the people who overcrowd it year after year to witness that spectacle must be, never to reflect that if, under the pressure of their enormous weight, it were to come down with a run, the consequences entailed by the downfall of a structure which could not be replaced for some time, would be most vexatious to all dwellers in the neighbourhood!



BRIGHTON REVIEW.

Adjutant. "NOW, THEN, MAJOR JONES, YOUR MEN ARE RETREATING. MOUNT, AND FOLLOW THEM AT ONCE."
Major. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY 'MOUNT!' BUT THAT IS JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO EVER SINCE THE FIRING COMMENCED."

"NO CARDS!"

How happy was my former life,
 So steady, calm, and sober,
 Before September, '70
 Gave place unto October.

Then every morning I could lie
 Upon my pillow napping,
 And never care a single rap
 About the postman's rapping.

For, though no correspondence calls
 In me for strong regards,
 My letters I could tolerate,
 But not these Postal Cards.

They come upon that fatal morn
 In heaps, in shoals, by yards;
 My letter-box was crammed with them,
 Those economic cards.

Talking-machines and PEPPER's ghosts,
 Chiropodists and bards,
 Australian meat, and sermons sweet,
 Were all "upon the cards."

My servants read remarks from duns,
 Expressed in language hard:
 My wife tabooed an Albion feast
 Exposed upon a card.

My cook, who's cousins by the score,
 All privates in the Guards,
 Knows when my wife and I'll be out,
 She sees it, on the cards.

From all domestic privacy,
 I feel that I'm debarred;
 The very page-boy knows each move,
 He's grown a knowing "card."

I'm not revengeful; but I'd like
 To see the fellow tarr'd
 And feathered, who suggested first
 This horrid Postal Card.

When I got married, spooney as
 No end of Abelards,
 I said, "Dear wife, we'll keep through life
 Our nuptial vow—'No cards!'"

"Within the circle of our home
 We'll centre our regards"—
 For then who could prognosticate
 These public Postal Cards?

This will I do—I'll advertise,
 And offer large rewards
 For some one who'll expatriate me
 To where there are "No cards."

An Eye to Business.

OUR doctor's front door has not been properly painted, and ought, as his friends and patients tell him, to be done over again; but he declines to let it be touched, assigning as his reason that it looks professional, being "blistered."

A Sea of Trouble.

A TELEGRAM from Paris, the other day, stated that:—

"The exodus of families continues on a grand scale."

We wish the people of the Parisian Exodus well out of their Red Sea.



"ALL ATAUNTO."

Tall Swell (who's very particular about his rigging). "HULLO! DASH IT! TUT, TUT—T—T—T!"

Ungentle Friend. "WHAT'S THE MATTER? COME OUT WITHOUT YOUR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF?"

Swell. "NO, CONFOUND IT! FORGOT TO LEAVE IT AT HOME! BROUGHT IT OUT IN MY TAIL-POCKET!—JUST SEE IF MY COAT STICKS OUT!"

WORKPEOPLE AND WAGES.

I LIKE to see the Working Man
Pursue his upward way,
For still, deny it if you can,
"To labour is to pray."
I like to see him lay, or shape
The brick, wield saw or plane,
Or ply the glazier's blade, and scrape
His putty off the pane.

When up and down, and to and fro,
I view him sweep the brush,
Then deftly "job" the paint on, O!
With sympathy I gush.
When he, with swivel-gimlet, drills
A hole, his levelled eye
I mark, until mine own so fills,
That I could almost cry.

But not a Working Man alone
Is he, who wage receives
For work in flannel jacket done,
Or done in his shirt-sleeves.
In Parliament both 'Squire and Peer
Are Working Men; all they
Who do the work: their toil's severe:
They work both night and day.

A Working Man the Judge I call,
In wig, for paper cap;
The Bishop ev'n, though not with awl
To apron on his lap:
A sight, when on his work intent,
Of quite as noble kind
As ODGER would himself present,
His business would he mind.

The highest person in the State,
A Working Woman too,
Works always early, often late,
And harder, far, than you
To whose expense the Sovereign adds
Nought you can feel, ye sour
Small set of disaffected Cads,
Who grudge her Children's dower.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.—The best way to make a Rice Pudding—The Milky Way.

THREE CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

THIS is from a Liverpool paper:—

PIOUS, educated Gentleman, aged 28, in adverse circumstances, desires to find a Christian who considers it a duty to befriend such.—Address, &c.

The gentleman has a perfect right to term himself "pious." He ought to know whether he is pious or not. But when he calls himself "educated," and then calls out for a Christian who considers it a duty to befriend adverse circumstances, he suggests to us to ask what is understood, in Liverpool, by education.

Here is another:—

COACHMAN AND GROOM.—First-class testimonials of ten years' service from SIR WILLIAM MACARTHUR; none but a respectable family need apply; is open for a fortnight.—Apply, &c.

This haughty Menial (yes, a coachman dwells within your "walls," the word is rightly used) hails from a colony. We rather admire his firmness of manner. He seems a person to be trusted to control fiery steeds. But we do not understand about the fortnight. Probably, if within that time he does not obtain a coach-box to his liking, he means to enter the Legislative Council of New South Wales.

Lastly, here is a gem, set in silver:—

TO CHRISTIANS.—A Young Man, never had the blessing of the use of his limbs through being set on wet grass, earnestly solicits 42 postage stamps. In return he will send, free, six best Nickel Silver Tea Spoons and Tongs to any part of London.—Please address, &c.

After remarking that we were unaware that being "set on wet grass" gave a person the use of his limbs, we demand why the advantages offered by this advertisement are restricted to Christians. Hath not a Jew teacups? Hath not a Jew sugar? Hath not a Jew a

milk-jug? If his tea be not sweet enough, doth he not put in more saccharine matter? If it be too hot, doth he not stir it until it cools? Why, also, may not a Turk buy spoons and tongs? Is he not addicted to coffee (not that he stirs it, by the way), and is he not always wanting tongs to lift the charcoal to his pipe? Infidels and heretics, too, may be very sad persons, but it is a persecuting spirit that would deny them tea-spoons and tongs, a spirit akin to Nick rather than to Nickel. However, we hope the advertiser will sell the Spoons.

REBELLIOUS RITUALISTS.

SOME five thousand clergymen of the Church of England, including DR. PUSEY, have addressed an appeal to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, entreating him and the other Bishops to set the late judgment of the Privy Council in the PURCHAS case at naught. His Grace has very judiciously replied by pointing out to them, that they are asking the rulers of the Church to break the law. But most likely they know that as well as he does, being most of them Ritualists, whose subordination to ecclesiastical authority has very nearly resembled that of the Clerkenwell democrats to the civil government. Imitating the gentlemen of the pavement, the gentlemen of the surplice, peculiarly addicted as they are to processions, will perhaps get up one of their own Romanesque sort, and march with banners above their heads, and acolytes at their heels, to hold a demonstration before Lambeth Palace.

More from Mrs. Malaprop.

OUR esteemed friend has been spending a few days in the country, which she says is looking dutiful. Spring flowers are springing up in most luxurious confusion. Bandyons are abundant in the meadows at the back, and her front garden is full of scarlet agapemones.

FROM JOAN'S GHOST.



PUNCH, CHER CONFRÈRE.—It has been a sad year for me! With the Prussians at Vaucouleurs, the Uhlans making requisitions in my own Domremy, and the chassepôts of a French garrison broken and burned by PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES's soldiers at the foot of my statue, in the Place du Martroy, you may well imagine I have passed a *mauvais quart d'heure* in this other world of mine.

But, for all that, my motto is now, as it was of old, "*Espérance!*" France was as low when I came to raise her up; and I hope she may still have in her the stuff out of which I was made, though it may have to be worked up after another fashion.

But if I have not been allowed to appear in France in her year of humiliation, 1870, I have appeared, you see, in London. Your Rosbifs, I am told, have been treating me in 1871 as you did in 1431,—burning me alive. But when your WARWICK and WINCHESTER did it in the old market-place of Rouen, JOHN BULL applauded them to the echo. Now, that your TOM TAYLOR and your Queen's

Councillors burn me, I learn, if I may believe your *Daily Telegraph*, that JOHN BULL hisses, and will not have it. It is true that, on making inquiries of some of my good-natured friends who attended the ceremony on Easter Monday, and since—for you know one always has some good-natured friends who can make a pleasure of one's roasting—I cannot learn that JOHN BULL did or does hiss, audibly, on the occasion, or if he did or does, I am assured that the hiss was and is drowned in applause, and that my burning seemed, on the whole, as might be expected, to give great satisfaction to my hereditary enemies.

But however this may be, I am anxious to assure you, and my old and stout enemies, the Rosbifs, through you, that I bear no grudge to the dramatist, or managers, who have thought proper again to sentence me to the stake. In fact, I am obliged to them. I am not ashamed of my martyrdom, but proud of it. The pile was my stepping-stone to eternal bliss, and undying fame—if I cared for that. No, my real enemies are those who have questioned if I ever really *was* burnt, headed by the impostor who took my name, and laid claim to my doings some seven years after my death, and I am ashamed to say took in my king, and even some of my own family, though she afterwards owned to her imposture, and so set me right with my time and all time to come. The ill-turn she did me, has since been renewed by the poets and dramatists, who have thought fit, among many other gross and offensive liberties, taken with my career, to end it, otherwise than on the pile, some by marrying me, and some by killing me in battle. Like France, I owe the bitterest grudge to Germany.

It is MR. SCHILLER who has most cruelly wronged me, not only by making me fall in love—a thing I never did, I am thankful to say—and with an Englishman—the last man I should have thought of falling in love with, had I been capable of such a womanly weakness—but by depriving me of my martyr's crown, and shuffling me ignominiously out of the world in the muddle of a *mêlée*, like a common sworder!

I feel deeply grateful to my latest dramatist for at least presenting the leading events of my life as they happened; for not saddling me with a lover, and not sparing me the stake.

Your *Daily Telegraph* is a great Philistine, and may be expected to take a Philistine's view of the matter. But in MR. JOHN BULL, for all his WARWICKS, his WINCHESTERS, and in spite of the hard treatment your SHAKESPEARE has given me, I always owned a noble enemy; and I feel I have no reason to complain of his treatment of me in this the latest chronicle of the Life and Death of

Yours ever,

JOAN OF ARC.

WORK AND PLAY.—University athletic sports are said to develop Pluck. Very likely they do.

PLAY-HOUSE CHARGES.

THE Correspondence about the extra charges, or as honest persons call them, the Extortions at theatres is renewed, and there is a miserable exposure of official greed. But we are happy to know that the question is about to be set at rest. A Tariff of Charges has been agreed upon, and it will shortly be promulgated, that is, hung up in the entrances and lobbies, and visitors will at all events know what an evening at the play will cost them. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the tariff, and he subjoins it:—

	£	s.	d.
Booking places	0	2	6
Play-bill at box-office	0	1	0
Envelope for box-ticket	0	0	6
Badged Porter who opens Carriage-door at night	0	0	6
His fee, if Visitor walks	0	0	3
Deposit on leaving Great-coat	0	0	6
Ditto on leaving Umbrella	0	0	3
Deposit by Lady, whatever she leaves	0	0	6
If she have nothing to leave	0	0	3
Box-keeper, for each Visitor	0	1	0
Play-bill from him (each Visitor to take one) each	0	0	6
Book of the Words	0	2	0
Fee if Visitor's own Book brought	0	0	6
Footstools, each	0	0	6
Refreshments as per tariff. But for each visit of woman to say "any refreshments?"	0	0	6
Fee for information as to when the performances will be over	0	0	3
Fee on resuming Great-coat, Cloak, &c. (deposit to be retained by official) each article	0	0	6
Fee for walking about Lobby between Acts	0	0	6
Deposit on borrowing Opera-glass	1	0	0
Hire of same	0	5	0
Fee on returning same	0	0	6
For peeping through glass in Box-door	0	0	3
For reading Play-bills on Lobby wall	0	0	2
A Glass of Water, in box	0	1	0
Fee to Attendant bringing it	0	0	6
For Visitor's returning to see whether any article has been left in box	0	1	0
Fee on any article so regained	0	2	6
Box of Cigar-lights	0	1	0
Badged Porter who calls Carriage	0	1	0
His fee if he doesn't call it	0	0	6
His fee for opening Carriage-door	0	0	6
His fee for shutting Carriage-door	0	0	3
His fee if Visitors' Servant does both	0	0	6
Fee for waiting till Carriage arrives (each Visitor)	0	0	3
For waiting, if no carriage, and because it rains (each Visitor)	0	0	6

There may be a few trifling additions to this list, but it is correct in the main, and as soon as it has received the signatures of such managers as approve the system, it will be hung up, as above said.

N.B. It is wished to meet a generous public in a liberal spirit, and therefore the fee for reading the above tariff, when stuck up, will be optional.

LITERATURE.

The Brighton Review. 1871. GRANT & Co.

PUBLIC opinion on the last *Review* acknowledges the goodness of the material, but holds that the new Editors lack the faculty of arrangement. There is little to be learned from columns of figures drawn up without a definite purpose. Moreover, the imagination is too much appealed to throughout. We do not know that there should be congratulation on the singular absence of horsiness, as there are times for all things. Still, the Number may be called satisfactory, though needing many corrections.

A Grind for Examination.

Tutor. In your account of the Fathers of the Church, Sir, you don't mention POLYCARR.

Pupil. No, Sir.

Tutor. No, Sir! Why not, Sir?

Pupil. Not Father of the Church, Sir, POLLYCARR. Mother of the Church, Sir.

"HE RIDES THE WHIRLWIND, NOT DIRECTS THE STORM."

THE head of the Romanist party in the German Parliament is appropriately named HERB WINDHORST. Name and function together, we are reminded of the STERNHOLD and HOPKINS's famous

"On the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad."

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

PEG OF PEGWELL BAY.

I HAD got the gout,
Went to get my leg well;
Found a village out,
On the bay of Pegwell.
Who knows not that bay?
Ignorance besotted!
Shrimps within it play,
Then are caught and potted.

Shrimps the morning meal
Finish, after egg, well—
Lor! how full I feel,
Breakfasting at Pegwell.
Shrimping go the maids,
KATE, POLL, LOO, and MEGGY,
Through the water wades,
Pretty Pegwell PEGGY.

Neither short nor tall,
Nor a whit too leggy,
Is the girl they call
Pretty Pegwell PEGGY.
While I am asleep,
When the day is dawning,
She is in the deep
Shrimping, may be prawning.

O'er the rocks she goes,
Treading firm, no limping,
Nothing on her toes
Or her legs for shrimping.
Rocks beyond the sands,
She has got to get to,
Baskets in her hands,
And, of course, a net too.

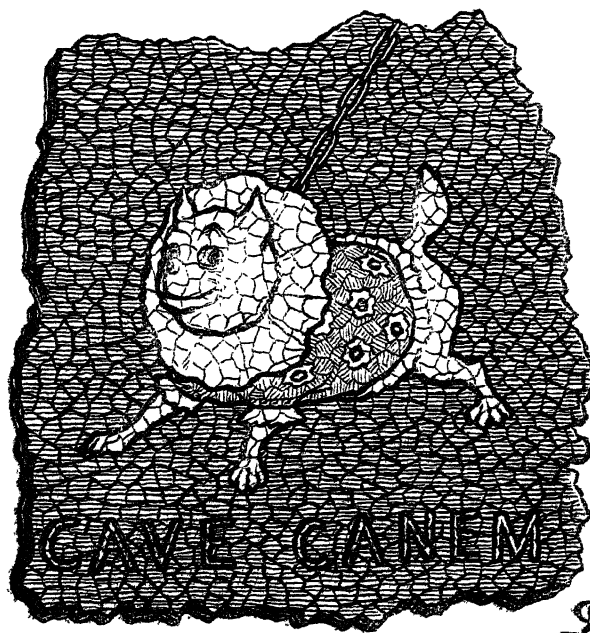
Shrimps she treats like char,
And when she has got 'em,
PEG's the one to ar-
-tistically pot 'em.
Some I bite and munch,
And with pleasure suck some;
Waited on at lunch,
By sweet PEG so buxom.

PEG, of Pegwell Bay,
Is so bright and comely,
Beats each *coryphée*
Of the time of LUMLEY.
Bless us! how she smiles!
See the sly-boots simper,
She my heart beguiles—
Modest Maiden Shrimper!

Yes! where'er I feel
That I shan't cry, "O! toe!"
Goutless, I will kneel,
Begging for her photo.
But I know I'm shy,
And I cannot beg well,
Never mind, I'll try—
Pretty PEG of Pegwell!

Shrimps come daily, I
Have my share allotted,
Happy shrimps you're by
Pegwell PEGGY potted!
Shrimps create a drought—
Broach a cask or keg! well
Mixed 'twill be, no doubt,
By my PEG of Pegwell!

Ah! I wake one morn,
Miss her pretty curtsy,
Ask, where has she gone?
"Sir, she's gone to Chertsey."
"She's engaged to wed
ANDREW JAMES CARNEGIE!"—
I could punch his head!
So farewell to PEGGY!



CURIOUS OLD ROMAN MOSAIC

RECENTLY EXCAVATED ON AN ESTATE IN THE POSSESSION OF,
MR. PUNCH.

TO ALL "DEAR BOYS."

"A TESTIMONIAL" usually proves that the recipient has had sufficient self-esteem to perceive his own merits, and sufficient popularity to induce his friends to understand his hint that those merits ought to be formally recognised. But there are exceptions to this rule, and we are going to mention a marked exception. Pooh, we decline to pursue the topic in a didactic spirit. That there should be proposal for a Testimonial to *Paddy Green*, and that *Mr. Punch* should be out of the business, would be perfectly inconceivable. Why, has not *Mr. Punch* been privately enjoying *MR. GREEN*'s pleasantries and hospitalities, and publicly alluding to them in the most familiar and genial matter, for years? Have not some of *Mr. Punch*'s meritorious young men written, in the most charming manner, upon the wholesome festivities over which *MR. GREEN* has presided? Is not "dear boy" a household word with *Mr. Punch*. "Go to," then, that is, go to *MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD* at the Gaiety Theatre, and then, standing up in a gentlemanly attitude, address that gentleman in an affable and elegant style, to this effect. "MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, Sir, I learn from our friend *Mr. Punch* that it is proposed to present *MR. GREEN* with a Memorial of the general approbation of his management at *EVANS*'s, and specially of his honourable and successful resolve to exclude from the entertainments anything of a vulgar or otherwise objectionable sort. Sir, as one who enjoys rational and unvitiated amusement, and as one who cherishes a hundred agreeable recollections of a place, where, thanks to *MR. GREEN*, no gentleman is ashamed to be seen, I beg leave to make this (*here take out portemonnaie or cheque*) addition to the 'Paddy' Green Fund." If you prefer doing this by correspondence, you have the address above. To flavour this appeal with a bit of literature, *Mr. Punch* "reminds" you that there was a British poet called *MATTHEW GREEN*, who wrote in the last century. His memoir states that "he was a man of great probity and sweetness of disposition, and that his conversation abounded with wit, but of the most inoffensive kind." *MR. P. GREEN* might have sat for that portrait, and there is even an additional likeness, for *M. GREEN* wrote a capital poem against what *P. GREEN* has so often helped to cure—the spleen. *MATTHEW* wrote—

"Fling but a stone, the giant dies."

He has often died in "those cool halls" by the Piazza, and *MR. GREEN* has for years officiated at the sacrifice. Come, dear public, remember many a pleasant evening, and help to make *MR. GREEN*'s evening pleasant.

ART DOGMA.—An Artist's Wife never admires her husband's work so much as when he is Drawing her a Cheque.



A FLATTERING REQUEST!

Lady of the House. "O, SIGNOR BERNOLSKI, I AM SO GLAD YOU'VE COME!—WE'RE ALL SO DREADFULLY DULL! NOW DO SIT DOWN AND PLAY US THAT LOVELY SONATA OF YOURS. THEY'LL NEVER BEGIN TO TALK TILL THEY HEAR THE PIANO GOING!"

THE CROWN V. BULL.

(*In re The Embankment.*)

LAY some two millions on your coal,
My patient London donkey,
That 'twixt embankments Thames may roll,
Or at least boast his *one* quay.

Remake the foul old river's bed,
Tuck him in clean and warm;
River-side slum and long-shore shed,
To pleasure grounds transform;

Harden soft-sludge to stable ground,
Where trees and flowers may show,
Till foul miasmas floating round,
To garden odours grow.

Then all the acres you've reclaimed,
Out of your hard-won guineas,
Because the fore-shore they are named,
Give up to the Crown, like ninnies!

And let the Crown build up a wall
About the ground you've made—
From Charing Cross unto Whitehall,
Let the Crown's claw be laid!

Or add unto your millions two,
One-fourth as many more,
To pay the Crown for giving you
The mud your cash made shore!

If you do this, my good JOHN BULL,
For GLADSTONE or for LOWE,
With two long ears on your thick skull,
Henceforth for ever go!

THE GREAT REVELATION!

THE *Morning Post* has made the following statement:—

"Twenty years ago, upon the 1st of May, 1851, on the occasion of the opening of the International Exhibition in Hyde Park, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON presented to his little godson, His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR, then only twelve months old, a small sealed casket, with instructions that the birthday gift should not be opened till the Prince attained his majority. The 1st of May, 1871, is rapidly approaching, when the casket should be opened. It will be interesting to learn its contents."

It will. But now that the 1st of May is so near, there is no reason why *Mr. Punch* should longer keep the secret which was entrusted to him in 1851, and which he has resolutely preserved ever since. He therefore informs PRINCE ARTHUR and the Universe that the contents of the casket are these. A ring, set with a single diamond, on which are carved the numerals, 85. With this is a small tablet of gold, on which is inscribed, *Be That Thine Oracle*. H.R.H. will instantly understand the meaning, and we only add that the oracle, as also an "Oracle of the Bottle," will be at his service whenever he applies where he is thus mystically told to seek counsel on all the problems of life.

PUNCH.

Disciples for Mr. Darwin.

DARWIN, is Man, who looks to the meridian,
Descended from the Larva, form that means
Like unto Grub, of a Marine Ascidian?
Marine? 'Tis apt. Tell that to the Marines.

CRUELTY.

A GENTLEMAN was observed the other day Beating a Retreat. On being caught, he said, by way of an excuse for his conduct, that it had struck him suddenly. The matter is still under investigation.

SWEEPSTAKES.—Shares in the "Patent Ramoneur Company."



“TO BE SOLD.”

HUISSIER-PRISEUR. “ALLONS DONC! WHAT SHALL WE SAY FOR THIS FINE PROPERTY?”

MY HEALTH.



Coming to Broadstairs from Ramsgate.—Beautiful weather between Broadstairs and Ramsgate. Ramsgate has several sorts of weather all at once; and having paid 'your money (for lodgings or hotel), you can take your choice.

After 'meeting BUDD I feel better. I am cheered by the prospect of Turkish Baths and probable reduction. Think, as I walk on, that on my return I will take a more decided line with my Aunt. What the decided line shall be I don't exactly see, but generally speaking: I might alter my conduct towards her.

For instance, when she's frightened, on meeting me suddenly on the stairs (we almost live on the stairs, as I am perpetually returning from going to fetch my Aunt's pocket-handkerchief, and she is as often coming-up after me to tell me that she's found it in the piano), I can laugh boisterously, and pretend it's good fun. Laugh her out of her "nerves" as it were. When she cries, instead of being too sympathetic, I can say, "What's the use of tears! Why give way?" which latter arguing sounds like an advertisement, with an answer after it, telling you how *not* to give way on the cheapest plan.

Sudden Shock to Nervous System.—There are no railings or posts along the cliff between Broadstairs and Ramsgate. A meditative person might easily step over the edge. Very dangerous. Find I've been following a path which actually has been made to lead to the very verge, and have luckily pulled up short. What pulled me up short? Instinct?

Mem. Write to MR. DARWIN on this subject. What I want to draw his attention to is that my mind was occupied with one line of thought—far away from cliffs and precipices—but that suddenly something pulled me up with a jerk and prevented me going over. I notice a donkey grazing within three inches of the edge. He is evidently thinking of his dinner. He moves on quietly and fearlessly, vegetating. He doesn't even give a side glance at his danger. He is dining, like DAMOCLES, with the sword over him. Change "o." into "a," [and say sword under him—which suggestion turns the current of my thoughts. I rise (having seated myself to write this note for DARWIN before I forget it), and leave DAMOCLES the donkey.

Mem. Before I move on again. People say that when at a dizzy height one feels an irresistible inclination to throw oneself over. I don't. Nothing like it. But approaching a trifle too near, I do feel a sort of vibration somewhere about the knees, something like the sensation in a nightmare when you're falling down-stairs without your legs. Used I to experience this before living with my Aunt, DODDRIDGE, Charlie, and the Turtle Dove? Don't think so.

Not a soul to be met. Peacefully quiet. This is Ramsgate-cum-Broadstairs out of season. Sit down again and think. This process will restore nerves. But is sitting down good for exercise? Yes; and go on again, fresher.

Melancholy is marking me for its own. I will sit and write *Thoughts on Waves*. Fancy there's some sort of poetic feeling in me—(*Mem.* Write to MR. DARWIN again. Think I could support his theory with an argument. Work it out.)—latent, and to be developed by solitude.

Thoughts on Waves (in Note-book, to be developed).—The bold, blustering wave which froths and foams . . . [Wonder how TENNYSON would express this? Can one take lessons in poetry? Might write and ask him. How much a lesson? *Mem.* for DARWIN and TENNYSON. Not bad idea to ask them both to dinner. Literary party with BUDD, and a sporting dash in it, to "commit the enormity" of taking a glass of wine, with pleasure, &c., &c. Think it out.] . . . and foams like a raving maniac, and being without a strait-waistcoat . . . ["Wave in a strait-waistcoat"—*Query* for TENNYSON, poetical idea, or not?] . . . dashes itself upon the rocks and . . . and . . . there's an end of it. (*Mem.* This wants finish.)

Another Thought on Another Wave.—A feminine wave coming up with a slight rustle like the sound of a lady's dress—(material immaterial; never know what ladies' dresses are made of, except silk). It curtsies, makes a slight advance, then bashfully retreats, and . . . is seen no more.

Wave Number Three.—The cautious wave, which, knowing how thoroughly out of its element it will be on shore, joins two speculative friends who are making the expedition. The firm (unlimited liability) reaches the sands, and breaks.

Names for Waves.—The Barber Waves. They get up a great lather, then leave the sand clear as a fresh-shaven face.

Leapfrog Waves—which rush after one another, jump on to each other's backs, fall together, and roll over and over on the shore.

Notes finished. Rise: with difficulty. Rheumatism? Or obesity? Horrid word, "obesity." Perhaps rheumatism and obesity. Take sharp walk on to Broadstairs. Very dull. Wish there was somebody to talk to. A walking-stick would be a companion. Will get one at Broadstairs. Begin to feel hungry. Mustn't eat anything between breakfast and dinner, if I want to get into good condition. Yet I should like to commit the enormity (can't help quoting BUDD while I am alone—it seems sociable) of taking a little bread and cheese and a glass of beer. It ought to be water, not beer; but it won't matter just for once, as to-morrow I begin BUDD's plan, and take Turkish Baths.

Broadstairs.—Viewed from cliff. Not a soul visible anywhere. Broadstairs probably at luncheon, or taking a *siesta*. I feel almost afraid of stepping in, and disturbing it. Sit on bench, and watch for signs of life. . . . Two figures emerge from somewhere in the town. . . . I am interested. . . . They disappear above . . . they re-appear below, on the sands, where they at once lie at full length. One is in a bright blue blouse, and the other in a whitish coat. Who? . . . On further inspection . . . there is no doubt of it. . . . they are the Butcher and the Baker, of Broadstairs, and this is all they've got to do.

I walk on. To the hotel. From the coffee-room window I have a full view of the parade (?), and on the coffee-room walls I can amuse myself with prints of HOGARTH'S *Marriage à la Mode*. Children and nurses appear on parade; also two Bath chairs with invalids.

Plenty of invalids here, probably. Bantingising or Vegetarianising: which would account for the idleness of the Butcher and Baker, still lying at full length on the sands, where I view them again while luncheon is being prepared.

It is quite refreshing to talk to anyone. To the Barmaid, for example, after the silent walk. I say, "Good day." So does she. I ask what there is for luncheon, as a sort of *façon de parler*. She shows me a glass-case with curiosities in beef, mutton, chicken, and something bony, with a good deal of fat, also a faded ham. I feel inclined to say, "Ah! very interesting!" as if I was examining a museum. "Any fish?" No; of course no fish, being at the seaside. Well, then, I will commit the enormity of bread and cheese. She retires, sulkily, I think, as much as to say, "Is that all you've come for?" Really to oblige her, and get her to be chatty (merely for sociability's sake) I would willingly commit other enormities, such as chicken, salad, soup, and a bottle of the Best. No: will restrain myself: remember, a Constitutional is my object, not luncheon. I ask her, pleasantly, "Many people here?" She replies, unpleasantly, "Yes," and I don't believe her. I say, more pleasantly . . . (*Mem.* Conversation is quite an art. Wasn't there some one called "Conversation TOMMY"?—friend of GEORGE THE FOURTH'S. Think so. . . . But you must have two to a conversation as to a quarrel.) "You can't be doing much business now, out of the season?" which is intended to veil a complimentary allusion to their vast business in the season. She replies, curtly, "Quite as much as we want;" and resumes some knitting, or stitching. Ah! Well . . . will go and buy a walking-stick.

Noticeable features at Broadstairs.—All the shops do each other's business. An unsettled trade, as much as to say "We'll see what sells best, and then stick to that." For instance, the tobacconist sells walking-sticks. At the photographer's you can get boots. At the boot-maker's there is a fine collection of photographs, chiefly of people celebrated at Broadstairs, or celebrated for being at Broadstairs. Perhaps they'd be glad of mine as "A Visitor to Broadstairs." At the hatter's they deal in petticoats and crinolines. At the draper's there are valentines, music, and I think cheap toys.

The only shop which appears to be doing a fixed business is a small sweet-shop, in a passage leading to and from the Parade. Passing on to the Parade, I look over on to the sands. Butcher and Baker still at full length. Children are coming out in great numbers. This accounts for the thriving state of the sweet trade, and the indolence of the Butcher and Baker; though, by the way, one cannot arrive at any definite conclusion from this, as it is probably, from their mode of doing things at Broadstairs, that when they're at home, the Baker is a fishmonger, and the Butcher deals in vegetables, and perhaps lets out Bath-chairs. Perhaps the Butcher and Baker, having nothing to do, are making arrangements for an



CALLING OVER THE ROLL OF FAME.

Sergeant. "TUGAL M'TAVISH!" *Tugal (hurrying up, too late for parade).* "HERE!"
Sergeant (indignant). "HERE! WHERE? YOU'LL ALWAYS CRY 'HERE!' WHEN YOU'RE ABSENT."

amicable interchange of goods (on a Mutual Subsistence Company principle) until the return of the season.

Lunch.—Bread and cheese is simple and enticing. More children out. Three more Bath-chairs. Finished. Walk out. Look over cliff. Butcher and Baker still there. Walk out of Broadstairs. Same sort of country as it was when walking *into* Broadstairs.

Through Broadstairs once more. Children and invalids disappeared. Tea-time probably. Take same seat as before; a bench commanding the town. Look on the sands. Butcher and Baker there, still at full length. They came at two, it is now 4.30. I've got two hours before me to dinner-time. Wonder how long they (the Butcher and Baker) will stop on the sands.

The Butcher and Baker were two pretty men,
 They lay on the sands till the clock struck ten.
 Up jumps the Baker, and looks at the sky,
 "O brother Butcher, the moon's very high."

Five o' Clock.—Baker sitting up. Butcher sitting up, too, stretching. Both stretch: rise, and lounge off. Evidently tea-time. Perhaps (on the Mutual Subsistence Co. idea) the Baker gives the Butcher tea, finding muffins, crumpets, and toast, the Grocer bringing in tea and sugar, and the Milkman milk, as their share of the risk. Dinner arrangement would be Butcher gives dinner (that is, meat) to the company, the Greengrocer finding potatoes, the Baker bread, the Publican beer, and the Confectioner would come in with the tarts. I fancy that the Greengrocer would get the best of it. I follow their example, and disappear. I return to Ramsgate.

Epicurean Economy.

FOR your food and drink give payment
 More than for your house and raiment,
 If your means are narrow, boys.
 Short of money, I, to spare it
 For my mutton and my claret,
 Would ascend into a garret;
 Wear a blouse, and corduroys.

A TEMPTATION.

A BOOK, by a delightful American writer, is announced, with the title of "My Study Windows." Has the author well considered what he is doing? Has he reflected on the consequences of such a provocative title, on the number of imitations it is sure to engender, such as "My Parlour Fireplace," "My Drawing Room Ceiling," "My Kitchen Chimney," "My Front Door Knockers," "My Nursery Cupboard," "My Library Wainscot," &c.?

THE RETURN OF THE RACES.

O RAPID anniversaries!
 Boat-race of Learning's Nurseries,
 Epsom, Ascot, Hampton races,
 Make us sigh, "*Eheu fugaces!*"
 Ye who live at ease in clover;
 You whose life is all vexation,
 Disappointment, irritation,
 Bad luck, blight, mortification,
 Cry "It soon will be all over!"

The Grey Mare.

COULD not some man write a counterpart to FLORENCE MARRYAT'S clever new novel, *Her Lord and Master*? There are a few strong-minded women who have husbands. At least one of these gentlemen, surely, must have had experience, which should enable him, if capable enough of authorship, to compose an autobiographical story under the title of *His Lady and Missus*.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN SLEEP!"

BAD habits are hard to overcome. How true this is, is shown in the case of those who live too rapidly, for even when they go to rest they are often known to be fast asleep.

PURPLE RATHER THAN RED.

KING MOB's the despot worst by far
Beneath whose government to fall;
Tyrant more gross than any CZAR,
NERO, or BOMBA of them all.

The manyheaded Monster's vote,
With Liberty thereby down-trod,
From rule supreme be more remote,
Than even the self-willed Monarch's nod!

Should e'er the People, so miscalled,
The People's Dregs named truly, reign,
'Twill matter not how soon enthralled
We are by CÆSARS o'er the main.

Suppose the Rabble, as elsewhere,
In England get the upper hand,
Where is the Freeman who will care
One do it to fight for such a land?

BALLAD MADE IN BED.

Off on my pillow with my head,
I think, ere I fall off to sleep,
How glad I am that I'm a-bed,
While other people vigil keep
Up dancing until three or four.
And, in the Commons, dull debate
Those whom it causes not to snore,
Compels to stay awake as late.

At midnight's hour I'd rather rest
My weary limbs where they are laid,
Than sit and listen to the best
Speech that a Member ever made.
Here I would rather lie than whirl
Around in Fashion's brightest scene
With any, the most charming girl,
In these dominions of the QUEEN.

Bad Advice.

How hostile to Temperance and Teetotalism POPE seems to have been! Not content (as we have before pointed out with the finger of scorn) to urge his readers to "drink deep," he must needs go on to inculcate the pernicious doctrine that "drinking largely sobers us again." Monstrous!

THE KIND PAPA.

A CERTAIN noble Lord is said to have declared himself "an Englishman, if you please, but first of all a Catholic." This description may also be applicable to the English noblemen and gentlemen of the Roman Obedience, who lately went to visit the POPE at Rome, and offer him condolence and Peter's Pence. Still, though no doubt they are ardent Catholics, perhaps their Catholicism is very mainly an idea connected with Crusaders and coats of arms. But the *Post's* Own Correspondent at the Capital of Italy, writing on the fifth instant, in making the subjoined statement respecting those devotees, probably confounded them with others:—

"But I must return to the Catholic deputies of Old England, with the dolorous confession that on Monday morning instead of going on a pilgrimage to the Seven Churches, or ascending the *Scala Santa* on their knees, the majority of the gentlemen, hearty sportsmen at home no doubt, attended the last meet for this season of the Roman hounds at Cento Celle, three miles beyond the Porta Maggiore."

"May it please your Holiness," those Nobility and Gentry, whoever they were, might have said, in a manner reversing the speech of the Peer above-quoted, "we are Catholics if you like, but first of all Fox-hunters." We in England have no racing in Passion Week; but they at Rome had their Meet—even in deepest Lent. Naturally enough, perhaps, the POPE would not understand such disciples; and had they really been the deputies referred to in the *Post*, nobody could be surprised by the further information, that:—

"The defection of his British sympathisers afflicted Pro Nono, who observed sadly to MONSIEUR NARDI, when that prelate attended for his usual early audience yesterday morning, 'These blessed English are incomprehensible.'"

The Holy Father does, however, appear to have understood how to make himself agreeable to Englishmen. We trust there is no mistake in what follows:—

"At 11:30 A.M. yesterday his Holiness received the members of the British deputation of Catholics . . . These gentlemen had the honour of accompany-



FRIENDLY CONSOLATION.

Artist. "THIS WORK, SIR, THE ACADEMY HAS BEEN PLEASED TO REJECT."

Friend. "WELL, WELL, YOU MUST MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR THEM. IT IS CERTAINLY NOT MUCH WORSE THAN THE ONE THEY HUNG IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE. BUT RECOLLECT THAT PICTURES CAN BE SEEN IN THEIR NEW SHOP."

ing the POPE in his daily promenade round the gardens, and I am informed that he even caused some excellent cigars to be presented to them."

Even Protestants who cannot admit the POPE to be precisely what St. Peter was as to the Sacred Edifice, will not, if themselves of the right sort, deny him to be at least a Brick. To provide cigars for his visitors was unquestionably to act in a way meritorious of that title; behaviour worthy of a truly venerable old Pontiff and Gentleman. It is not every Father that will encourage his sons to smoke. No doubt the cigars he gave them were first-rate, although, reading on, we learn that:—

"The POPE himself only smokes the little Spanish *paglietta* cigars."

Nevertheless, it may well be supposed that he knows how to choose a cigar, and is a good judge of tobacco at least, if not absolutely infallible. You have seen, perhaps, in tobacconists' shops, canisters labelled "Pacha's Mixture." Would it not be a good idea for a Tobacconist, being also a Papist, to advertise a "Papa's Mixture," likewise? By the help of a cigarette the Sovereign Pontiff is probably enabled to contemplate his situation with equanimity. As an aid to reflection, his smoke may assist him to see that the loss of his Temporal Power has rendered the British Public indifferent to the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act. SIR GEORGE BOWYER may trust that he makes himself very comfortable. But note a fact for the Anti-Tobacco Society. The POPE smokes. "No wonder!" scream all the parochial old women, who would shriek for the expulsion of a Curate supposed to smoke. You, who are not of their mind, would like to see Pro Nono behind a pipe. Especially would you admire him in that position, if that Pipe were the Pipe of Peace, and his *vis-à-vis* VICTOR-EMMANUEL.

RAILWAY UNINTELLIGENCE.—Nations have their Emblems. That of Canada should be a mammoth Elephant. Canada has a Grand Trunk.



THE NEW "MANUAL."

Officer of Control Department. "WO—A, WO! CONFOUND YOU!" (*To the Sentry, who had "presented arms" so smartly that the gallant officer's horse shied, and nearly threw him!*) "WHAT THE DOOCIE D'YE MEAN BY SLAPPING YOUR GUN AT ME LIKE THAT, SIR? IF YOU EVER DO IT AGAIN, I'LL REPORT YOU TO YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER!"

A. PASS-OVER À L'ENFER D'ARGENT.

A PARTY of nice young Jews
Were caught this Easter day,
In the "Lamb and Flag," (a public-house,)
Sweet Hebrew lambs—at play!

They'd a wicket in the panel,
And a bar across the door;
And cards and dice on the table—
What could they have been there for?

They told their innocent story
When brought before the Beak—
That they the room had taken,
Their Passover to keep.

No doubt the story was true
That was told by the pious troop—
But I think the name of *their* Pass-over
In French is *Sauter-la-coupe*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with the utmost reluctance that *Mr. Punch* ever admits into his columns a reference to merely vulgar crime. There are other tribunals to deal with that. Will a great number of correspondents forgive him for not complying with the desire they express, with much honourable indignation, that he will "scourge" the creature, who, in a Republican journal, has outraged the feelings of all decent persons, highly or lowly placed, by a brutal reference to the recent sorrow of the PRINCESS OF WALES. He would not have even alluded to the atrocity, but that it has been transferred, with fitting disgust, from the paper in which it appeared to a journal read by respectable persons. The skunk has its place in natural history, but it is not a desirable subject for close investigation.

WESTMEATH IN SOUTHYANKEELAND.

CERTAIN American papers have been lecturing England, lately, upon the amount of crime in these islands, especially Ireland, and upon the inefficiency of our old-fashioned laws, which prevent high-handed dealing with scoundrelism. We are advised to adapt our legislation to the necessities of the age. For which good advice we are as grateful as all rational people should be, and as some rational people are, for wise counsel. Also for wise example, as the way in which an atrocious brigand, named GUTCOCK, was lately snared and polished off in Italy by Carabinieri disguised as peasants. This was a neat operation, and might afford a hint to any Government that really wished to put down agrarian assassination in Westmeath. But we chiefly desire to express our warmest acknowledgments to our Yankee friends for their advice, which they are all the better entitled to give, their own dealings with criminals being so prompt and satisfactory. From a late number of the *New York Tribune*, a most worthy journal, we extract these lines, and then we make our bow:—

"That men are daily killed throughout most of the Southern States because they are Republicans, is just as sure as the fact that those States were lately the arena of a great civil war. There have been not less than FIVE THOUSAND NEGROES KILLED, because of their colour and their politics, in those States since GENERAL GRANT'S election; and NOT ONE WHITE SOUTHERN HAS BEEN PUNISHED FOR SUCH MURDER."

Ecclesiastical Epigram.

SING, High Church Ass,
Hey for PURCHAS!

AFTER MR. CANNING.

Science (to Woman).—"I have called a New Sewing Machine into existence to re-dress the Old."



"BON VOYAGE!"

Bus-Conductor (to Portly Female, who was indignant at having been carried a little beyond her destination). "WELL, THERE Y'ARE, MUM, FUST TO YER LEFT. Y'AIN'T GOT SO VERY FAR TO GO, AND THE WIND'S AT YER BACK!"

A GOOD SPEED TO A GOOD SPEECH.

"Recent events in Europe should teach us to rely—not on treaties, for they were often scattered to the winds; not on alliances, for they were occasionally faithless in times of trouble; not on the word of statesmen, for secret treaties were produced which shook the confidence of every honest politician, but upon ourselves. We should take measure of ourselves, we should know what we could do, and that we would do it if we were called on, and hold every man to the duty of maintaining the honour and glory of England at the same height at which it had been held through many generations."—MR. GÖSCHEN'S *Easter-Monday Discourse at the Mansion House Dinner.*

Now, bravo, my GÖSCHEN! Upon your promotion,
From rating our paupers to ruling our navy,
I told you, when once you were used to the notion—
Found your sea-legs—you'd show, though not bred to the ocean,
Your right to bear arms which the heralds call "wavy."

Though some said "The fact is, his Gwydir House practice
Will mislead at the naval shop over the way."
Seeing one works by Union, the other distract is
All through with *dis-union*; yet temper and tact is
The best chart to sail by, and these you obey.

You handled with vigour the massed fact and figure—
Green-hand as you were—of your nautical budget;
Poured oil, 'tother night, on Gladstonian rigour;
Touched the Robinson row without making it bigger;
And so asked for excuse that the House didn't grudge it.

You don't take for lee-board a high or low free-board;
A Reed care no rush for; have no call to lean on one;
You don't raise a storm in each cup on the tea-board,
Find, or put, out of tune every note on the key-board,
In fact, have ne'er split up a Board since you've been on one.

And better and better, in *spirit*, not *letter*,
You've roared that old roar of the old British Lion's,

ODE ON AN APRIL DAY.

LAWSON, my WILFRID, from the sky
Descend the vernal showers;
O welcome change from East winds dry!
To bring out leaves and flowers.
They take their drink; let you and I
Tipple ours.

Their own is liquor good for them;
For us of small avail.
They, that are fixed on stalk and stem,
Need none but Adam's ale,
Which, whilst you've Burton, to contemn
Never fail.

Tis Sunday morn; these copious rains,
So timely though a boon,
Will steamboats and excursion trains
Not fill this afternoon,
And Publicans will bar of gains
Stopped how soon!

Sweet is this moisture after drought;
Yet, WILFRID, we must fear
That it will hinder many an "out"
Of folk in humble sphere;
And much enjoyment spoil of stout,
And strong beer.

Meanwhile, what happy souls are we!
What if the face of Sol
With a wet blanket shrouded be?
We have our Alcohol.
Sing "Toddy hey ho, perish tea,
Tol de rol!"

Sport on a Grand Scale.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indian Daily News* at Caragolah, in a description of some wild-beast shooting, says of the sportsmen who did it, that:—

"Besides the four tigers, they had a good bag of buffaloes, deer, and pigs."

What a very large bag it must have been! Apparently there are giants on the earth again in these days.

Whose sound in old times could cow wrong's arm'd abettor,
And nerve the slave's heart 'neath the weight of his fetter,
In defence of the right, and ill-doers' defiance.

For all that inherit Old England's old spirit,
As NELSON and WELLINGTON felt you have spoken;
Bade us bear the old heart, and, if need be, so stir it,—
As behind oaken topsides, inside iron turret,—
That its shot shall be feared, and its bulwarks unbroken.

There's "buncombe," there's boasting,—stale butter with toasting,—
But this, by LORD HATHERLEY's leave, we hold neither;
Not all England yet is on Mammon's road posting,
Some still think her *prestige* no fit subject for roasting
Of hucksters, small wits, or LORD CHANCELLORS* either.

The word may be French-bred, the thing ship and trench-bred,
Spring of *esprit de corps* in the soldier and sailor;
But not less in the mart, in the shop, on the bench, bred,
Of the pride to dishonour that never would blench bred,
It may keep the judge straight, hold from cabbage the tailor.

Yes—spite of LORD HATHERLEY, and all his fatherly
Reminiscence, and reverence, and all it has taught him—
England *has* a prestige, and to steer by 't is weathery,
With a hand that's not hasty, a head that's not feathery,
Though JOHN BULL knows of old to what such steering brought him.

To debt—not a doubt on 't;—he'll never be out on 't—
But to strength and respect that no money can measure:
The Manchester school he will face, stand the flout on 't,—
The first blast in a good cause well-blown, is the rout on 't—
And prove he obtained treasure's worth for his treasure.

* See LORD HATHERLEY's rather egotistical reminiscences of his father, the Alderman, and his own one-sided tirade against *prestige*, and confusion of it with "buncombe," at the Fishmongers' dinner.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, April 17. The Commons met again after the Easter recess, and such Members as came were saddened by the thought that they should have no more holidays, except all Wednesday evenings, all Saturdays, and all Sundays, for six whole weeks. But the idea of such an awful and protracted slavery was too much for most of the House, and the attendance was very thin.

The debate was on Army Reorganisation, and about putting the Volunteers under the Mutiny Act. There seems some idea that they will dislike this, but surely only those who wish to play at soldiers will object to it. The real Braves will say with LORD CHILDE HAROLD BYRON,

"Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, that tends their strength to nerve."

On proceeding to the Estimates, becoming reference was made by the Minister to the sudden and lamented death of the lately appointed Judge-Advocate-General, MR. JOHN ROBERT DAVISON, M.P. for Durham. He was an able man, who worked his way to success, and must have deserved it, for it estranged no friends from him.

The Trades' Union Bill (the criminal moiety of the new enactment), was passed, with the delicate titular alteration which seems to have given satisfaction to the parties concerned. Himself a perfect master of language, *Mr. Punch* has no objection to any verbal refinements, and if it be more agreeable to the feelings of a person who takes away *Mr. Punch's* pocket-handkerchief to be termed an unauthorised re-arranger of property than to be styled *Fur*, *Mr. Punch* would concede the phrase, provided the Beaks understand it.

There was also discussion on the Bills of Exchange Bill (well, we can't help Parliamentary clumsiness of expression), and it was suggested that all Days of Grace should be done away. These days were originally a mere favour, but they have become a right. There are none in France, where there used to be 10, but the Code Napoléon cleared all that away. In Lisbon there are 15, and the same is the rule in Rio de Janeiro; in fact, we suppose that in such places people take up bills or not, just as it may happen, and scorn to be bothered about dates. The matter does not seem of much consequence; perhaps it would be a graceful concession to Sabbatarianism to provide that, if a bill fall due on Sunday, it should not be paid at all; but we only toss this out as an *obiter dictum*.

Tuesday. The Westmeath Report has been made, and it reveals a terrible system of organised murder, into which, however, enters the odd element called Irishism. One witness tells us of a gentleman who was marked out to be shot, but some peasant whom he had obliged gave him warning. "Let me prosecute the intending murderer." "No, your honour, I couldn't give evidence agin him; but you have always been kind to me and mine, and I'll shoot him for your honour." MR. GLADSTONE had not had time to consider what measure should be adopted to put an end to the system. He is a great friend of Italy. Let him write in his "choicest Italian" to VICTOR-EMMANUEL's Chief of Police for a few hints as to the way in which brigands are detected and extirpated.

Now, MR. CHARLES REED, M.P. for Hackney, and son to one of the best men that have lived among us, why are you disquieting us about the Sunday Delivery of letters in the country? Granted that 20,000 postmen cannot attend morning service at church or chapel, is that much of a sacrifice to the

comfort of millions? *Mr. Punch* is not going to argue the matter, but affirms distinctly that he means to protect the nation from a recurrence of the calamities and annoyances of the year 1850, when a similar agitation against Sunday delivery was made, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL determined to give us a taste of what Sabbatarianism really meant. Was there not confusion and dismay all over the land, was not MARTHA STRUGGLES nearly divorced, was not the Government compelled by nearly one unanimous Howl to replace things as they were before the change? The question has been sent to a Committee, which we hope means that it is shelved, but, anyhow, the Sunday Delivery in the country must not be stopped.

We then had disquisitions on the reason why SIR SPENCER ROBINSON ceased to control the Navy. Everything desirable was said in regard to that gentleman's ability and intentions, and *Mr. Punch* will only remark that when FALKLAND led his dear SERENA through her new domain, With fond surprise that lady soon desecrated, A temple raised to her Æthereal guide (not FALKLAND), And saw two meeting arms a tablet raise, Decked with these lines, the moral of MR. WILLIAM HAYLEY's lays:—

"Virtue's an ingot of Peruvian gold;
Sense the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold;
But TEMPER's image must their use create,
And give these precious metals sterling weight."

The discussion, however, took a form which induced MR. GLADSTONE to consider that the House ought to express itself, in form, against any further inquiry, and, insisting on a division, Government triumphed by 153 to 104.

Wednesday. Game Laws debate, and MR. P. TAYLOR's Bill for the abolition of those laws rejected by 172 to 49. There were some stupid things and some rude things said, as might be expected on a sporting topic, and the Ministers were described by one Member as "anything but a sporting lot." This was meant as a sneer, and *Squire Western* would have approved it. But a man need not be effeminate, or a muf, because he has but moderate pleasure in murdering poultry. MR. GLADSTONE went to Hawarden for his holidays, and he amused himself with his favourite hatchet, and, according to a correspondent, felled a large tree without assistance. To fell a large tree requires strength, skill, courage, and perseverance; and MR. GLADSTONE, having all these, can also read and understand a book, conduct a logical argument, and quote the classics; feats which would puzzle a good many constituents of the "sporting lot." But on the main question of the Game Laws, there is a good deal to be said which is not going to be said here. *Mr. Punch* sees small force in the argument that the Game Laws ought necessarily to be repealed, because only respectable people approve and obey them. That is trash. But like most of our other laws, they are capable of almost indefinite improvement, and what *Mr. Punch* desires in them is Justice and no Sentimentality.

Thursday. The Lords returned to their Legislative duties, and LORD REDESDALE, who has, we are happy to say, recovered from the bite of the shepherd's dog, resumed his work as Shepherd of Committees, and was warmly received by his flock.

Pleasing information having arrived as to the results of the High Joint Commission in America (it was said that MR. FISH had settled the Fisheries), LORD GRANVILLE declined to confirm an unofficial report. We are happy to state that he looked very cheerful, and not as if a Black Ox had trodden on his mouth, or a Brown Horse had trodden on his foot. By the way, this was a singularly ungracious act on the part of the latter beast, for LORD GRANVILLE never treads on anybody's corns. However, perhaps he has none himself. The corn crop has been very scant of late years, since men left off wearing tight boots, and perhaps to this fact is due the general good temper observable in the men of the period.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced his Budget.

Mr. Punch needs no tight boot to make him speak of this Budget in the way it deserves. His difficulty is to restrain his just and noble anger.

MR. LOWE has managed to show a Deficiency of £2,713,000. This is not his fault. It is nobody's fault. Money has been well laid out on our Defences.

But how does he raise the sum wanted? Why, of course, by increasing the Income-tax. He raises it

from £1 13s. 4d. in the £100 to £2 4s. And thus he gets nearly all the required amount out of the real Working Class, the people who pay an unjustly regulated tax. He takes £1,950,000 from us.

As for the comparatively small sum left, he obtains that by altering the Probate, Legacy, and Succession Duties.

And—it is not a joke—he imposes a Tax on Lucifer Matches! It is true. Every box of 100 common matches is to bear a Halfpenny Stamp, and every box of 100 wax matches, or fuses, is to bear a Penny Stamp. He believes that he shall get £550,000 in this way. And he carried this proposition, after a long debate, in which he was considerably chaffed. Mr. DIXON, Member for Birmingham, divided the House on the Match Box question, and was defeated by 201 to 44.

We were far too much displeased with him about the Two Millions of Income-tax to be sportive over his Match Box, until we recollected that on it he proposes to print the motto, *Ex luce lucelium*. "Show me children, and do what you like with me," said Mr. BUCKER. "Show me Latin, and you put me in a good temper," says Mr. PUNCH. The literal translation of the words is, "A small gain out of light." Mr. LOWE has made but a small gain out of the light he has had on political economy; but let that pass.

Friday. The Lords read a Dover Harbour Bill. It includes, we believe, a valuable clause, prohibiting Mayors, and the like, from going down to the harbour, and showing Dover taste by reminding royal exiles of happier days.

Mr. WHITE gave notice of War on the Budget. So did Mr. FAWCETT, in a milder way. So did Mr. LIDDELL, in opposition to the Purchase-purchase scheme. Argal, fighting at hand. Hooray!

Nextly, Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK got up a debate on the Declaration of Paris, 1856. He wishes us to withdraw from the articles abolishing privateering, and giving immunity to an enemy's goods under a neutral flag. In the course of the discussion, Mr. DISRAELI remarked that, at the recent Conference, Government had registered their disgrace, and recorded the humiliation of this country. Mr. GLADSTONE indignantly denied it, and asked whether that was language to be used about those who had made Russia eat her own words.

We finished with a row over the Match-boxes, the most creditable part whereof was the manifestation of feeling on behalf of the very poor, who make matches. Do readers know that babies of two years old work at the boxes? It is asserted that the tax will operate even to the discouragement of these mites. Nobody, of course, believed that who voted in the majority that carried Mr. LOWE's resolution.

MORE RED FINANCE.

THE Income-tax payers have not been disappointed in the expectation that they would have the honour of defraying the by far greater portion of the increased estimates. As £2,250,000 direct taxation is to £550,000 indirect, so is their share of that honour to the proportion enjoyed by the community at large, with the addition, on the part of many of them, of increased Succession and Legacy Duty levied on their inheritance. People say that the financial prospects of the nation are gloomy; but Mr. LOWE's Budget, as an earnest of future taxation, is all *couleur de rose*, that is to say, the red rose. Indeed, if Mr. LOWE pleased to make himself so agreeable as to oblige the House of Commons with a song some night, he could express a truth prettily by singing a parody on "*My Love is like the Red Red Rose*," substituting "My Budget" for "My Love." What can be redder than the imposition of taxes mainly on a single class, except the confiscation of that one set of people's entire property? "There's a good time coming, boys." If you don't want your incomes exceptionally taxed, don't make money otherwise than by manual labour; and if you don't wish your children, or brothers and sisters, to be fined for the public benefit, on the amount you may leave them, don't put by any.

Epigram on the Budget.

(By a Scot.)*

"NAB wonder that oor Budgets still should grow,
When at sic sma' sma' game the Exchequer snatches;
By matches we've been used to raise a lowe,†
But, noo, 'tis by a Lowe that we raise matches!"

* N.B. His first piece of wit or rhyme—"Faciit indignatio versum."
† *Scotticé*, a blaze.

Memorandum for Managers.

THE Managers of Playhouses are wont to announce that their theatres are nightly crowded. This information makes all who hate to be stifled, and will go to see only a probably good performance, stop away. Unintelligent audiences, and pieces to suit them, are thus perpetuated.

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.



PUNCH, Sir, we are presented with one more instance of a good tragedy, wherein there is no love. May we not hope for a good comedy also, in which that passion will be conspicuous by its absence? If the stage is really to hold the mirror up to Nature, as Nature is, and indeed to show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure, yes.

In the week next to Easter, this year, the flood of marriages, pent up during Lent, did not rush down the *Times* in anything like its usual cataract. On one day the births were forty-two only, the deaths as many as fifty-three, the marriages not more than twenty.

The connection which you have pointed out between this sort of ratio and the Married Women's Property Act doubtless exists. But a concurrent cause of the declining marriage-rate I believe to be the cessation of love among the generality of at least the higher and middle classes. There are exceptional lovers, by their associates commonly called spooney, whence we see that they are exceptions that prove a rule.

Several causes have combined to abolish love. One of them I believe to be the immense prevalence of smoking amongst young men. If love does not put a man's pipe out, his pipe puts out love; and a cigar has the same effect. For smoking not only calms passion, but also aids thought; hence, perhaps, the habit of deep reflection for which most men are now-a-days remarkable.

Another cause is, probably, the air of indifference to the regard of men which girls generally affect, if they feel it not, in their manners and style of dress; the former being characterised by levity, and the latter by ostentation. Female attire, moreover, although showy, is little decorative, and very costly indeed; helps, therefore, to extinguish any spark of love which a youth may contract. "What is the use," he thinks, "of loving her whom I can't afford to marry?"

Now, then, that love has become an anachronism, it should be exhibited on the stage only in dramas which reflect the state of Society in past ages, or in burlesques and pantomimes wherein all the performers make fools of themselves. As an element in a comedy or a farce, if employed at all, it ought to be treated as simply absurd, and the piece which includes it should terminate with the joke of a broken-off engagement; the lovers agreeing to shake hands and part, whilst a light father says, "Be happy." This improvement of the Drama would gratify men of a certain age, who, under circumstances, occasionally find themselves at a theatre, and whom experience has taught that matrimony, at best, is very temporary beatitude. They are disgusted at seeing youth of either sex, especially their own, invited to believe a delusion which all those who do live to be undeceived; except in the case of a person always remaining,

CŒLEBS.

P.S. The diminution in the *Times* marriage-list may suggest some hope that a stop will be put to the destruction of woods, and the enclosure of commons, which have been caused by the spread of population. But it is to be feared the lower orders go on as usual.

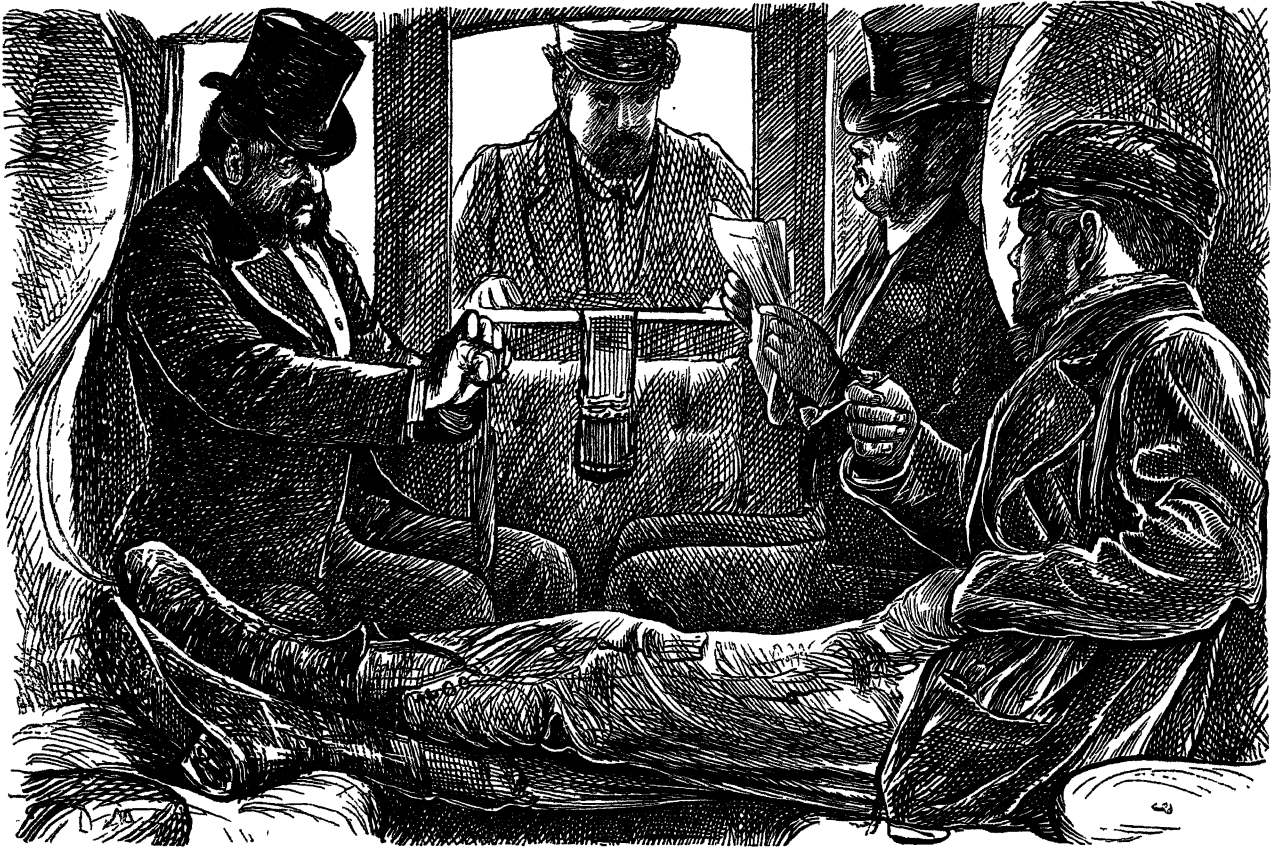
"MIST, MIST, O MIST!"

It having been announced that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON and his family, desiring to effect an escape from the impertinence of British vulgarians, were about to reside at Whitby, the *Situation*, a French journal published here, observes:—

"We do not doubt that Chiselhurst will soon be deserted; but we do not think its guests will leave it in order to retire still further into the mists of Albion."

We compliment the French scribe upon his admirable acquaintance with geography. Chiselhurst he evidently knows to be a place on the edge of the sea, while Whitby is, he is equally aware, in the heart of a woody region. The "mists" are in the French Cockney's brain.

HUMILITY ITSELF—CONSIDERING.—"None ought to aspire to be wiser than the laws."



INJURED INNOCENCE.

"HULLOA! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE IN HERE! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A FUST-CLASS TICKET, I KNOW."

"NO! I HAIN'T!"

"WELL, COME OUT! THIS AIN'T A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE!"

"HAIN'T IT! LOR! WELL I THOUGHT IT WOS, BY THE LOOK OF THE PASSINGERS!"

BUNG AND BARON.

To a Baron so proud, quoth a Bung red and loud,
"Of my westry I'm one of the head fellers,
And a Radical chap, till they touches the tap—
But sich bills makes one chum with queer bed-fellers!"

"Here's you and here's me, who'd a thought us to see,
In the same boat a pullin' together—
Wich I think I can pull a good score to your stum',
Though it may be you're neater in feather."

"Feller-feeling, I find, makes men wonderful kind:
And our feelings on these pints is feller:
That 'ere GÖSCHEN, no doubt, you would like to sarve out,
As I'd like to ketch BRUCE on the smeller."

"For the same cause we fights—your and my wested rights—
Wich these here blessed bills walks atop off—
BRUCE's Licence Bill, ours, GÖSCHEN's Rating Bill, yours,
And comfort in neither a drop of!"

"You're to pay arf the rates; I'm to shut up my gates,
Lord knows when, upon week-day and Sunday;
Inspecting fellers is to walk through my cellars—
They'll walk into yours, my Lord, one day."

"They're for rating your game; and they treats me the same,
Which my game's them that empties my bottles;
When a chap's had enough I'm to know—pack o' stuff!—
And to sarve drink by thirst, not by throttles."

"Then let's make common cause 'gainst such blackguards o'
laws,
As puts England in sich a commotion;
You 'elp me to the juice to send this here H. BRUCE,
And—so 'elp me!—I'll 'elp you with GÖSCHEN!"

THE GREAT REVELATION.

THIS announcement was officially made last week:—

"A paragraph has lately appeared in several journals giving the description of a casket, which it is supposed that the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON left PRINCE ARTHUR, with directions that it should be opened when His Royal Highness came of age. We have been assured that this story has no foundation whatever, but is the creation of some imaginative brain."

Notwithstanding this contradiction, *Mr. Punch* adheres (like a limpet on a rock) to the statement which he had the honour of making. There is such a casket, and the contents are what he described. This will be proved in proper time. The contradiction was suddenly and rather unadvisedly put out on the appearance of *Mr. Lowe's Budget*, and the announcement of his artful device in regard to inherited property. But all this will be made smooth, and *Mr. Punch* merely adds, "Wait and see." The *Court Circular* will tell a very different story, at no remote date.

The Way to Cheat Him.

IF LOWE will not from tax our matches spare,
Though makers, sellers, buyers shriek *crescendo*;
Let's burn one-half we burn now, and so pare
To one-half his "*lucellum*," a non *lucendo*.

Bravo, Bishop!

No better thing has been said than one by the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH on the Church Millinery question:—

"Shame that such an Army as has to fight 'The Enemy' should be quarrelling over its uniforms!"

He who gives name to the borough could hardly have spoken more apostolically.



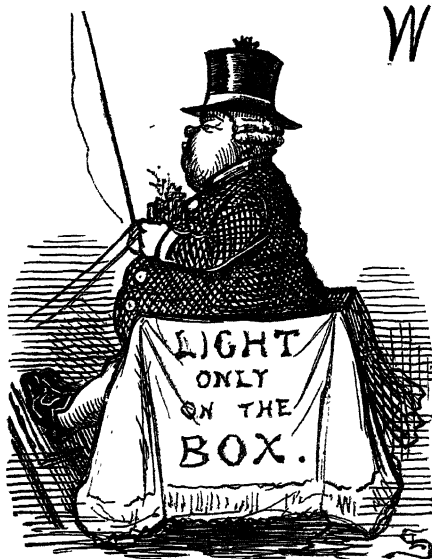
BUNG AND THE BARON.

BUNG. "LOOK HERE, MY LORD, IF YOU AN' ME, AN' OUR 'WESTED RIGHTS' IS TO BE WALKED ATOP OF THIS HERE WAY, THE SOONER WE COMES TO A RED REPUBLIC THE BETTER!!"

BARON. "HM! HA! YA-AS! JUS' SO!"

[Thinks there's "something in it," nevertheless.]

MY HEALTH.



WHAT a nuisance a walk back again is! Becoming melancholy and nervous once more. Prospect of dinner with my Aunt. What I should like would be a jovial party. Something to stir one up. That's what My Health requires. Stirring up. I pause in front of the new hotel, East Cliff. Striking. Handsome. First idea seems to be that a lot of people in a row of Gothic private houses thought they'd knock down all the partition walls, and live happily together. Second idea seems to have been, "Let's make it a hotel."

Response, "Let's." Other subsequent ideas appear to have been, impulsively, "Let's build a smoking-room on the roof! Let's put up a flag!" Then, rushing down-stairs again, "Let's make a croquet-ground!!!" Then, when out of doors, "Let's have a refreshment-room, to save going into the hotel again!!!" Then, "Let's have a tunnel under the cliff to the sands. O let's!!!!" And, magnificent conception, "Let's pull down the cliff!!!!!" Apparently, carried *nem. con.* Then, being on the sands, "What a bore to go up to the hotel again, just when one's getting comfortable." Let's have a *Restaurant* on the sands, led up to by tunnel, and by carriage-road made in the cliff when they've nearly pulled down the cliff and built up a strong wall!"

Next Step.—Somebody who didn't play croquet and didn't care about walking, exclaims, "Let's have a Rotten Row!!" Resolution, with amendment, of "With trees on either side, as on the Boulevards." Carried again, *nem. con.* Then somebody, an invalid, who didn't want to cross the sea, suggested sulphur baths. So they all said "Let's" again; and BUDD tells me that here are the Turkish, and the sulphurs (not yet finished), and the Secretary to explain everything generally, to whom and a friend, he (BUDD) is talking as they come up towards me, while I am standing surveying the mighty whole, admiringly.

BUDD's friend is a sporting man of the tight trouser order. BUDD tells me (privately afterwards, on my inquiring something about his friend, whom I think I know by sight) that "he" (his friend JOSLYN) "is down there to keep quiet a bit, having blistered his fortune severely," from which (assisted by details in ordinary language) I gather that JOSLYN's course of "blistering" has drawn pretty well all his money out of him.

BUDD informs me that they, he and JOSLYN, are going to commit the enormity of dining at the Cramville. Just what I should like. But the fact is—my Aunt—

"O!" exclaims BUDD, as if he'd known her for years, "she won't mind. Say it's to meet BANTING."

JOSLYN seconds the invitation, and the Secretary (of course quite an unbiassed individual) suggests, in an offhand way, as if he was patronising the establishment out of kindness, that we might do worse. I make one difficulty hesitatingly, i.e. I must let them know I'm not coming. "Send a boy," says BUDD. The Secretary is of opinion, doubtfully, and still only in the character of a casual visitor and unconnected with the interior economy of the hotel, that "Yes—oh—there's some one you can send," and then resumes an explanation, which my appearance had interrupted, as to how a certain Verandah had been put up in two weeks, a feat apparently unequalled in the annals of building, painting, and decorating, and which they'd never have done without *him*, the Secretary, who kept 'em at it. We congratulate him on the verandah. BUDD observes that it "gives quite a—" and finishes his sentence with a flourish of his stick, to which the Secretary replies, "Yes, doesn't it?" and JOSLYN, who has never set eyes on the place before, remarks that that's just what was wanted. I add "Yes, decidedly," and to show that I have interested myself in the matter, turn to the Secretary and inquire, "Only a fortnight?" To which he returns, "Only a fortnight," whereupon I say "Indeed!" and we all stand

stock still, and, having nothing better to do, stare at the verandah for about three minutes.

Then BUDD observes decisively, that "It's a great improvement," and the Secretary, really pleased, says, "Yes, isn't it; only a fortnight." To which JOSLYN, by way of variation, returns, "But, I suppose you made 'em stick to it." This causes the Secretary to shake his head knowingly, as much as to say, "Didn't I? I should rather say I *did*," when BUDD throws in, as if skilled in these matters, "Sharp work, a fortnight," and nods fiercely. The Secretary answers interrogatively, "Yes, wasn't it?" And I (feeling bound to join in, or he might think I differed with him, and wasn't pleased with his efforts) answer positively, and as summing up the whole case, "Yes, it was."

We spend about half an hour surveying the verandah, and playing this sort of languid conversational battledore and shuttlecock always with the same shuttlecock, when I conclude that it is time to write to my Aunt. Daren't return home and say cheerfully, "Going to dine out to-night," as I know she'd shed floods of tears, and I should be upset for a week. No, in the interests of My Health, I will dine with fresh companions and write (after some consideration) to my Aunt.

Letter (carefully considered) to my Aunt:—

"Dear Aunt,—I am very sorry," was very nearly putting "deuced sorry," but "sorry" won't do in any case. Begin again, not scratching out, but on another sheet. "My Dear Aunt"—"My" is more affectionate—"I am very much grieved"—no, that'll frighten her, and she'll think there's been an accident. Recommence—"My dearest Aunt"—I have two other aunts, so that the superlative is correct and complimentary, besides being conciliatory—"I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to return in time for dinner to-night"—she'll naturally ask why I stopped on my road to write? Can't help it, will send it at last moment just as we're sitting down, and risk it,—as I have met a man whom I have not seen for years,—dash "years" underneath strongly. If it means JOSLYN, I've never seen him before—"and a very old friend"—meaning BUDD—"and, as they may be going away for good to-morrow, perhaps to India,"—of course, they may be, and my object being explanatory and conciliatory—"I could not refuse to spend an hour or so"—vague "or so," but leaves a margin for after dinner—"with them. Hoping"—I am just going to add "that you are quite well," better not—"that this will cause you no inconvenience, I remain, your very Affectionate Nephew, GEORGE."

BUDD comes in and says "Wittles," and finding my letter finished, sends it by HUNT, the Porter, to whom I give a shilling, and we are all jovial.

Mem. Another peculiarity about BUDD. He is a capital fellow for any place. Always knows who everybody is, and gives you their style, title, and occupation, all compact. For instance, I ask, "Who's that?" meaning the Secretary of Verandah fame. That BUDD informs me, is "MR. DAYATI, the Secretary." The man at the door who has gone with my letter is "HUNT, the Porter." The civil and most obliging young gentleman in the bar is "WINLEY, the Clerk." Then there's, when we go to wash our hands, "MRS. PRYMMER, the Housekeeper," and "JANE, the Chambermaid." A man comes with the Secretary into the Coffee-room—"Who's that?"

Mem. You get, out of season at Ramsgate, in a chronic state of asking, "Who's that?" arrivals being interesting.

"That?" says BUDD, then after looking round, he tells us confidentially, and as something that's not to go any farther, "That's COZENS, the Contractor."

A very pretty girl passes before our window, along the new Rotten Row. Who is she? BUDD thinks (he doesn't know) that she's one of the PUFFHAMS, the Pastrycook's. An elderly man passing her, bows. He (therefore) interests us deeply—"Who is he?" "He?" says BUDD, "Why," here he takes another look at him, and either recognises him or invents the name on the spur of the moment—"That's HOOKER, the Chemist."

Here we arrive at our second glass of sherry after the fish, and I to repress JOSLYN, who is inclined towards a libertine tone, observe that "the young lady who has just passed has, it struck me," I threw this in to show that I'm only speaking from a merely artistic point of view, "very beautiful eyes."

"Hasn't she!" exclaims BUDD. "I say, you must go in for the Turkish Bath, and cut out old Pill-box." By which he means that when I have reduced my tendency to stoutness, I can take the earliest opportunity of getting an introduction to the young lady with the beautiful eyes, and establishing myself as a successful rival to old Pill-Box, i.e. HOOKER, the Chemist, who, after all, as far as we've seen from our window, has only taken his hat off to her most respectfully.

We continue our dinner. Everything very good, when it arrives. We have to wait some time between the courses, owing, it appears, to its being the first night of the *table d'hôte*—by way of experiment—and more people have patronised it than they had expected. This distracts the waiters.

There are two gentlemen at separate tables, dining in the Coffee-



ASCETICISM!

Grace. "BUT HOW DULL IN LONDON IN LENT!"

Alice. "DULL! O DEAR, NO! THERE WAS NO END OF SHOPPING TO BE DONE, AND PLENTY OF FUN IN THE PARK; AND LOTS OF PEOPLE WE KNEW WENT TO THE BEST CHURCH SERVICES IN THE MORNINGS, AND AGAIN IN THE EVENINGS, BEFORE DINNER, YOU KNOW."

room. One in the corner, the other by the fire. The one in the corner is plaintive, the other, by the fire, is peremptory, and evidently not to be trifled with. He is trifled with, however. It appears that he has ordered his favourite dish, a veal outlet, and instead of that they have brought him a ham sandwich. On his remonstrating violently, the waiter disappears with the ham, and soon after another enters with a dish of fish, which he places before him.

"What the deuce is this?" says the man by the fire.

"Didn't ye orther fish, Sorr?" asks a most polite waiter of Irish extraction.

"No," replies the visitor savagely. "I—" when he is interrupted by a touchingly-sad voice from the corner, which says, "I ordered fish; it's my fish, I think. I've been waiting half an hour for it—I've had nothing since soup."

JOSLYN whispers to us that we (our party) have had that party (in the corner)'s fish, and the waiter whisks it away from the angry man by the fire to place it before the famished sufferer.

Angry man, who begins to think he's lost a chance of something, at any rate, begins, "But, I say, waiter, I ordered—"

"Comin', Sorr, derectly," replies the Irish attendant soothingly, and vanishes.

Match-Makers to the Rescue!

"Ex luce lucellum!"

How if makers mis-tell um?

And boys cease to sell um?

And buyers expel um?

Fer, Lucifer, bellum!

Bob Lowi ocellum

Confodi tenellum!

"KNOWING men" are usually known men—in fact, more known than trusted.

SNOBS AND SOVEREIGNS.

I HAM a jolly British Snob, and I glory in the name,
I know I ain't got no self-respect, nor I ain't no sense of shame.
And a crowned, or hex-crowned 'ed I'll own I do delight to mob,
For I'm a reglar out-and-out rampagious British Snob.

I don't regard no privatecy, for no feelins I don't care,
Let me shove but close enough to 'em for to 'ave a good full stare.
And I ham that blessed habject, it would gratify me so,
To get a touch from Majesty, if honly with the toe!

Their gates, to watch when they goes out, I constantly besets,
In their walks and drives waylays 'em—in their way 'oorayin gets
And when I can't run arter 'em, because at 'ome they keeps,
I tries to hoverlook their walls, and through their palins peeps.

There's reliicks, O 'ow 'appy I should be if sitch was mine!
I would set 'em on a halter, and I'd keep 'em in a shrine.
If I'd a got a pair of Boots which vunce a Hemp'ror wore,
I do think I should set 'em up for a Idol to adore.

Derby Donkeys.

WE read that, lately, a multitude of simpletons at Derby united in an Anti-Vaccination demonstration to celebrate the release from gaol of a tobaccoist named CLARKE, "whose devotion to anti-vaccination," says the report of this tomfoolery, had "resulted in his incarceration for fourteen days in the county gaol." They formed a procession headed by a Scotch piper playing a national air; and "there was also a lad in front waving the Red Republican flag." Do the donkeys of Derby want the Scarlet Fever as well as the Small-pox? Are they not contented with the breaking-out they have got?

THE BLESSING OF RAIN.

Hip, hip, hooray !
A rainy day !
The drops, incessant, fall.
How hard it pours !
Whilst I'm in-doors,
Not any one will call.

When I go out,
And walk about,
In waterproof array,
There none will be,
To trouble me,
By getting in my way.

PETER THE HERMIT.

AMERICAN ENGLISH.

SPEAKING of the Americans (U.S.) the *Times* very justly says,—“We must learn wherein we offend our neighbours.” There are at least two particulars wherein it is likely that the higher portion of the English Press highly offends them. One is that of never using the Americanism “reliable.” Another point is avoidance of the other Americanism, to “claim,” in the sense of to allege. But they should consider how very common both these Americanisms are in all those numerous English newspapers, the level of whose style is adapted to that of the intelligence and refinement of the mighty masses.

On a False Rumour.

“THE Arch of Triumph Down !” Not so.
Half is the truth, which we deplore :
France's proud Arch is still a show ;
'Tis France's Triumph that's no more.

A LITTLE SUGGESTION.

THERE is a beverage, not certainly in much request at the tables of the high and haughty, known as Spruce Beer. It will only be a proper compliment to the author of the new Licensing Bill, to call the improved liquor we are to have when that measure becomes law—BRUCE Beer.



BRIGANDAGE IN THE THEATRE.

“HAT, SIR ?”—“COAT, SIR ?”—“CLOAK, MA'AM ?”—“PROGRAMME ?”—
“OPERA-GLASS ?”—“WANT A SEAT, SIR ?” &c., &c., &c.

OBSERVATIONS BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST.

A NIGHTINGALE has been heard singing in Kensington Gardens (*Vide Times*, April 19.) A salmon has been seen swimming close to London Bridge. A trout has been observed (reposing on a marble slab) near to Charing Cross. Sticklebacks have been captured in the waters of the Serpentine. Plovers' eggs have been discovered in the middle of Covent Garden : I myself have found there as many as two dozen in a single walk. There is a rookery in St. Giles's, well known to the police. I have seen a pigeon shot not far from Shepherd's Bush, and I have heard one has been plucked by a member of the hawk tribe at another West-End haunt. Black-beetles are common in the back-kitchens of Belgravia, and blue-bottles abound among the butchers of Whitechapel during the warm months. There is another kind of fly, which is said to be indigenous to the stables of the jobmasters, and which also may be seen by observant Cockney naturalists, but less seldom in Whitechapel than near the Regent's Park. Sparrow-clubs have not been established yet in London, but pea-shooters are common in many of its streets. I am told that early risers may hear a male canary singing in the neighbourhood of Islington at four o'clock, A.M., and may also hear a cock crow any morning, except Sunday, between five and six o'clock. The thrush has been observed among sundry of the children, under medical inspection, in the nurseries and infant hospitals of town. Little ducks are plentiful in the salons of Tyburnia, and in Bayswater and Brompton there are numbers of great geese. Welsh rabbits may be seen close to Covent Garden, and wild turkeys have been noticed even in the Strand, hanging by the beak. In the purlieus of St. Stephen's, where are the sacred haunts of the Collective Wisdom of the kingdom, I have heard the hootings of many an old owl. From information which I have received from members of the Metropolitan Police, I may assert that larks are common in the Haymarket, and that on the shores of the silver Thames, at Wapping, there is frequently observable a goodly flock of mudlarks. From similar information, I may add that there are careful observers in the streets who rarely pass a day without their setting their eyes

upon a robbin'. Who shall say that in the very midst of the metropolis there is not abundant evidence of a truly rural, and a tooral-looral life ?

POLYSYLLABLE MADE EASY.

THE Parisian Commune desired “a Synallagmatic Amnesty.” Long words are dear to low people. This long word need not bother anybody. If Mr. and Mrs. NAGGLETON should ever quarrel again (which is impossible), and on making peace Mr. N. should promise her a trip to Brussels, and Mrs. N. should promise him to give up friendship with Mrs. — (anybody he dislikes), that arrangement would be Synallagmatic ; that is, it would imply reciprocal obligations. How charming is instruction given in a silvered pill !

LATEST BULLETIN.

On Thursday, April the 20th, the Royal Society were so indiscreet as to allow a paper to be read before them entitled “Note on the Circumstances of the Transits of Venus over the Sun's Disk in the Years 2004 and 1812.” The public will not be surprised to hear that we have since thought it our duty to make daily inquiries as to the state of DR. CUMMING, who, we regret to add, has been totally prostrate, and utterly unable to attend to his affairs, in consequence of this audacious anticipation of events. The last accounts, however, were more cheering, the Doctor had roused himself, and was busy preparing another work for the press, destined to annihilate MR. HIND and all other such wicked astronomers.

Honourable Mention.

“MUNICH, April 19.—DR. DÖLLINGER was excommunicated yesterday by the ARCHBISHOP OF MUNICH.”—*Times*.
We congratulate DR. DÖLLINGER.

CHOICE OF FRENCH COLOURS.—Magenta or Red.



"DON'T MENTION IT!"

Itinerant Hawker (to the unfortunate Artists who are taking away their Pictures rejected by the Royal Academy). "BUY A RAZOR, GENTS—BUY A GOOD RAZOR!!!"

THE VATICAN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THERE is Progress and Progress in nation and nation;
There is Civilisation and Civilisation.
The Liberal movement which tends to put down,
First a Protestant Church, then a Protestant Crown.
That is Progress indeed in the proper direction,
To that Progress we have not the slightest objection.

But another thing, quite, in a Catholic state,
Is the Liberal Movement—that Progress we hate.
For that disestablishes, disendows, too,
Our own Church, the one, don't you know, only true,
And sets a Republic up, or, a worse thing,
The firm Constitutional throne of a King.

We've lost in France, Austria, Italy, Spain,
By Progress. At home have gained—more have to gain.
An heretical Church in our England still stands,
The law still a heretic Sovereign demands.
Therefore Progress abroad is, from Progress at home,
As far as asunder are London and Rome.

That a principle here is a principle there,
That what's fair for ourselves is for others as fair,
That whate'er we demand we must also concede,
That as we are free others may claim to be freed.
Don't tell us; don't argue as though we'd hear reason,
To which, from the POPE, all appeal is high treason.

Intelligence for Inns of Court.

A CHANGE is anticipated in legal costume. The *Law Times* believes "that the time is not far off when silk gowns and coifs will disappear, and all advocates stand on an equal footing." Then no one of them will wish that he was in any other one's shoes; moreover MODO and MARU's Own will wear a civil as well as a military uniform.

COBBLER'S PUNCH.

THIS is a liquor composed of gin and cider. It is one in which you might aptly drink "Success to the Commune."

At the tremendous Red Republican Demonstration in Hyde Park, the Chair, on one of the platforms formed of a costermonger's barrow, was, according to a reporter, occupied by "a person named J. MURRAY, a shoemaker;" and:—

"The Chairman opened the meeting at the costermonger's barrow platform by declaring that this was one of the most important gatherings ever held in this park, for it was a demonstration in aid of the emancipation of the down-trodden in the whole human race."

This statement may perhaps be considered to explain the notorious and singular circumstance that a very large proportion, if not the greater part, of extreme Democrats are shoemakers. MR. ODGER, for instance, is a shoemaker, and if MR. ODGER goes beyond his last, MR. MURRAY, seemingly, goes beyond MR. ODGER. Both of those gentlemen are operative shoemakers, and both have doubtless had experience in the repair, as well as in the making, of shoes. They have been accustomed to contemplate the effects of wear and pressure upon soles, and hence have learned to sympathise with the down-trodden.

Odor Lucri.

"*Nox olet*," quoth VESPASIAN Emperor—
Sniffing a match, so says BOB LOWE Taxator.
Touch match-making at all, 'tis dangerous dalliance,
But couple Lowe with match, and 'tis *mésalliance*.

To a Million and a Half Correspondents.

No more jokes upon the subject of MR. LOWE's tax on matches will be received after this notice. The Police have strict orders to keep the pathway in front of the office clear of obstructions.



AN OLD STUPID.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS? YOU WILL NOT EASILY GUESS. THIS IS AN UNCLE, TRAVELLING WITH HIS NIECE. A "HAPPY THOUGHT" HAS STRUCK THAT IMPOSING-LOOKING GUARD, AND HE IS PUTTING THEM INTO AN EMPTY COMPARTMENT, WITH THE REMARK THAT "YOUNG COUPLES ON THEIR WEDDING TOUR LIKE TO AVOID OBSERVATION." THAT OLD GOOSE IS SO PLEASED THAT HE IS FURTIVELY GIVING THE WILY OFFICIAL HALF-A-CROWN. BUT HE WILL HAVE TO GIVE HIS NIECE SOMETHING MUCH HANDSOMER IF HE EXPECTS HER NOT TO TELL HER AUNT AND COUSINS.

HARD LINES!

(The Complaint of a Poor Clerk.)

WHEN the Exchequer's till is low,
And revenue returns are slow,
Whence chiefly do the millions flow?
From Income-tax.

When we our fleet, or army, raise,
Or in sham fights our powder blaze,
What is 't that most the piper pays?
Our Income-tax.

What makes me grumble, grieve, and growl,
Changes my smile into a scowl,
And turns my "Ha! ha!" to a howl?
My Income-tax.

What makes me stingy, close, and mean,
Grow anxious-eyed, and pale, and lean,
And by my friends be rarely seen?
My Income-tax.

What bids me cheaper lodgings seek,
Taste pudding only once a week,
And 'stead of calf's head buy ox cheek?
My Income-tax.

What makes my wife a sempstress grow,
Aside her songs and music throw,
And darn my shirts and stockings so?
My Income-tax.

What forces me to let her pout,
Her promised new dress go without,
And seldom get a Sunday out?
My Income-tax.

Why is my hat so rarely new,
Napless my coat, my elbows through,
My hands ungloved?—'tis owing to
My Income-tax.

Why, when a friend to dine I've brought,
Must I give elder wine for port,
For Cheshire, Dutch?—all this I'm taught
By Income-tax.

What hearty thanks I therefore owe
To all who vote with Mr. Lowe,
And on me heavier burthens throw
By Income-tax!

A CONFUTATION OF MURPHY.

THE "Anti-Popery" lecturer, MURPHY, has received a signal confutation at Whitehaven from a number of pious Roman Catholic miners. They effectually silenced him for the time—nearly for ever. According to a contemporary, three hundred of those faithful fellows, employed at Clator Moor, "marching ten abreast," proceeded to the Oddfellows' Lodge, and set upon MURPHY as he was issuing from the ante-room, to enter the lecture-hall. This is how they taught Mr. MURPHY to keep his alleged extracts from their devotional manuals to himself:—

"Catching sight of him, a number of them rushed upon him, dragged him down the stairs, and struck and kicked him till he was insensible. In that condition he was rescued by the police, who pulled him within a door, and closed it on the rioters. It was a considerable time before animation could be restored, and Mr. MURPHY remained in a critical state all night."

It may, however, be questioned whether an over-zealous laity, like the miners who thus confuted MURPHY, should not, if possible, be restrained by their spiritual guides from taking the Syllabus into their own hands. Not that the subjoined statement, in continuation of the above, is not, in so far as it concerns MURPHY alone, most edifying:—

"A correspondent, who visited him next morning, says that the lecturer then lay upon a bed, unable to move; his head was swathed in bandages, and his face bruised, cut, and swollen. There was a shocking wound across his left eye, and his body was dreadfully discoloured."

In this country an offender such as MURPHY cannot be legally handed over to the secular power for condign punishment. MURPHY, therefore, met with it at the hands of the miners who constituted

the power of a secular JUDGE LYNCH. They executed judgment upon the heretic by an Act of Faith as complete as circumstances and the Police allowed.

The religious zeal evinced by the Roman Catholic miners of Clator Moor in their chastisement of MURPHY, inflicted on him mainly for his abuse of their revered Priesthood, is remarkable considered in contrast with the contemptuous indifference which miners, as a body, too commonly exhibit towards Anglican Curates and Clergymen in general. There appears to be a field among them for certain Missionary enterprise.

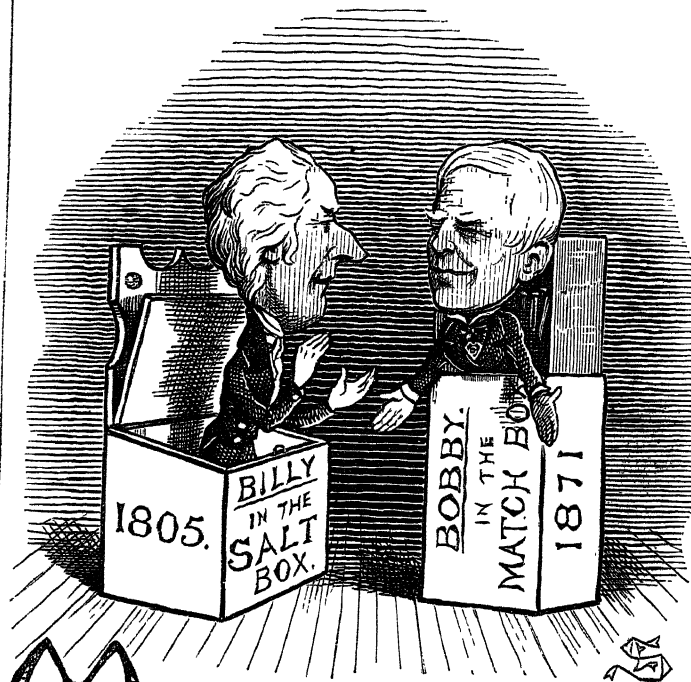
NEAPOLITAN INTELLIGENCE.

WRITING from Naples, a newspaper correspondent states that Vesuvius, "offers unusual attractions." "It remains," he proceeds to say, "precisely as it was, sending up two columns of ashes and smoke." But these are the usual attractions of Vesuvius, one would think; especially since Vesuvius remains precisely as it was. A possible misprint, however, need not be set down for a bull. In sending up only two columns of ashes and smoke, Vesuvius is very much more reasonable than a good many of our contemporaries have shown themselves during the late War.

Rapid Travelling.

THE science of aërostation is farther advanced than is commonly supposed; but at present, the expenses attending this mode of transit are so great, as to make it available only for Royal personages. This will explain the announcement that "The Duke of Genoa is paying flying visits to the most interesting English towns previous to his return to Italy."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 24. Said not Mr. Punch exultingly, that Fighting was at Hand, hooray?

[But first look at the above cut. Live there many who remember GILRAY and WILLIAM PITT? We hope so.]

The Budget is Down! Matches, Successions, Percentage, and who apprehended being made yet more unfortunate by Mr. Lowe's taxation, set forth from the East-end of London, and proceeded towards Westminster to present their petition against the new imposition. The Latin motto on the stamp, though neat, had not charm enough to induce them to smile at the thought of probable starvation. The HOME SECRETARY sent them word that they really must not come to the House of Commons, but they persevered. They were valorously resisted by the Police. Why should they not be resisted? They were only men, women, and children coming to ask that they might not be hindered from earning a miserable livelihood. Had they been Roughs going to break Park Railings, or Republicans crawling to infest SIR E. LANDSEER'S Lions, applaud the French Commune, and insult the QUEEN, of course it would have been tyrannical to interfere with them, but, being what they were, it was fit that they should be taught not to disturb the peace of the streets. The Police did their best, but hunger would have its way, and in the end a large number of women and girls actually penetrated into Westminster Hall, and set up "a shrill shout" when they found that their petition was safe, and had not been destroyed. Finally, they were turned out of the Hall of the Red King. But their demonstration had been made.

That same evening MR. WHITE, of Brighton, brought on his resolution, condemning the additional taxation proposed by the Budget. Now, he would not have had much of a following but for the Conservatives. They, however, were able to vote with the Brighton Radical, because they are mostly opposed to the abolition of Army Purchase, and it is the amount wanted for "taking the Army out of Pawn" that necessitates the new taxation. There was a spirited debate, and the wrongs of the Match-people were not forgotten. MR. LOWE, MR. DISRAELI, MR. GLADSTONE, all mingled in the fray, and the leader of Opposition, seeing his way to something like victory, made things very sweet, by suggesting that no Minister would be so silly as to propose a sham resignation merely because the House differed with him on a finance question. MR. GLADSTONE, that night, did not see things in the same light, and stood up, strongly, for most of the Budget, but mildly for the Match-tax. On division the Tories and the Radicals coalesced, and in a House of 487, Government got 257, which gave them a majority of 27 only. Loud and long was the cheering on both sides, as when during the

above mentioned MR. ADDISON's *Cato*, the Whigs applauded every bit in favour of liberty, and the Tories echoed the plaudit to show that the satire was unfelt. But 27 for the Budget of a Ministry that revels in "overwhelming majorities," meant that the situation must be re-considered.

Tuesday. MR. LOWE had re-considered it to the extent of perceiving that, at all events, the Match-tax must go. So he surrendered it, and promised to let us know on Thursday what substitute he could find. That night there was as much rejoicing among the poor hearts in the East as they are capable of manifesting. There may not have been so much in the gilded saloons of Downing Street, if they are so adorned—*Punch* never goes there; but are not all priests bloated, all aristocrats haughty, and all saloons gilded? If not, the inferior press must be sadly misinformed.

MR. DISRAELI, desirous to chain Victory to his brougham-wheels, gave a hostile notice for Thursday, and the Whip sent circulars calling on the Liberals to be in their places.

Wednesday there was a lull. MR. THOMAS HUGHES'S Sunday Trading Bill was discussed, and described as calculated to press harshly upon a large class who are compelled to buy and sell on the Sunday. Had it been a Bill with better chances, the events of the week would have materially damaged them. As it was, the Bill was thrown out by 80 to 47.

A Bill for creating Public Prosecutors was at last read a Second Time. Certain lawyers stood up and opposed it, but the feeling of the heads of their profession is strongly in its favour. The majority was 129 to 89. MR. BRUCE wants to look after the measure, but he has at least enough to do, and MR. RUSSELL GURNEY will do well to mind his own business, which nobody can mind more wisely. But

Thursday was the night of the Great Event. The House was crammed. After some questions, and a declaration by MR. BRUCE that the Police had acted with much forbearance on Monday,

MR. GLADSTONE delivered a somewhat long speech on the Budget. This it had been necessary to re-consider as a whole. The Government stood by their Estimates, would not tax articles of great consumption, would not borrow money. But the proposals as to the Succession Duties would be abandoned, and so would the proposal to change the mode of levying the Income-tax from poundage to percentage.

But how is the money to be obtained?

Need you ask?

The Income-tax?

Of course. What else? The extra Twopence is to be laid on, and henceforth the real Working Men are to pay Sixpence in the Pound.

We bear it, and therefore we deserve to bear it. Let us do so, and grin with what contortions we may.

The debate was very amusing. MR. DISRAELI, of course, had no need to make his hostile motion, but he remarked that this year direct taxation had been increased by Three Millions. The Budget he described as now one of Sweet Simplicity. MR. LOWE (it was rumoured that he had added his own resignation to the other resignations, but he can't he spared) spoke smartly. LORD GEORGE CAVENTISH recalled SHAFESBURY'S adage that in every man there was a wise and a foolish person, and now that MR. LOWE'S fool had had his fling, it was to be hoped the sage would get his innings. MR. FAWCETT made a very sensible speech against the paying everything by the Income-tax, to which the lower class was not liable, and therefore that class was encouraged in its extravagant ideas: a bold and honest word from a Democrat. MR. OSBORNE was witty, and was answered by MR. AUBERON HERBERT with much less good manners than might have been expected in an Aristocrat. MR. BROOKS made outspoken and honourable protest against perpetual recurrence to the Income-tax, and also against its cruelty to Professional Men. MR. BROOKS spoke excellently, and from knowledge of what he was talking about, he having been an Income-tax Commissioner. We take off our hat to MR. BROOKS. Further discussion was postponed until the following Monday.

A Pensive Public now understands the great situation of the week, and is at liberty to regard it in any light that may please His Pensive-ness. *Mr. Punch* will merely assist meditation by observing that it is a very good thing that the tax is not to be laid on the poor Match-makers, and also that it is a very good thing that the Succession Duties are not to be increased, which would have tended further to cripple those who, by the death of the head of the family are deprived of a great part of their income. It would have

been bad indeed that the Life Assurance money, perhaps their only provision, should have been pillaged. But it is not a good thing that the Income-tax should be raised to Sixpence; and if we look at this course merely from an æsthetic point of view, we are struck with the utter absence of inventive genius in the Cabinet. *Mr. Punch* could have shown MR. LOWE a dozen better ways of raising the money.

Friday. Disorganisation went on with its work. LORD PALMERSTON'S step-son, MR. COWPER TEMPLE, gave the Ministers a most tremendous beating. And, moreover, he was in the right, and they were in the wrong. He demanded the preservation of Epping Forest, which is in a fair, or rather a foul way to ruin. Both MR. LOWE and the PREMIER put forth their strength against him, but the House backed him up, and Government were beaten by the huge majority of 197 to 96—a salute of 101 guns in honour of the Forest. If Members would only go and look at it (as *Mr. Punch* did the other day), they would be ashamed to reflect that they had left it in danger so long. Censure of the Martini-Henry rifle was attempted, but it was stamped out by common-sense, evidence, and a majority of 137 to 72.

The Lords' Week has not been interesting, but a good Bill has been brought in for getting rid of the scandal of Bankrupt Peers. An Anti-Westmeath Outrage Bill has also been brought in, but it has not been expounded. Everything Irish must be done in some inverted fashion—we wonder that the Minister did not begin by getting the Royal Assent, and then hark back.

THE OFFICIAL CUT-ME-DOWNS.

ARE there not certain fox-hunting districts called, among the men of Nimrod, "cut-me-down?" At all events that epithet is applicable to some departments of the Public Service which the Government has subjected to a very close-shaving economy. One of these is the Post Office, about which the *Standard's* very able Dublin correspondent thus writes:—

"If the public only knew the miserable salaries paid to the rural post-masters and mistresses in Ireland, they would have far less confidence in the Post Office than they have at present and be more chary of entrusting valuables or money orders to its custody."

People, even the scrupulous Irish, are apt, no less than cats and dogs, to steal rather than starve. Accordingly:—

"At Galway, yesterday, a woman named KING, late post-mistress at Roundstone, was convicted on her own confession of having opened a letter containing a post-bill for £44, forged the name of the person in whose favour it was drawn, and obtained the money, of which when detected she returned £32. She was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, which of course she deserved; but as it was proved on the trial that her salary for the discharge of arduous and responsible duties was only £7 per annum, out of which she had to pay £1 10s. to a guarantee society, it may be fairly questioned whether the greater share of culpability does not rest with the heads of the postal administration who expose ill-paid officials to such great temptations."

Now, the Government naturally cut down all the salaries of their subordinates they can without any worse result than that of beggaring or of starving those subordinates. Of course, because economy wins popularity, and popularity insures office.

Dockyard labourers may say they must live. Ministers do not see the necessity of that, unless the men are to remain dockyard labourers. But if so, then the necessity must be evident, even to Ministers; and so in the case of post-masters, post-mistresses, and letter-carriers. For dead men and women sort no letters, neither do they deliver any.

The halfpenny postage of cards and newspapers is a great boon to the British Public, and also the Irish. All the postal reductions are great boons. Whilst it makes a vast difference to everybody in easy circumstances whether he pays a halfpenny or a penny postage, it would, we all feel, signify nothing to him if he knew the saving had been effected, through cutting down the wages of inferior Post-office people to any degree above starving-point, so long as famine did not drive those people to break open letters, and steal. But then, unfortunately, it does. We, the Public, therefore, have to consider whether or no we had rather continue to insist on the cheapest possible postage at the risk of occasioning an individual now and then to be plundered for the advantage of the community, or consent to let the Government pay the underpaid of the Post Office sufficient wages to place them above the temptation to steal. Of course, the cheapest possible postage must be the sole object with all of us who need not fear being robbed of Post Office orders; but the rest, who do, should unite in assuring the Government that its members will really not endanger their own places and pay by raising the estimates to an amount sufficient for such payment of Post officials at least, as shall enable them to subsist without theft.

Besides, there is this to be considered, that not even a letter-carrier can now be hanged for letter-breaking, and that he must, if condemned to penal servitude, be kept in prison; which costs money.

TESTS OF TENSION.

(Not to say Tightness.)



S for this Licensing Bill, *Mr. Punch*, of Home-Secretary BRUCE, imposing heavy penalties on drunkenness in person, and on publicans for serving customers already drunk. Very proper; but, Sir, ought there not to be laid down by enactment some definition of what constitutes drunkenness? Is a man, for instance, to be deemed drunk, and liable to a fine of twenty shillings, as soon as his "tongue begins to double?" What would you say to a clause in MR. BRUCE'S Bill to this effect?—"Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted, that any person whosoever shall be held and considered to be Drunk, who, not labouring under any natural impediment of Speech, or temporary loss, or impairment thereof otherwise

than from drinking wine, beer, or spirituous liquors, shall be unable, when summoned by lawful Authority, distinctly to say 'British Constitution'." It would be hard to be pronounced drunk for defective pronunciation very possibly owing only to muscular and nervous disturbance caused by a small quantity of bad liquor. The same remark is applicable to inability to walk straight. In some rural districts a clown is often met going home zigzag, in consequence of having swallowed a pint only of beershop beer.

"How many fingers do I hold up?" is a question which might be suggested as a test of intoxication or sobriety. As such you can only judge of it subjectively. Personal reminiscence enables me to assure you that a man may see double, because he has dined, and yet be in a state of complete mental sobriety. I had, myself, some years ago, dined, and after dinner found myself in a theatre. Each one of the performers I saw as two. Thereupon I began to think why this was; why, observe, not whence, for I knew that well enough, knowing that I had dined. To examine that question by experiment I shut first one eye then the other, and found that, looking at an object with one eye at a time, I saw it single, saw it double only with both eyes open. Hence I inferred that the cause which occasions objects to be seen double after dining (as I had dined) probably was simply a derangement of the nerves and muscles of the eye-balls; the muscles of either eye-ball contracting not in conjunction but unequally, so as to pull the eyes out of concert, and make a person look at things, and see them, with each eye by itself instead of with both eyes at once. Push one eye out of relation to the other with your finger, and you will immediately see double without having dined. Duplicity of vision would, surely, be no criterion of criminal drunkenness, even if it could be detected by a detective, still less in case, merely, that a common policeman swore to it. Did it not in my own person coexist with a philosophy worthy of SOCRATES at a Symposium, when he had seen all his disciples under the table? However, I do not mean to compare myself with SOCRATES, except as to features perhaps, and figure, in which particulars I have the honour to resemble that Sage, and am also qualified to say that I am yours truly, SILENTUS.

P.S. When, late of an evening after dinner, men begin to talk theology, is that evidence of the state whose prevention is intended by the Licensing Bill? I fear you will say, yes.

A Painful Thought.

It is said to have been expected that the Irish would have joined in the Red Republican procession to Hyde Park. There is reason to rejoice that they did no such thing. The procession was intended to demonstrate sympathy with gentlemen of the pavement who maltreat and imprison French priests, an Archbishop even, pull the Cross down, and set up the Red Flag in its place. The Irish would have mingled with it only with a view to upset it, and probably given the sympathisers with rioters whom they detest, a severe beating, which would have been painful, at least to Red Republicans, who, when next they announce a demonstration, had better, perhaps, mention that no Irish need attend.



A CAUTION TO NURSEMAIDS.

BEWARE OF THE IMITATIVE TENDENCY OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Acute Mother. "I HOPE, JANE, THAT YOU ARE NOT IN THE HABIT OF READING WHEN YOU WHEEL THE PERAMBULATOR?"
Jane. "ME, MUM? LOR' MUM! I SHOULDN'T THINK OF SUCH A THING, MUM!"

[Of course not.]

CHECK TO KING MOB.

THERE are to be no more seditious demonstrations in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park. No longer will dissatisfied, still less will disaffected Leaguers and Unionists be suffered to parade London in procession. A strong Government has shaken off its lethargy at last, and is showing itself as it were a roused Lion, lashing his tail. On Monday last week, the riotous match-makers, "principally," says the *Times*, "working girls and working boys, a year or two in their teens," marching in the Bow Road, were encountered by a line of Police, abreast. Having dodged the Police, and marched on to Westminster, these juvenile malecontents, fain to intimidate the Legislature, were swept by the Guardians of Order in that district clean out of Westminster Hall.

Clean, that is, completely. According to the *Post*, the Police confronted them with drawn staves; drew cordons against them also across streets, and acted with a vigour amounting to "no little brutality." When they stopped the procession in Bow Road, "they ordered the bands to cease playing, and seizing a considerable number of the flags, tore them up. They also seized the petition which was suspended from a pole, and tore it in pieces." Now, then, the Clerkenwell Rroughs know what they have to expect if they "come in their thousands," attempting to dictate to a powerful Government, which will no longer affect to treat their displays of physical force with contempt since it has shown itself capable of repressing the miserable match-makers' demonstration. When next ODGER lays aside the awl and the wax-end to harangue his followers, he should advise them to mind what they are about with an awakened Ministry.

Beauty in Years.

WHEN Face is blurred, and Figure bent,
 Then Mind, dears, is most excellent.

ALL HAIL TO ASPARAGUS!

ASPARAGUS, by sweet St. George, thou art a toothsome thing!
 Thou comest with the cuckoo and the swallow in the Spring.
 Thou comest into season on the going out of kail—
 As soon as thou art cheap enough, Asparagus, all hail!

Asparagus, the sight of thee doth many a thought suggest,
 Lamb's savoury fore-quarter, leg, chops, shoulder, and dainty breast,
 And the fragrance of the mint-sauce, whose perfume we nose above
 Sage and onions, and the mingled steams of the various meats we love.

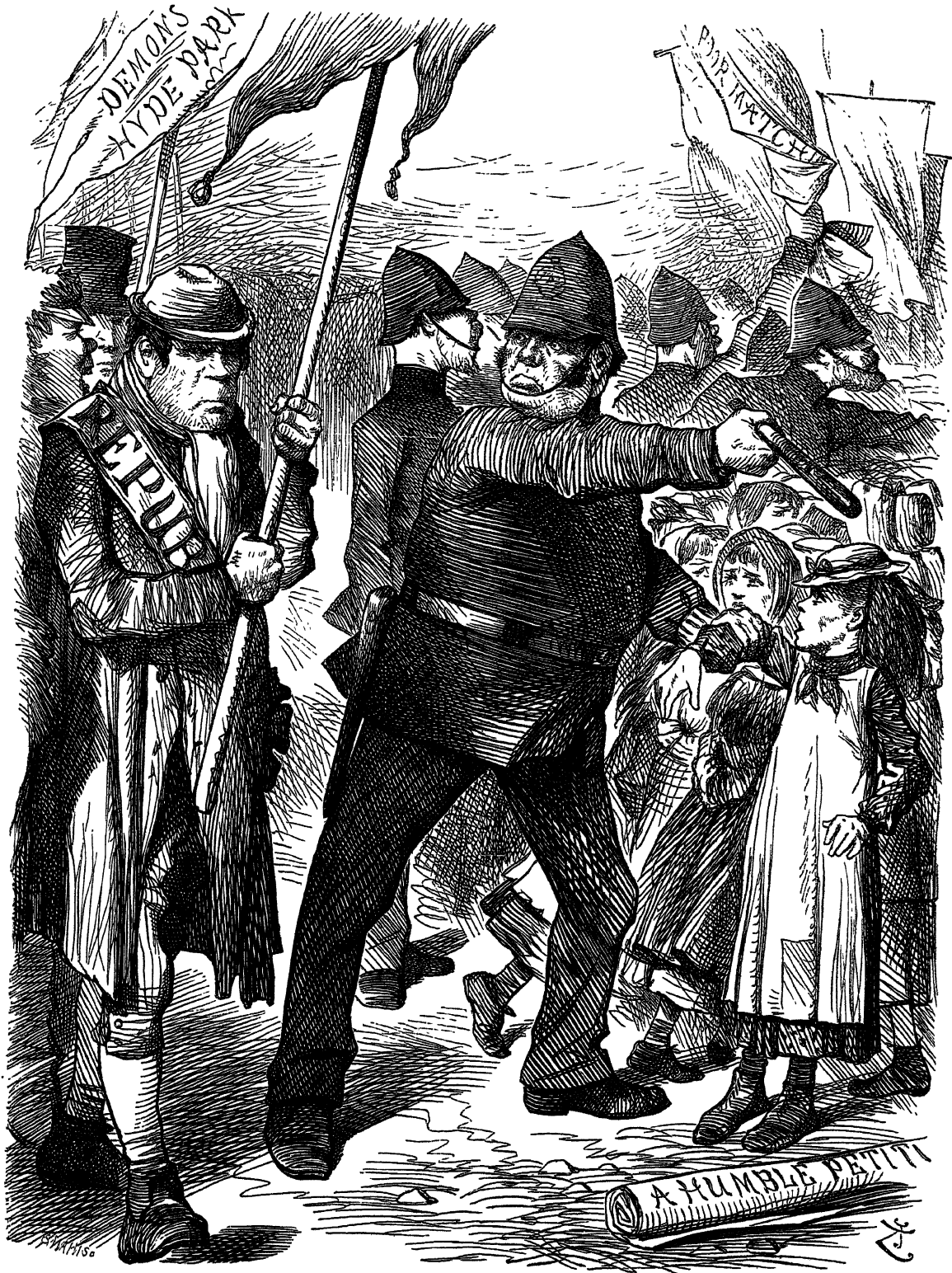
Commend me to Asparagus, which should, aright to taste,
 Be green well-nigh from end to end, for all the white is waste.
 More profit to the gardener than good for the guest, I woen,
 An the stalk be some six inches long and the tip thereof only green.

Thereto some molten butter do take—each one to what he list,
 As the good man said upon a time his heifer when he kissed.
 What's one man's sauce is a surplus which another's dish doth spoil—
 I had liefer a dash of vinegar with a dressing of salad oil.

Asparagus, thou dost recall full many a day's delight,
 When horse-chestnut trees were out in bloom, and hawthorns green
 and white.
 And we roamed the meads, for men walk must needs, fall to an they
 would fain,
 Till the board was crowned when thou wentest round, as did also the
 champagne.

THE ONLY EPITHET FOR MR. LOWE.—Matchless.

[We assure every one of 798 contributors that he alone sent us the
 above epigram. Please, no more.]



THE WOLVES AND THE LAMBS.

POLICEMAN Z 1871. "WE DON'T INTERFERE WITH YOU, OF COURSE; BUT THESE DESPERATE CHARACTERS MUST BE DISPERSED."

MY HEALTH.



UR dinner is going on well: wine excellent: table nicely arranged: room charming: Gothic furniture: everything so nice, clean, and comfortable.

"Now," says JOSLYN, who, it appears, understands ordering a dinner, "I've got for you a compôte of pigeon coming, which, I think, you'll like."

We wait. BUDD suggests filling up the time with the enormity of a glass of claret. We do it. A waiter (quite new to us) rushes in with a covered dish and plates. Great excitement on the part of Man by the Fire. "Ha! ha!" we hear him

exclaim, "At last!" and he begins to flourish a knife and fork. Waiter smiles, and plunges dish down on table before him, plate also. Irate Man audibly smacks his lips and draws in his breath as if in for a good thing. Now then. Waiter whisks off cover. Angry and hungry man ready to plunge his knife and fork in, pauses, as if struck electrically, "Why, dash it" (dash is not the word) "it's Pudding!" They've brought him apple-pudding.

"Confound it! Why, I—I—" he can hardly speak, he's so angry. I haven't had any meat yet. Take it away, and— and—" in a voice of thunder, "DASH it WILL you bring my VEAL CUTLET!!"

Mild Man, plaintively in corner, is here heard. He raises his voice and arrests the waiter's attention, "I'll take the pudding," which, as he's only just done his fish, proves him to be of an accommodating disposition.

The waiter is about to comply with his request when another official rushes in, all hot, blows up the first waiter, takes the pudding angrily from him, and both vanish in a flash of excitement, before the Angry Man, now fuming, can take advantage of a new waiter's appearance to demand his rights in veal cutlets. Enter third waiter with our Compôte of Pigeon. [Our dinner goes on pleasantly enough; we can understand the "waits" which are quite in keeping with the first night of a new piece (i.e. of *The Table d'Hôte* specially at this unseasonable time), and we fill up our intervals with the wine, which JOSLYN has craftily ordered beforehand. Compôte excellent. First-rate chef at the Cramville.] On apparition of third waiter, angry and starving person by fire is at him, "Look here, waiter, I can't stand this." Waiter replies, *en passant*, "In one minute, Sir, I'll attend to you," which causes him to rise from table, take his hat, hesitate, put it down again irritably, reseal himself, and then he finds Waiter Number Three opposite him, asking placidly, "Have you ordered anything, Sir?" This sends him up again; he nearly kicks over the table. "Ordered!" he exclaims, then restraining himself by a great effort for a second, he bangs his fist on the table, and in a tone of what the opera librettists call "suppressed fury," exclaims, "Where's My VEAL CUTLET!"

The waiter is perfectly calm, and indeed sympathetic—but profoundly irritating (we agree to that) when he asks, in a tone of interest, "Haven't you had it, Sir?"

This is too much for the Man by the Fire. "Had it!!" he shouts. "Why, I've been waiting here—I've only had soup—they brought me pudding—and—and—here, DASH it, send the Manager." He is so savage under much provocation that he orders the Manager as if he were a dish, and he intended dining off him instead of veal cutlets.

The mild voice from the corner here addresses the waiter. "If I can't get anything else, I'll take some sugar." Poor man! Sugar is hardly a substitute, even to the happiest disposition, for three courses, *entrées, rôti*, and dessert. Will he, the Mild Man in the Corner, take some cold beef? Certainly; whatever he can get; and he has it. Not so the Man by the Fire, who will have the Manager, and nothing but the Manager. He refuses such blandishments (chiefly offered by the pacificating Irish waiter) as "Would ye take some cold beef, Sorr, and" (as an additional inducement) "pickles?" He dashes pickles. No, where's the Manager? "He's comin', Sorr

—but won't ye take some—some cold ham, or"—vaguely—"a cut off the joint, with"—another inducement—"potatoes?" The indignant visitor by the fire won't have anything or anybody except the Manager.

Enter a respectable man, respectful and attentive. The waiters remain to listen. "Who's that?" BUDD is ready—"MERKS, the Manager." MR. MERKS has a talent evidently for taming violent guests, like RAREY's with obstreperous horses. He bows, he is grave, he is deeply interested; he attempts no explanation except the true one, of their being, he regrets to say, unprepared for such a sudden influx of business, and is positive that nothing of the sort shall occur again.

"It is," he adds, "most unfortunate," and while he is yet talking, a new waiter, entering quietly, artfully places before the almost exhausted stranger a dish of veal cutlets, some asparagus, and a pint bottle of claret. His complaints subside into an explanation (almost apologetic) about his having had a long walk, and being peculiarly hungry, and so he is gradually soothed, and his equilibrium restored. As to what becomes of the unfortunate gentleman in the corner, who dined off "fish first" and "sugar to follow," he has disappeared during the above conversation, having perhaps retaliated upon the Hotel for his treatment, by taking this opportunity for executing the practical joke of leaving without paying his bill.

We adjourn to the billiard-room, where we smoke and take coffee. The Cramville is, certainly, as a hotel, unique. A Gothic hotel. Gothic furniture, with variations. The billiard-room, a cheerful room of a sort of Japanese Gothic, as if the Mikado (or whatever the dignitary is) had suddenly exhibited High Church tendencies, but, being only half converted, had ended in building a billiard-room. All very charming and pleasant; and so we sit and take our coffee, and look at the billiard-table. I look at my watch to see about returning to my Aunt.

Thoughts on this Subject.—If she's up, I shan't want to see her. Should frighten her, perhaps. If she's in bed I can't see her (and she'd frighten me, perhaps). If they're all gone to bed I needn't ring, as one of the peculiarities of Ramsgate is, from what I have noticed, open house all day and night. Confiding, but foolish. Useful, however, on occasion, but not now.

BUDD is "walking my way," he says, "so if I stop just for one game of billiards, we'll go together." By all means. He at present proposes committing the enormity of "B & S's.," adding that "he's quite given up this sort of thing at night. Never mind: Turkish Bath to-morrow." Billiards.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.

THE Licensing System is pushed a long way. On how many things there's a Licence to pay! Imposed on Armorial Bearings we've one; A Dog-licence too, and the like on a Gun. The Licence on Dogs, that guard house and kill rats, May followed be, soon, by a Licence on Cats. A Licence for sale need Wine, Spirits, and Beer. A yet more strict Licence the Publicans fear. By Liberal Rulers so governed are we, That year after year we get less and less free; And feel, though we try hard the feeling to smother, That Liberty's one thing, and Licence another.

WISDOM UPON WHEELS.

WHATEVER Educationists may say upon the matter, there is little doubt, we fancy, that there is a growing taste for literature among our humbler classes. Look at the crowd daily gathered round the *Punch* window! See the clusters studying the placards of the newspapers! Why, you hardly find a cabman without his penny journal to amuse him as he sits upon his stand in waiting for a fare. Considering the time that cabmen have upon their hands, it would be an act of charity to found for them a pleasant circulating library. Novels might be written for their express amusement, and suited to the rank they occupy in life; that is to say, the cab-rank. As a beginning, we observe one which we think appropriate. This novel is entitled, *A Cast for a Crown*: and it might be not inaptly succeeded by a sequel, which might bear the title of *A Set Down for a Shilling*.

Ancestral Osteology.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, referring to the use, by authority, "of churchyard mould, bones, and fragments of coffins, as a new road material," speaks of those materials as "strange substitutes for Macadam." MR. DARWIN would perhaps suggest that, as far as the bones are concerned, that species of M'ADAM should be called M'APE.



"NEVER SAY DIE!"

Old Horse-breaker. "WULL, SIR, MY ADVICE IS, NEVER GIVE A 'SCREW' TIME TO GET LAME. DON'T YOU THROW THAT HORSE UP AT ALL, BUT RIDE HIM ALL SUMMER. HE WON'T BE NO WORSE FOR IT."

[Gratifying for Jones, who has given three hundred, and thinks he possesses perfection.]

MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DIRECTLY after Easter the fashionable newspapers are full of fashionable details about fashionable marriages. The matrimonial alliances which have been upon the *tapis* for several weeks past are, as soon as Lent is over, brought to the solemnity of the nuptial ceremony. Hence, we see long columns full of elegant description of the dresses of the bridesmaids and the *trousseau* of the bride, and the wedding-gifts presented by her noble friends and kinsfolk.

Such histories, no doubt, are most delightful reading; but, after the first score or so, there is certainly about them a slight flavour of monotony. Even the long list of titled wedding-guests is apt to pall upon the palate, and one reads with some fatigue, not unmixed, perhaps, with envy, the catalogue of bracelets and other costly articles which they have "donated," as our Yankee friends would say, to the causes of their coming. Interesting as it may be to read a glowing record of the nuptials of the great, the philosophic mind might find, by way of contrast, some pleasure in a chronicle of humbler happy couplings. Variety is charming; and, just by way of change from the fashionable ceremonies which are just now so much solemnised, it might be a relief to skim over the details of a record of the wedding of Miss JONES with Mr. BROWN, or of Miss ROBINSON with Mr. SMITH. Indeed, descending even lower in the social scale, we rather fancy a philosopher would turn with some alacrity from an elegant description of a fashionable marriage to a simple and straightforward account of the proceedings at the wedding of a chimney-sweep.

We are most of us acquainted with the social forms and ceremonies of a marriage in high life, but an accurate description of a marriage in low life would be novel and instructive. We should be doubtless entertained, as well as much enlightened, if some adventurous chronicler would describe a nuptial ceremony performed, say, in Whitechapel, and tell us how the fair bride was attired on the occasion, and what wedding gifts were given her, and what articles of finery were comprised in her *trousseau*. We should be also deeply interested to hear whether the bridegroom wore a tulip, or a dahlia,

or a sunflower in his button-hole, and if he had his shoes blacked on arriving at the church. We should vastly like to know, too, what delicacies of the season, including shrimps and periwinkles, were provided for the breakfast, and what amount of beer was imbibed on the occasion of drinking the bride's health. We should likewise be rejoiced to read a word-for-word report of the speeches that were made (omitting expletives esteemed too strong for publication); and we should be greatly interested to know whether the bridegroom, supposing him a Costermonger, gave his moke a feed of corn before starting in his carriage, with his lovely bride beside him, in a shower of satin slippers, upon his wedding trip.

=====

Lines to ROBERT LOWE.

LIBERAL BOB, with Budget Red,
Evenly taxation spread.
Partially laid on, it galls
Those on whom alone it falls
With an incidence unfair.
Tax you but those whom you dare,
Currying favour with the Mob?
Nay! To do that were, sweet BOB,
For the sake of Place, to rob.

=====

The Politics of Monsieur.

THE signature of this placard, posted on the closed door of the Church of St. Pierre, Montmartre, is significant:—

"Whereas priests are hieves, and churches haunts where they have morally assassinated the masses, in dragging France under the talons of the scoundrels BONAPARTE, FAYRE, and TROCHU, the delegate of Les Carrières at the ex-Prefecture of Police orders the Church of St. Pierre to be closed, and decrees the arrest of the ecclesiastics and Ignorantins. "LE MOUSSU."

Has Red Republicanism in France become national?

RHYME WITHOUT REASON.

"SUMMER FRIENDS," one of CLARIBEL's latest songs, is advertised with an illustrative stanza (on the same principle as the man who had a house to let carried about a brick as a specimen) thus:—

Where are thy summer friends,
Friends of thy youth?
Gone with the summer birds,
Back to the South.

This leaves it uncertain whether, in order to rhyme, "youth" should be sung "*yowth*," or "south" "*suth*." We shall be told, of course, that the rhyme is addressed to the eye, not to the ear. By such a canon the following lines may possibly be deemed melodious:—

Peasant Arcadian,
Guiding the plough;
Coarse are your garments,
Your aspect is rough.

Peasant imprudent,
I hear you've a cough;
Do you feel sure
You're clad warmly enough?

Bibulous peasant,
Your voice it is rough;
You're no disciple
Of temperate Gough.

Home to your cottage,
You hear the wind's sough.
Even the birdies,
Sing hoarse on the bough.

Home to your cottage,
And bend o'er the trough,
Kneading in loaves
The digestible dough.

Though the bread's heavy,
Unyielding and tough;
Chawbacon's teeth,
Will get easily through.

Mr. Punch commends these stanzas to any French ladies or gentlemen at present resident in England, who may be desirous of mastering the peculiarities of English pronunciation.



EQUAL TO THE SITUATION.

The Parson. "WELL, LIZZIE, YOUR MOTHER'S COME OUT OF PRISON, I HEAR. HOW IS SHE NOW?"

Lizzie. "O, THANKY, SIR, SHE'S EV' SOMUCH BETTER. SHE'VE HAD CAPITAL TIMES IN THERE. FATHER'S OUT O' WORK, AND RATHER POORLY, SO HE GOT TOOK UP LAST NIGHT!"

NOBLE SACRIFICES TO PRINCIPLE.

A HAPPY thought, suggested to the United Kingdom Alliance, and all other persons desirous of suppressing or restricting the Liqueur Trade, will doubtless be hailed with acclamation by those philanthropists, and they will immediately proceed to carry it out. That is to say, they will forthwith institute a subscription amongst themselves, with such aid as others may be disposed to render them, in order to indemnify Publicans for the injury or ruin of their trade by legislation. An addition to the felicity of this idea is furnished by the further proposal that they should make pecuniary arrangements for supplying, out of their own resources, the deficiency which, if they succeed in preventing the consumption of generous, not to say intoxicating liquors, they must create in the revenue. No doubt they will eagerly adopt this too, and so preclude the necessity of an increased Income-tax to defray the cost of their triumphant agitation.

UNIVERSITY AND CANINE.

AN Oxford Statute, "concerning the Delegates of University Police," amended in a "Congregation" the other day, provides that:—

"Each Proctor shall, if he think fit, appoint one person or more to attend upon him; and the sum of £30 per annum out of the fund hereinafter mentioned shall be placed at the disposal of each Proctor for the payment of such attendance."

The foregoing paragraph of University Intelligence is headed "Proctors' Servants." Out of the £30 allowed for the maintenance of these men, the Proctors probably have to pay taxes on them as male servants. The "Proctors' Servants" being likewise named Bulldogs, are the Proctors also obliged to take out a licence on those followers in their canine capacity?

MR. CRABAPPLE'S CONTENT.

HERE I am, now, pretty nearly, at the end of my career; Life must less and less worth living get for me, year after year, Being, although far from well-off, not yet absolutely poor, I've a great deal to complain of, but might have a great deal more.

I might now, if I had married in my young days, have a wife Who would be, within a year or so, at my own time of life, Probably infirm and ailing; very likely peevish grown: Load of flesh to be supported—in addition to my own.

Then I might have sons and daughters; sons who nought could find to do,

Running me perpetual bills up; daughters as expensive too, Such as some of my acquaintance have; of whom they can't get rid; Girls whom no fellows will marry—would be asses if they did.

Do I wish, as I hear some, again I could my time have o'er? No, I don't; to get money what I could do: could no more. For, suppose I now before me had the race which I have run, As I had no fortune left me, so I should have hope of none.

All in Good Time.

SHUT up the Pubs!

Why not the Clubs?

Can't, all at once—that's why.

But now get thin

End of wedge in—

Drive it home by-and-by.

HEIGHT OF RUDENESS.—Asking a Minister if he likes Epping Sausages.



CONSIDERATE CRITICISM.

Rustic (to his Friend). "WA—AL, THA'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWTH'N, I S'POOS', GEORGE!!"

ST. PAUL'S SERMON FROM ST. PATRICK'S TEXT.

OH, London is a big place, and Dublin is a little one,
And St. Paul's on fame has a fast hold, where St. Patrick's has a
brittle one.
And if Dublin could boast a big brewer of stout in the late SIR
BENJAMIN GUINNESS,
OUR BARCLAY and PERKINS is to him as a first-rate to a pinnacle.
But SIR BENJAMIN GUINNESS he put down his thousand a hundred
and thirty,
To cleanse and restore St. Patrick's, dilapidated and dirty,
And now here's SIR HENRY ROE, another stout Dublin citizen,
Of Cathedral restoration an equally hot fit is in.
And all to the honour of his high-prized, but no longer, alas, high-
priced Church.
Undertakes to raise from its ruins Dublin's sister-cathedral Christ-
Church.
And, eke, for the ousted Establishment that he was born and bred in,
To build a handsome Synod-House, to lay its evicted old head in.
Ah me, when will London's citizen-roll show us its ROE and its
GUINNESS,
For all so big as is London's talk, and abundant as London tin is!
Where will she find, 'mong the city-mice who to fatness have fed
on her fat ricks
One to do for St. Paul's, what GUINNESS and ROE have for Christ-
church done and St. Patrick's?
Come enter my gates, you money-grubs, from your courts, and
alleys, and slums busy,
And look upon me, to your shame—"si opprobrium quæras—cir-
cumspice!"
Here I stand, WREN's masterpiece, in your midst, all naked and
unfinished,
With my noble interior blank and bare, and my fair proportions
'minished,
For want of the colour to warm me, and the gold for their deftning,
And starve in the cold, while at my feet you are in your Guildhall
dining:

Rich enough among the lot of you with sovereigns to tile my
dome in,
Nor feel a penny the poorer each civic millionaire's home in,
Yet Dublin can find two citizens; when London in vain may seek
one,
To do more for her two poor churches, than you for your
unique one!
So no wonder disgust has waked to speech the tongue in my bricks
and mortar,
And that St. Paul's face blushes to look, at St. Patrick's across
the water!

CAUTION TO CLERGYMEN.

ON Monday afternoon, last week, the first of a series of lectures
"designed to counteract the progress of unbelief among the educated
classes of society," was given in St. George's Hall, Langham Place,
by the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. It was specially directed against the
theory of Development of Species, and appears, by a report of it, to
have consisted mainly of general observations, which had been made
before. Towards the achievement of the desirable end which is that
of these lectures, here is the contribution of a little doggerel:—

Would you win Latitude?
Will you by Platitude?

To which may be added the suggestion, that your discourse should
never be as long as it is usually wide.

"Ex Luce Lucellum."

TO WASTE-PAPER DEALERS.—To be Disposed of: An immense
quantity of unmatched Classical Literature, the writer having no further
use for it, and the authorities of the House compelling immediate clearance.
Tenders to be sent to "L. L.", Brimstone Budget Office, Somerset House.
N.B. This is an opportunity that will never occur again, as MR. L. L. has
resolved in future to get his Tax first, and consult the Classics afterwards.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 1, began a Parliamentary week of some excitement and some amusement. May is held to set the pulses dancing, and there is no reason why the political pulse should not enjoy its dance with the best. In the House of Commons—

Stop! This day was opened the London International Exhibition at Kensington. This day twenty years ago was opened the grand old Show which we shall all remember while memory holds her seat in this Distracted Orb (*points to head*), albeit the outside of the said orb has been unthatched for some, and whitened for others, since that remarkable May-day of 1851. The last ceremonial was not much like the first, but we had a fine day, and everything would have gone off delightfully but for the stupidity of the police

arrangements. These angered us at the time, but we are pacified now, and smile at the recollection of the fiery furnace of a gallery in which *Mr. Punch* and all the Diplomats were roasted in a vain endeavour to get out. He congratulates the Heir-Apparent, and all concerned, upon the success of the day. Where the Exhibition is, and what is in it, *Mr. Punch* hopes to learn at some future time. The police kept the secret very well this Monday.

In the House of Commons there was a great fight. Mr. W. H. SMITH, M.P. for Westminster, brought on a resolution against Mr. B. Lo-Lo's Budget. He spoke excellently. So did several, on both sides, out of the many who let themselves off:

"Deep in the ring BOB LOWE engaged,
And, fierce, DISRAELI's broadsword raged."

YOUR BARING, your HENLEY, your LUBBOCK, your STANSFELD, your HARCOURT, were among the combatants. Your—he shall be our O. MORGAN spoke, and happily referred to a famous contribution made by MR. PEYS, as part of His Diary, to this journal some years back, wherein it was shown that men are often very liberal when ordering dinner, much less so when the bill comes in—the House readily voted armaments, but grudging taxation. There is a brilliant future before MR. MORGAN, if he continues to study the Great Authority on Everything. MR. GLADSTONE spoke with accustomed vigour. Shall we re-produce anybody's argument? Perish the thought! The division was the argument, and the Government obtained a majority of 85, 335 to 250. If it be that there are only 378 "available" Liberals, and there were 14 pairs, the party stood loyally by its chiefs.

The Lords forwarded the Trades Unions Bills—and could get no information as to an alleged proclamation by the Chinese Government to the effect that they mean to repress the practices of the agents of the Missionary Unions.

Tuesday. In that same august House, the Bill for dealing with the Westmeath Ring of Assassins was explained. It gives considerable powers, and if acted upon with rapidity and vigour, the Westmeath Ring will speedily be between four walls, and the vicious circle will thus be squared. The LORD LIEUTENANT seems to have ample authority to arrest anybody who is in Westmeath, or is suspected of having been there within a given time. Now, as every member of the Assassins' Association is stated to be known at the Castle, the moment the Bill passes—we suppose it would be too dreadfully irregular to deal a moment sooner with those whom LORD SALISBURY very properly called Thugs—there should be a wholesale *razzia*. He declared his belief that ordinary law, suited to law-abiding people, ought not to be tried on barbarous people, and he would give LORD SANDHURST power to stamp out murder in Ireland as Thuggee was stamped out in India. But, as LADY

BLARNEY (an Irish lady?) says, "there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form."

Several topics came up in the Commons, and notices of hostility to the Bill for dealing with our fat friend Bung were given. He is shouting out mightily, and there is a memorial against the measure at every public-house, so an industrious tippler can sign a great many petitions in the course of his day's walking abroad and reeling home. MR. WHALLEY finished the evening by a row with the SPEAKER—anything to put oneself *en évidence*. On another night the same Honourable Member moved for all the correspondence about MURPHY, the lecturer, but did not persist in the demand after the House had been told that the result would be a ponderous and monstrous Blue-Book. Surely the matter may be left to the law, which *Mr. Punch* hopes will be hard upon the ruffians who kicked MURPHY, whose punishment for coarse assaults on other people's faith should have been punished only by moral kicking, such as is administered by *Mr. Punch*.

Wednesday. This was the Great Day of Fun. This will be known as Woman's Wednesday. One whose voice reminded Mr. GLADSTONE of that of a friend and colleague, the voice was the voice of JACOB-BRIGHT, brought on his Bill for giving Women votes at Parliamentary elections. As every Lady worthy of the beautiful name reads every word of *Mr. Punch's*, he need not particularly invite feminine attention to the following excerpts (selections, dears) from the very amusing debate:—

MR. BRIGHT hoped that the Government would leave this an open question.

MR. GLADSTONE said "Hear, hear!" which meant open.

MR. EASTWICK supported. Women are not so turbulent and revolutionary as men, and all their reforms would be of the mildest character.

MR. BOUVIERIE resisted change. Women ought not to be forced into the mud of politics. Educated women did not seek the franchise, and surely we did not want to give it to the lower class of women. As for woman needing protection, her true protection was in the fact that there was not a man of forty who did not identify his happiness and his interests with one woman, "or with more than one woman" (*laughter*). Mind, this was a very sharp and telling speech, but MR. BOUVIERIE ought not to have called MR. MILL a crude sophist.

MR. SCOURFIELD could not see why the wish of the vast majority of women to be let alone and live quietly should be set at naught for the sake of a small set of demonstrative talkers. Some of them he half believed to be men in women's clothes. He thought the House should demand the photographs of the women who wanted this Bill.

MR. GLADSTONE remarked that the Bill avoided any statement of reasons for the change it proposed. He saw the greatest objection to the attendance of women at elections. Then, why were Married Women to be disqualified? He was ready to discuss the question whether women might not vote by deputy. There was no grievance on the part of the "upper ten thousand," but there was an increase in the number of self-dependent women in the lower classes, and perhaps they obtained less than justice from English law. He thought that we struck a serious blow at the law of Marriage when we passed the Divorce Act. He could not support this Bill, but was glad that the activity of thought was directing itself to the adjustment of the relations between Man and Woman.

LORD JOHN MANNERS supported the Bill. Women ought to have been able to express their feelings on that very Divorce Act which concerned them so much.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE opposed the Bill. He had a high respect for the women of this country, but thought a woman's tongue, sharpened by debates and journalism, a very formidable weapon. He would certainly keep women out of the Hurly-Burly of politics. He gathered from MR. GLADSTONE's speech that he would soon be converted to the Women's Rights side. If single women were enfranchised you could not exclude married women. We should have in the House Emotional and Sentimental, rather than Logical and Reasoning men. Our legislation would become hysterical and spasmodical.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR held that real "politics," separate from party, was the science of governing, and we had no right to shut out from it half the population. He disapproved of the definition of woman's mission as being that of "making life endurable."

MR. HENRY JAMES strongly assailed the Bill. He denied the capacity of woman for politics. *Woman's gift of sympathy made logic impossible to her.* She was utterly blind to error on the side on which she ranged herself. He ended one of the most effective and most applauded speeches that have been made for a long time, by saying that the arguments against the measure would be understood by all who remembered the first words from their first instructress, and in maturer years had felt the influence of a pure woman's love.

MR. WARD HUNT supported the Bill. Women were religious,



UNPREJUDICED !

Swell (at the R. A. Exhibition). "HAW! 'VE YOU ANY IDEA-W WHAT FELLOW'S PICTU-ARS WE'RE TO ADMI-ARE THIS YE-AR!!!!"

and revered law, and would legislate beneficially. Some women were not logical, but how many men were? It was old prejudice, not reason, that opposed the change.

MR. NEWDEGATE thought that Catholics who followed DR. MAN-NING and the Jesuits would support the Bill, in order to damage and render unbecoming political institutions which were free, and therefore hateful to Rome. (We assure our readers that we summarise truthfully, as ever, and permit ourselves no larks. Get the *Standard* for May 4.)

MR. BRIGHT would have liked MR. JAMES to be answered by some of the women who were listening to that debate. But as no lady cried out from the gallery that she was ready, the House divided, and there were—

For giving Women votes	151
For refusing Women votes	220

Majority for Refusal 69

My dears, you, the Darlings of England and of *Mr. Punch*, I know that you are all as glad of this decision as possible, whatever you may pretend, in your delightful sauciness. There!

Thursday. As the Lords could not, constitutionally, worry our dear old Lo-Lo in his capacity of Chancellor of Exchequer, they got at him as Master of the Mint, and had a debate about the New Mint (which is to be on the Thames Embankment) and there were unkind things said about officials. LORD LANSDOWNE defended the establishment, and introduced a gracefully implied compliment to DR. JOHN PERCY "of European reputation," whose pupil the chemist to the Mint had been.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL stated that he had dismissed a valuable public servant for having divulged part of some telegraph message about a turf matter. It was exceedingly wrong in an official to betray any secret, and as for this one, remember what is said in *Le Duc Job*, "a secret need not be respectable to be respected."

Then did we have another Budget fight. MR. TORRENS, in a capital speech, proposed that MR. LOWE should not be allowed to make the Income-tax more than Five-pence. There were some very smart things emitted in the debate. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said that the Income-tax payer would answer MR. LOWE as the Needy

Knife-grinder was answered, "I give thee sixpence, I will see thee &c., first." MR. CROSS called the Government Fools! But then he did so in Greek (*Nήπιοι*), which took away all the rudeness. We have not had any Greek in the House for a long time. MR. CROSS has not forgotten Rugby and Trinity. The two great leaders finished with rather a spirited combat, and MR. TORRENS had the satisfaction of leading forth 248, the Government having 294—majority for the Sixpenny Income-tax, 46. "We'll remember at Aix"—i. e., at the very next general election, Gentlemen of the Majority.

Friday. We finished a lively week very dully. The Lords talked about Artillery, and the Commons about Paupers. Yet there was vice mingled with our dulness, for we read the Income-tax Bill a Second Time.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

THE subjoined announcement in the newspapers has given general satisfaction:—

"THE PURCHASE OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.—After the 30th June next the permission which has been hitherto granted to Officers of the Post-Office to purchase postage-stamps from the public will be withdrawn, and such purchases thenceforward forbidden."

This fresh proof of a constant anxiety to afford the Public every possible accommodation cannot but add very much to the popularity of Government. Its kindness really becomes—yes—oppressive.

Bob and Jerry.

MR. LOWE has abandoned the principle of constructing a Budget so as to make it unpleasant to everybody. He has adopted that of concentrating its unpleasantness on one class. This is an advance on the famous rule of JEREMY BENTHAM. It may be formulated as the greatest possible unhappiness of the smallest number.

"A LOW FREEBOARD."—The food which is provided for poor people in a workhouse.



SCIENCE APPLIED TO ART.

ANGELINA SQUILLS (THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER) BY A JUDICIOUS USE OF HER FATHER'S STETHOSCOPE, IS ABLE TO DETECT AND ENJOY THE DELICATE TENOR VOICE OF THE INTERESTING YOUNG CURATE WHO LODGES NEXT DOOR.

PUNCH'S PROTEST

Against all Woman's Movements towards the House of Commons.

No—JUDY—no—I'll yield to none in husbandly docility,
And I own you a jewel of a wife, for sense and amiability,
But I won't sign any petition against feminine disability,
For I don't want feminine fingers in masculine Parliament-Pie.

Common sense the House of Commons as arena for masculine folly ticks;
Nor have Mollies and Pollies a right therein, because its trade is polly-ticks:
If they try to get credit in *that* house, they *may* run up some jolly ticks,
But their power to redeem their pledges, spite of JACOB BRIGHT, I deny.

Of the feminine element, as it is, we've enough, and too much, in breeches;
From both sides, and below the gangway, too many an old woman preaches;
The only tongue-fence we want is that which serves to bar out long speeches—
And that's not the sort of tongue-fence the ladies would supply.

You drive in the small end of the wedge when you ask votes for the spinster:
Soon her married sister would claim to send *her* mouth-piece to Westminster:
Then, if the wife voted one way, and her husband voted against her,
A nice life her lord and master would have, till he ate his humble pie!

WORDS TO THE WISE.—Never give people wine who are not worth their salt.

QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

Isn't it high time there should be an end of such announcements as the following, which appeared the other day in the *Times*?—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the second halves of two £50 notes from 'M. D.' on account of unpaid Income-tax; also of £40 for the public account."

Is it possible that "M. D." means Doctor of Medicine? Can a physician be capable of encouraging the confiscation of fees? Whatever "M. D." may be, he might have considered if the perverse aggravation of an unjust impost was the occasion whereon to send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER what is termed "conscience" money for unpaid Income-tax. Anybody who keeps an enlightened conscience would know better than so to assist in the spoliation of himself and others. "Nobody ought to be wiser than the laws." Corollary: No one need be honest than the Government.

Suppose "M. D." had lived in JACK SHEPPARD'S time. Suppose he had been summoned by that tax-gatherer to stand and deliver. Suppose he had surrendered all the property he thought he had about him. Suppose JACK SHEPPARD had made off with it. Suppose "M. D." had then discovered a banknote left in his pocket-book. Would he have sent the halves of it as "conscience money" to JONATHAN WILD?

The Tap and Turf.

WHICH is the more ruinous vice, betting or boozing? Whether is a Racing Stud or a Public-house the more objectionable? If the Publican's trade is to be diminished because it affords facilities for drunkenness, why not the Stud-keeper's because it affords facilities for gambling? If that generous liquor, beer, is liable to abuse, is not occasion for evil likewise afforded by that noble animal the horse? Suppose BUNG subjected to a repressive Licensing System, ought not similar restrictions to be imposed on racing Noblemen?



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Meek Little Country Lady. "HOW LONG CAN I WEAR THAT SORT OF HAT, DO YOU THINK?"

Milliner. "WELL, MA'AM, IN TOWN IT WILL BE QUITE OLD-FASHIONED BY THE END OF THE SEASON. OF COURSE, IN THE COUNTRY A LONDON HAT WILL LOOK WELL FOR A LONG TIME!"

MORE OF OUR CLEVERNESS.

ANYBODY who wishes to oblige *Mr. Punch* will go to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's Riding School at Knightsbridge, where there is to be a great Fancy Bazaar this week, supported by half the Lady Peers, and will select some exceedingly charming object from one of the stalls, of course paying whatever is asked by the exceedingly charming vendor. The fortunate purchaser will then bring the object, in a Hansom cab, or otherwise, to 85, Fleet Street, and leave it, and a polite message. Now you may think that this paragraph is designed to assist an excellent scheme, one for an Hospital at Ventnor. It may have that effect, but *Mr. Punch's* chief purpose is to invite attention to the spread of belief in the Separate or Cottage Principle of Hospital building. This he regards as one of the great Sanatory advances of the age, and as he has preached on the text of isolation, many a time and oft, he is paying a tribute to his own prescience in recording the success of his teaching. He would like a slight memorial of his wisdom and goodness, and therefore he again suggests that his admirers should visit the Ducal Bazaar.

HURRAH!

A NEW oyster-bed has been discovered on the Dutch coast, near Flushing. A fleet of Colchester smacks has brought over, each smack, one hundred and forty tubs, each containing one hundred and fifty oysters! Dutch beds! It sounds as if the oysters must be nice. Don't they lie in Holland sheets? Now that our favourite tune "*In Native Worth*," goes so high as to be quite beyond our compass, welcome to these natives of Holland! England is the home of the exile. What exile so welcome as a new, cheap, and succulent variety of *Ostrea edulis*?

A Venture.

ONE of the new Joint Stock Companies (Limited) is called the "Bog Mining Company." The name strikes us as a little unfortunate.

LU-LU V. LOW-LOWE.

LU-LU she can spring,
Like a shaft from the string,
Or a stone from a sling,

Five-and-twenty feet clean;
As, for weeks past, hath been
At the Holborn Cirque seen:

And as posters display
To the people who stay
From the Circus away.

How she does it, none knows:
If by spring from her toes;
Or by springs in her clothes:

Or some artifice neat,
In the boards 'neath her feet;
Or some counter-weight cheat—

Such as Lambeth essays,
Its shop-profits to raise,
And win pudding, not praise.

Cheating counter-weights do
High a shop-profit screw,
Then why not a LU-LU?

But if up LU-LU go,
Like arrow from bow,
What's LU-LU to LOW-LOWE?

Who like him, now alive,
Ever jumped, at a drive,—
Four times twenty and five?

That first leap showed more vigour:
And the space cleared was bigger;
Eighty-five was its figure.

But the spring must have slackened:
For, behold, leap the second
Forty-six * only reckoned!

If a third leap be tried,
It Low-LOWE might betide
To fall just the wrong side,

And, in leaping at pelf,
Floor not only himself,
But smash ropes, net, and shelf.

Meanwhile, he's all right;
Still St. Stephen's delight,
For his aerial flight!—

After which, with complete
Double summerset, neat,
He comes down on his feet!

Think of this leap unmatched,
Without ties, unattached,
Off an old budget,† patched!

That had no spring- or catch-box
Past the size of a patch-box,
Or Lucifer match-box.

Could the force have been hid
'Neath so tiny a lid,
This wonder that did,

Of making Low-LOWE
No light person, we know,
Such a summerset throw,

Turn his back on himself,
And from match-box—light elf—
Bound to Income-tax shelf,

* See the decreasing majorities in favour of Ministers on Mr. SMITH's and W. M'CULLAGH TORRENS' motions.

† "BUDGET, (bogette, Fr.) a bag, such as is easily carried [Query].

"If tinkers may have leave to live
And bear the sowskin budget,
Then my accounts I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Winters' Tale*, Act iv., sc. 3.—*Johnson's Dictionary*.

INCREASED INCOME-TAX



LO-LO

LO-LO SPRINGS AT ONE BOUND FROM A BOX OF MATCHES UP TO TWOPENCE ADDITIONAL INCOME-TAX.

[Great Sensation!]

Yet, dexterous and deep,
Manage, after that leap,
His balance to keep?

Where's the athlete, for go,
In Saint Stephens's show,
To equal Low-Lowe?

Drop your leaps, Miss LU-LU,
And summersets too—
Low-Lowe's out-leapt you!

MY HEALTH.

Billiards.—BUDD asks JOSLYN if he'll play a game. JOSLYN will, but observes that "he hasn't touched a cue for years." BUDD now tries to remember when it was that he last played a game. He decides that it was ever so long ago.

Mem. Good plan this; because, 1stly, if you play badly, why, it is evidently because you're out of practice. 2ndly, if you astonish yourself by making brilliant strokes, it will be clear to your friend that you used to be a first-rate player, and haven't forgotten your science. It is arranged that I am to play the winner. I only remark that it's getting very late. BUDD answers carelessly that we shan't be more than twenty minutes. * * *

Whether it's the dinner of yesterday, or the late hours, or the change of the weather, I don't know, but I am not so well this morning. It's true that BUDD said, "Never mind what you do to-day (yesterday) because to-morrow (that's now to-day) you'll begin your Turkish Baths;" but still it only shows me that I must be particular as to what I do. It is evident (if yesterday's doings were the cause of to-day's indisposition) that among the things I cannot do with impunity is a dinner given by JOSLYN, billiards, champagne, sherry, various drinks afterwards, and to bed late.

I write down my symptoms in a diary, so as to be able to refer to it afterwards when consulting a doctor. An excellent plan, and as the advertisement says of the Cocoa (which I mustn't touch) "highly recommended by the Faculty."

Symptoms of To-day. Diary of Health.—Hot nose. . . . I pause for awhile to think what else! I have got a sort of headache but not quite a headache. I mean not a headache that makes you say, "O do—" I have got it is true to pull down the blinds—"O do go away. . . . No, I don't want anything, thank you—" ("Thank you" being given very politely, and meaning "May the anathemas," &c., &c.) "If you'd only kindly leave me alone . . . and do ask that dove not to coo . . . and please shut up that—that—dog . . . if I could only sleep I might. . . ."

No, it's not that sort of thing. Then there's a pain on my eyelids, but not a definite pain, so I can't put it down. General lassitude, perhaps, and a feeling of increased fatness, that is, what the tailors mean when they inform you cheerfully, having shouted out to the man in the box, "Ninety-six and a half!" they add, cheerfully, "A trifle stouter, Sir, I think, than last time;" and you suddenly pulling yourself up very upright, expand your chest, and partially correct his mistake by explaining, "and broader," in order to show him that the increase below is, after all, only symmetrically in keeping with extension above. This is what I experience this morning. After this diagnosis I sum up truthfully in my Diary of Health. *Day of the Month. Time.* Hot nose. General tightness.

Weather. N.E. wind. *Appetite,* nothing remarkable, chiefly an inclination towards dry toast, and a feeling of disgust for butter.

I do not like this Hot Nose. Suppose it swells. Suppose it gradually becomes redder and redder, a consequence of getting hotter and hotter. I am sure that a hot nose is a sign of debility; MULFEE, my medical friend, once told me so, and I took to port wine. Port wine, everybody is aware, produces this sort of nose; therefore the remedy was, I hope, homœopathic. I don't think it has ever gone entirely away, but has been stealing gradually upwards like afternoon shadows on a mountain. Occasions will bring out my Hot Nose symptom. The colour seems, as it were, to be done in a sort of invisible ink in which secret despatches used to be written, and which only show out after a warming before a fire. JOSLYN's dinner has done it. Or, perhaps, to put it more fairly, not being prepared for JOSLYN's dinner by a series of entertainments leading up to JOSLYN's dinner, has done it. My Aunt's and DONDREDGE's ideas of feeding are of the plainest description; so, to come (as it were) suddenly on a dinner like JOSLYN's, is really a startler to my Health.

As to my Nerves this morning, I feel that I can't bear anything or anybody, but that's owing to my Aunt, not JOSLYN.

I can't arrive at the condition of my Nerves, because there's a shrill voice at the back of the house, out in the road, which will go on crying out, "GEORGINA!" in three distinct syllables. I try to see where the owner of the voice is, but can't from my window. It's fearful. "GEOR-GE-NEER!" Then, after a few seconds' rest, "GEOR-GE-NEER!" I'd GEORGEENER her—whatever that might

be—if I caught her. If I could see her, I'd tap at the window severely, and threaten her.

The door of the yard is blown open, and I see the little miscreant now—a child of about eight or ten, or twelve, perhaps (for I never can make out children's ages by their appearance, and there really appears to be no rule as to when a child ought to begin to talk) is standing in the middle of the road, calling "GEOR-GE-NEER!" GEORGEENER is somewhere in the distance, and won't answer. It paralyses my dressing. I stand at the window, mesmerised by this child. She doesn't change her key, or her emphasis, or her intonation. She stands quite still, and does it mechanically. I tap my window sharply. She can't hear. Why can I hear her?

"GEOR-GE-NEER!" for the twentieth time.

I will ring. I do ring. It takes a good deal of ringing to fetch up our enormous Housemaid at the lodgings. She is so big that she can't come up with one pull: three good ones do it as a rule, and then not without a consultation with some one (generally the Cook) invisible. The ceremony of ringing the bell for MARY is as follows:—

One pull. No effect whatever.

Second pull. A louder one; audible as sounding down-stairs somewhere. Indistinct murmurs also arise from below, like those made by a distant crowd on the stage. Burden of indistinct chorus, apparently. (*Strophe*) "Where's MARY?" (*Anti-strophe*), "Don't know. Up-stairs, I think." That's another curious thing, she's always up-stairs.

Third pull. Much louder, and of a remonstrative character.

Mem. Subject for something, "*Bells and Bellringers, by One of Themselves.*" Also, "*How to Wait, by a Waiter.*" Think it out. "GEOR-GE-NEER!"

Third pull is immediately followed by a bell up-stairs. This brings out MARY (she is about six feet high, and would have made a capital companion to a plough-hoy, as a plough-girl, if there is such a person) from somewhere above. She wants to know, over the banisters, to save trouble, "What bell's that?" Answer from an invisible's unrecognisable voice below, "Dining-room, I think." MARY comes down lumpily. She hasn't heard distinctly, "What bell?" she asks, rather crossly. Cook's voice from below fancies it's Dining-room. MARY heard murmuring something about she wishes as something, &c., &c., and Cook heard in answer that she *did*, &c., &c., whatever it is; to which MARY replies grumpily, that she (MARY) thinks as she (Cook) might, &c., &c., and then she goes to the Dining-room and inquires, as if out of pure curiosity, "Did you ring, Mum?" of my Aunt.

It takes all this time to get MARY to come to my door. When she arrives it occurs to me that I have no right to interfere with a child's hollering GEORGEENER out in the road, but still, if it's a nuisance (and it is), why not remove it?

I tell MARY from my side of the door that there is a child, &c., &c., and will she oblige me by stepping out and sending the child away. She will. I hear her go to the front door, but, in the interval between the first bell-pull and this, GEORGEENER has responded to the summons, and the child has disappeared. MARY lumps back again, and says through the door, "There ain't none, Sir," and away she goes up-stairs to the top of the house, so as to be well out of the way of the next down-stairs bell.

I finish my dressing, and join my Aunt at breakfast.

I knock at the door, in order not to startle her, and enter. Must be very conciliatory this morning. The wicker dove-cote is on the table, and my Aunt is engaged at the sideboard, getting out some seed. She has not heard me. I foresee that will happen when she turns round. She'll be fearfully startled, and go off into something or other jerky—not hysterics, but a sort of spasmodic faint peculiarly her own.

Shall I retire, on tiptoe, and re-enter presently. If she turned and caught me stealing out, the consequences might be serious, and in my present state I don't know but that I might have a fit myself.

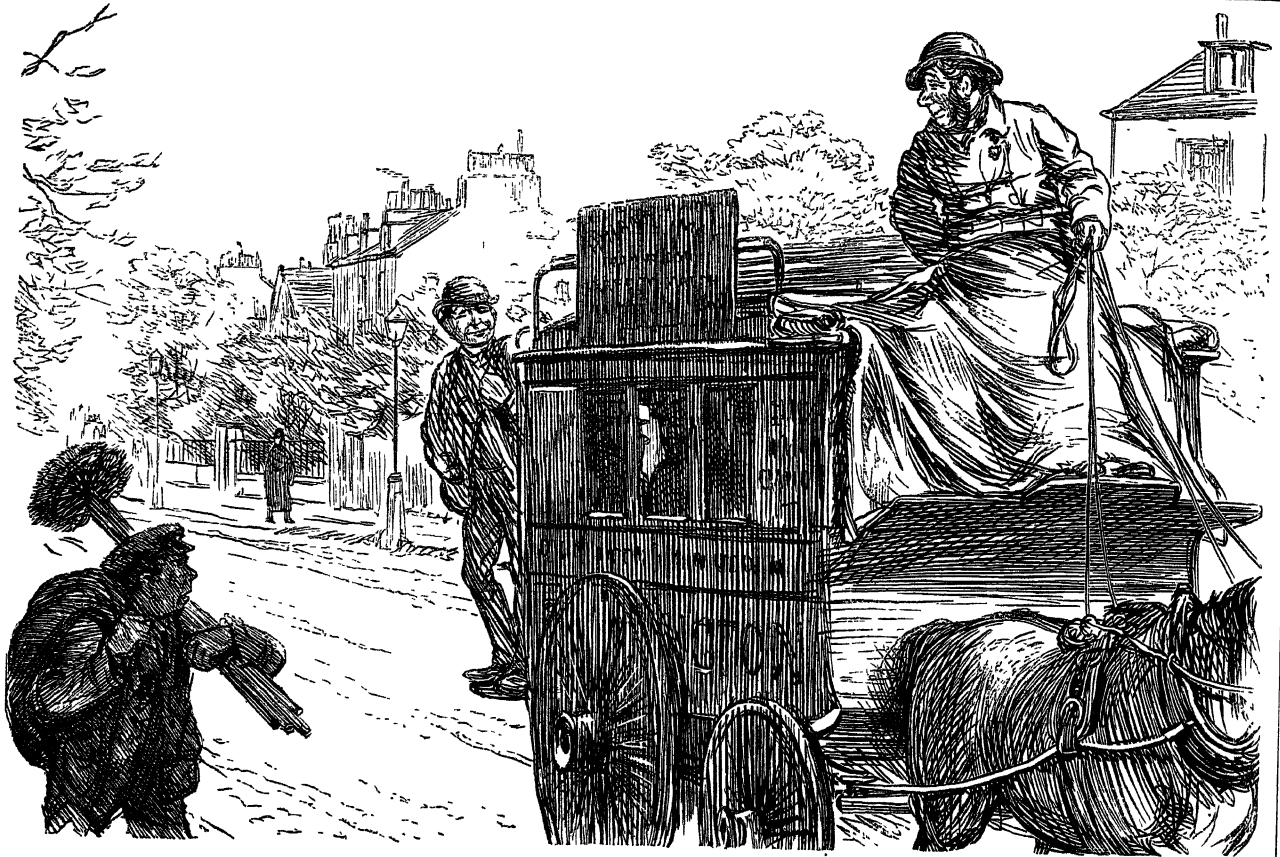
Shall I cough? Shall I speak? Not too suddenly. She is so engaged with her bird-seed that whatever I do she must jump. Suddenly it occurs to me to take up the newspaper and say, "Good morning, Aunt." . . . I say it. . . . it's all over. . . . She has knocked over the bird-seed bag, the tray, and the water, and is clutching the sideboard with one hand, and plucking at her left side with the other.

I wish I knew what to do in these cases.

I've heard something about "good things" to do with hysterical subjects—one was, I think, "Hold 'em down and stamp on 'em." Another, "Stuff a pocket-handkerchief in their mouths." Another, "Beat their open palms." Another, "Undo the collar; give them air" (what with? the bellows if at hand?)

Great Events in the Family.

MRS. MALAPROP's youngest grandson has just been vaccinated. She reports to us that the child is doing well, and the Doctor says he has a beautiful Versicle on his arm.



BADINAGE.

Facetious Bus-Driver (offering to pull up). "ERE Y'ARE, SIR. LOOK SHARP, BILL, AND 'ELP THE GEN'LEMAN IN WITH HIS LUGGAGE!"

Chimney-Sweep (whose self-respect is hurt) uses strong language!

Bus-Driver. "BEG PARD'N, SIR. GEN'LEMAN AIN'T FOR US, BILL. HE'S A LOOKIN' OUT FOR A 'HATLAS.' GOIN' TO MADAM TOOSAWD'S, TO 'AVE HIS STATTY DONE IN WAX-WORK!!"

MORALS AT THE ACADEMY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You were obliging enough to request my attendance at the Royal Academy on the Wednesday before the Private View. On that Wednesday cards of admission were given to Critics only. Sir, I was much flattered by the compliment you paid me, but I hope that you will not send me again on such a day. I didn't like it.

Of course I could see all the Pictures with perfect ease. In fact, I had nothing else to do but to look at them, and I frequently had an entire gallery to myself. The Academy meant to be very courteous. But there is such a thing as too much politeness, though I admit that it is not often seen.

I should like to ask the Academy, and you, Sir, how a fellow is to stand in judgment on 1338 works of Art, with nobody to give him hints, advise him, and tell him what other folks think? How can he tell which pictures are to be the talk of the Season unless he sees people crowding round them? I flatter myself that I can knock off a graphic sketch of a picture-show as well as anybody else, if I can collect the general chatter of a room, and get a painter or two to put me up to a few blemishes or merits. But to send a man into the wilderness, as it were, and sentence him to solitary confinement while he finds out things for himself—I say, Sir, that it is a bit of combined editorial tyranny and academical cynicism.

However, Sir, I did my duty, as a British Critic usually does in any circumstances. I marked my Catalogue, and I briefly report the leading features of the Exhibition.

There were cloths on the floors, and covers on the sofas. A very intelligent workman, in shirt-sleeves, was banging and cleaning the long seat in the Sculpture Gallery. Persons were bringing up flowers in pots, I presume for the banquet. A gentleman was sketching the big gallery, probably for a pictorial newspaper. No refreshments were to be procured. Anticipating this, I had bought a Bath bun at the corner of Bond Street. This (the bun—Henri-

etta Street, but I was not so hungry as HENRY) I ate at 1:30 P.M. in Gallery No. IV.

Some of the Academicians exhibit, some do not. MR. MILLAIS has a landscape, and the moral is that a man of genius can do whatever he likes. In fact I am delighted to say that All the pictures have Morals, and perhaps I may as well confine myself to pointing these out, as mere art-criticism can be had everywhere. MR. CALDERON has a splendid lady who is going to her throne, and who is just being finished off by her *coiffeur*, the moral being that the humblest service should not be despised by the exalted. MR. ELMORE has a beautiful girl carried away on a terrible black horse by a dead lover, the moral being that when a lover is dead he should be forgotten by a well-brought-up lady. MR. FRITH has a great gambling scene, in which the evil passions and suffering produced by that vicious yet fascinating pursuit are set forth in an instructive manner. MR. FAED has a fractious child, kindly treated, showing mothers that though wilfulness is to be whipped, indisposition should be indulged. The President has a hunting subject, teaching us that splendid health, in man and beast, is obtained only by exercise. MR. HOOK has a benevolent youth extracting a thorn from the foot of a patient dog, and the lesson is one of humanity to the brute creation, and also that we should submit quietly to those who try to do us good. MR. HORSLEY's two paintings of a husband and wife, respectively, warming themselves, have a subtler lesson, which is, that if a husband neglects a wife, he may suffer for it. MR. KNIGHT has some admirable portraits, the moral of which is, that no person is so uninteresting, but that Art can invest him with interest. This, Sir, is often shown in pictures of yourself.

MR. CHARLES LANDSEER has three wayfarers, who warn us against being indolent or extravagant, and thus being reduced to poverty, though he also shows that the domestic affections survive wealth. Among the morals taught by MR. LEIGHTON is one on the sea-shore, where we find that the simplest actions may be invested with the most exquisite grace. MR. POORE, treating a Shakespearian subject, warns us against hastily yielding to a belief that misfortune has

occurred. MR. SANT's diploma picture, a schoolmaster's daughter (appropriately placed next to a birch-wood), sets out how successful even the young can be in instruction, if they impart it affectionately. MR. WEBSTER has a patriotic work calculated to stimulate the energies of our gallant Volunteers, and urge them to renewed efforts to become efficient, and thus gain the love of their country and of His Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. MR. WARD presents to ladies who have had the reprehensible ambition to secure the affections of the husbands of others, a terrible instance of the result of such a course, an offender in that way being reduced to sitting down on damp steps in the open air. MR. WELLS teaches us (and it would be well if some public writers took the lesson to what they call their hearts) that MR. SECRETARY BRUCE is by no means the monster he is often called, but, though not precisely an Adonis, a gentleman of intelligence and suavity.

It was not to be expected that the Associates, as younger men, who have not had so much experience of the wickedness of the world as their superiors, should be so earnest and impressive in the enforcement of morals; but I am pleased to be able to state that their teaching is all in an excellent direction, that MR. FROST points out the inconvenience of an incomplete toilet when one may be summoned into society; that MR. MARKS has a well-directed reproof for those who are slovenly and litter floors with papers; that MR. GEORGE LESLIE represents the propriety of an inferior showing thoughtful attention, as evidenced by a charming girl pouring out refreshment for her lovely mistress (no such attention was paid to your Critic), that MR. DURHAM has a striking illustration of the advisability of sea-bathing; that MR. WALKER has painted a fearful warning of the fate which will attend a female who perseveres in unlawful courses; and that MR. POYNTER has put in the most attractive light the charm conferred upon beauty, when we behold it ministering kindness to the animal creation.

Having thus acquitted myself of my duty as your critic, in regard to the works of the Academicians and Associates, I reserve notices of other productions. I now merely remark that our Continental friends have not as yet had time to become imbued with the same instincts of propriety, and that however desirable it may be to warn persons of the female sex not to be carried to Court in carpets, such hints might be left to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. It is also to be wished that the Slave Trade could be put down, but visitors to the Royal Academy can do little in this respect, and it would be better that whatever exposure of that system is necessary should be made to SIR SAMUEL BAKER. I forbear to enlarge on this topic, for fear of falling into the error which I reprehend in others.

Now, Sir, as regards Art itself, as illustrated at the Academy, I would begin by saying, that if I recur to the times of the ancient Greeks, and ask myself what was the Grecian Ideal—

[The answer which our Contributor obtained was, as might have been expected, idiotic, in the modern sense of the word. He will, therefore, forgive us for omitting three columns of particularly instructive disquisition, and will accept the assurance that he shall be employed on different work in future. We subjoin his conclusion, however.]

Lastly, Sir, I must observe that Refreshments ought to be provided for the Critic. I would also urge that a cigar might be permitted to him while musing on the works he is sent to judge. On this head I am sustained by Academical authority. I cite the following lines from a new poem, the "*Age of Stucco*," by HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A. Of smoking, that good and wise man says,

"Nor think the practice idleness destroys,
The half unconscious act promotes its joys,
Yet aids the mind in its attempt to chain
The thoughts engendered in the busy brain."

I have the honour to be, Sir, Your faithful Servant,
WINKELMANN FUSELI DOBBS.

Progress.

A RECENT philologist states that the word "German" is derived from GOMER. See how development has proceeded! No one would now think of calling a German a Gomeril.



PROMPT AND PRACTICAL.

Reverend Stranger. "MY GOOD MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME THE NEAREST WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL?"

Scotch Cobby. "JIST INSIDE THE CAR HERE, SIR."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DRESS.

MR. DARWIN, tell a Tailor,
How the need for him arose;
Did the laws of Nature fail her
To supply mankind with clothes?

She, whilst they were Apes, had clad them,
Many an age, with copious hair;
Stripped when circumstances had them,
Could she not re-clothe the bare?

Gained Giraffe's neck elongation,
Through long reaching up to trees?
Would not climate's alteration,
Have re-dressed us by degrees?

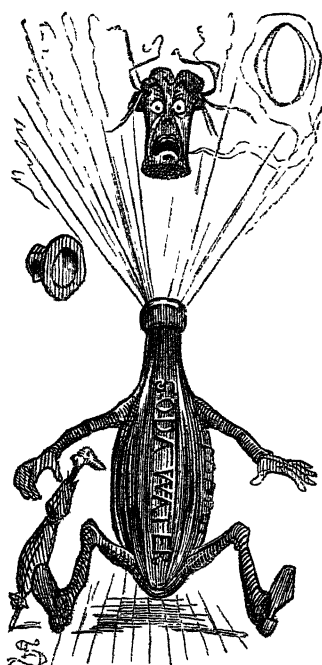
Nature, it may be suggested,
Would the naked race in fur
Coats and aprons have invested—
Man and Woman—him and her.

But the Tailor's institution,
DARWIN, negatives your plan;
We defy all evolution
To evolve a Suit for Man!

Brutes, alone, from tails to noses,
Are attired in Suits which grow.
We make ours—no puff of those is
Meant, of course, in saying so.

N.B. Directions for Self-measurement, which would have been altogether useless to the Marine Ascidian, or even the Anthropoid Jackanapes, promptly forwarded on application to our celebrated Establishment.

"YOU'LL MAKE ME VERY ANGRY."



Of course *Mr. Punch* is familiar, but he means by no means to be vulgar, when he shouts out to every Bishop, in something like the words of a once famous American song—

"O, stick your mitre tighter, and roll up your lawn sleeve.
For *MIALl* and *OLD MODO* are coming, I believe."

It is no joking matter. The Honourable and Dissenting Member for Bradford is about to make an onslaught upon the Church of England. He is stated to suppose that he shall have eighty-five votes. That is not much. But if he pours on the Church half the fury with which he assails the Press, there will soon be "mitres on the green." The newspapers do not report him and the other orators of the Liberation Society fully. Editors are stupid enough to think that it will be time enough to give importance to agitators when they shall have achieved something, however little. Meanwhile it is believed that the Public is base enough to take more interest in the siege of Paris, Low-Lowe's Leap, the

International Show, and even Chester Races. *MR. MIALl* thus thunders at the newspapers:—

"Whenever we say we will bear it no longer, they will do something for us. Commercial interest is with them the main interest. Half-a-dozen columns are given on what is going on in France, a column and a half is given for sporting intelligence, and then they have not room to report the proceedings of a movement upon which they will have to live for the next six or ten years. We, Protestant Dissenters of England, are engaged in a mighty cause, and we will not stand it—we won't endure it at all. We, who sustain them, and who sustain through them partly the Liberal party—I say, we WON'T STAND THIS THING MUCH LONGER!"

"Away to Heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct Now!"

But, once more, it is no joking matter, either for the Hierarchy or the Journalists. This is the terrible enemy who is in arms against both, and "ready to smite twice, and smite no more." The Bishops may take care of themselves—'tis work at which some of them are not unapt—but we scarcely know what the Press is to do, because we do not know what *MR. MIALl* is going to do to the Press. Only, it is something very dreadful indeed. Could not a Deputation of Editors wait upon him, each clad in a penance-sheet made of his own journal, and humbly beg for mercy? *Punch* is at present unequal to saying more, except that—

There was a schismatic called *MIALl*,
Whose wrath spirted out of its vial,
Says he to the Press,
"You'll report me, I guess,
Or I'll hang you all up without trial."

"MORE GLADIATORS!"

(*Roman Cry.*)

MR. PUNCH reads (with qualified satisfaction) this, among the "literary items," of the week:—

"A new Review is in contemplation. It is believed that there is room for such a periodical, if conducted upon the old principle of giving Slashing Articles, instead of mere essays, or puffs. We believe the name has not yet been fixed upon."

We have the greatest pleasure in presenting the intending Slasher with a name. *The Givenquarterly Review*. But it will come a Crasher. "The world is weary of the past," as *SHELLEY* says. The cry of the Arena bores us.

The Fair Unrepresented.

WHY ought not Women to have the Suffrage? Because we are afraid of their votes, and not of their violence.

"IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY."

MAY-MONTH, when the mind runs on flowers, till even the omnibuscads stick a bud in their button-holes, and a spray of lilac under their horses' head-stalls! How it disgusts *Punch* to hear conceited idiots, members of the Horticultural Society, crowding over the conservatories and sub-tropical gardens, the flower-shows, and acclimatisation feats of the present day!

I say, our ancestors were wiser than we are in horticulture, as in most things.

Had not their old-fashioned, fragrant, perennial-planted lush and luxuriant gardens a braver show, a better smell, than these pretentious, purse-proud, mushroom-lived, pot-plant gardens of the present day, when we change our flowers with our fashions, and bring our "bedding-out" bravery ready made from the forcing-house, as the ladies do their spring-bonnets from the milliner's show-room?

Gardens, indeed! I say, gardening has gone to pot altogether. Scotch gardeners! Pooh! Pedants, with a half-educated itch for Latin names, and the experiences of an Arctic climate: all for botany and hot water: with more belief in glass than in celestial sunshine. Give *Punch* an old open-air English garden, with its masses of cabbage-roses; its beds of fragrant herbs, marjoram and mignonette, musk and lavender, southern-wood and sweet basil; its wall-flowers and stocks; its clove-pinks and carnations.

Think of an old English hostelry, with clean sheets, smelling of lavender, and sweet herbs stuck in the windows, and then of a new English railway hotel, with its faint odour of ready-made soup, and its general suggestion of gas-leakage.

Think of old *ISAAC WALTON*, on a May morning, by the side of Lea River, where now stand gas-works and patent manure manufactories, looking down the meadows, and seeing here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May; and these and many other field-flowers so perfuming the air that he thought "that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which *DROPORUS* speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt on it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent." Think of the smells of Lea river-side now!

Think of walking arm-in-arm with his *Piscator* and *Venator* in the cool shade of a honeysuckle hedge within a mile of Tottenham High-cross!

Think of an old English farm-house parlour, low-roofed and oaken raftered, with old English beau-pots in the broad window-seats!

Think of . . . anything but what *Punch* is forced to think of here in London now-a-days.

Think of every sight and smell that seems most akin to May, and it will be old English all over.

Old England revelled in flowers, loved them, fresh and dry, sat among them, strewed them on its floors, slept in sheets that smelt of them, distilled them for drinks, ate them in salads! For proof, here is an Old English spring salad of 1682. You will find it in the *Food Journal's* domestic recipes for May:—

"There is a sort of sallet commonly gathered in the spring, consisting of divers young buds and sprouts both of trees and shrubs, the which, being gathered discreetly, with nothing but what is very young and tender, and so that no one thing exceed the other, but there may be a fine agreement in their relish, if so, it will be very acceptable to many. Violets, small sprouts of burnet, young leaves of primroses and flowers, mints, sorrel, buds of gooseberries, roses, barberries, flowers of burrage, bugloss, cowpangles, and archangel."

There is flowery food with a vengeance! Think of New England's lambs cropping it, as Old England's hard-a-weatherers did, to the sweetening of their breaths, the purification of their bloods, and the general encouragement of a sweet, green spring-time turn of mind.

Black Mail and Red.

How much happier we are than the French! We have no Commune: we have no Civil War. Our Ministers gratify our populace first by allowing them to dictate the national expenditure, and secondly by imposing the whole weight of it on the upper and middle classes in the Income-tax. Perhaps the French would be as much at peace as ourselves, if the respectable part of them would only submit to be plundered.

Ministerial Irish Melody.

GUARDED by surrounding Ocean,
Britons never will be slaves,
For it is the Land of GÖSCHEN;
Where Britannia rules the waves.

REVIEWS TO BE WRITTEN.—Development theory. *MR. DARWIN* and *DR. NEWMAN* on each other's books.



A POSITIVE FACT.

Victim (inspecting his Negative). "H'm!—VERY GOOD. BUT D'YE THINK MY HAIR HAS COME OUT WELL?"

SEVERITY OF THE SESSION.

UNSPARING retrenchment has reduced numerous clerks and labourers to pauperism. Extraordinary estimates have been met by necessarily heavy, but unnecessarily partial and grievous, taxation. The liberty of individuals is threatened by legislation influenced by Sabbatarian teetotallers. Anxiety and distress have been inflicted on thousands of struggling families, and very large numbers of persons are made more or less miserable by accomplished or imminent Acts of Parliament.

Example may teach people to bear the afflictions which they experience under the hands of a chastening Government with fortitude. The Legislature, which has impoverished them, and menaces their comforts and enjoyments, would set them that example by voluntarily submitting themselves to a certain severity of self-denial which would be particularly seasonable. Accordingly, perhaps MR. GLADSTONE will invite the House of Commons, with a view to the despatch of unpleasant public business, to forego, for this year, their accustomed observance of that special parliamentary holiday, the Derby. Or, should our good PREMIER feel reluctant thus to exhibit himself in the character of an austere pedagogue, his genial CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will doubtless be only too happy to deliver his proposal of no Derby holiday for him in the quality of Usher. Perhaps, to make it the more gracious, BOB MATCHBOX will point it with a Latin joke.

Ninnies at Full Length.

LET us cease to call the confiscation of Sixpence in the pound out of some people's incomes, the Income-tax. If we call it a tax at all, instead of calling it a robbery, let us term it the Nincom-tax. Thus we shall characterise, with an elegant abbreviation, the class of persons who quietly endure it.

SPORTING SAILORS.—"Epsom Salts."

A PUBLIC-HOUSE PÆAN.

(Wittler's Licence—to be continued.)

HURRAH, hurrah, for "Wested Rights,"
The Flag that through a thousand fights
Has braved the battle and the breeze,
Its legend "Do what we dem please!"
The Licence of the Licensed Wittler
Shall be made larger and not littler.
So bring the biggest hoghead out,
Of hoccused beer, and salted stout,
And drink "Long live the Wittlers' licence"—
(Which words I uses 'em in *my* sense.)
Why shouldn't parties mix their liquor,
Which some likes thin, and some likes thicker;
Some likes it smaller, and some stiffer,
And taps, like tastes, in course must differ?
The Truth this here's about the size on—
"What's one man's drink's another's p'ison."
Then please your tastes and fill your glasses,
And drink the true 'omes of the masses.
Wich—ax the 'usbands, not their spouses—
If Public's 'omes ain't Public 'ouses!
So draw your liquor with an 'ead—
The wicked Licence Bill is dead!
And toss your tippie o'er your tongue—
The BRUCE knocks under to the BUNG!

The Bill and the Payers.

It is not for our feast bespoken
That we object the cost to bear,
When, laden with an equal yoke,
Each has to stand his proper share.
'Tis when the fare we ordered not,
But others, and on us you call,
The lesser number of the lot,
To pay the bill, and pay it all.

A CABINET QUESTION.

GIVEN, Ministers with nothing to live upon but their precarious earnings, how long would it be before they would discover the possibility of a substitute for the Income-tax?

THE PREMIER ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

ON his legs at the Royal Academy Dinner, MR. GLADSTONE spoke, and said:—

"We live in times when the extraordinary activity of the human mind in regard to all material pursuits more and more demands the counterpoise of steady and sedulous cultivation of all that pertains to the true culture of the human spirit. That study of beauty—I might venture to say, without fear of being misunderstood, that worship of beauty—to which your vocation calls you, is among the most powerful of those counteracting means to which we must look to check the tendency of mankind to become in an increasing degree the slaves of mere material purposes and enjoyments."

Hear, hear! One way in which Artists study beauty, or, we may venture to say without fear of being misunderstood, worship beauty, is that of surveying beautiful landscapes with a studious eye in order to paint them. How will this study of beauty be possible when the scenery which constitutes beautiful landscapes shall have been wholly destroyed, as it is in course of being by the Progress which keeps on improving it off the face of the earth? Hear, our PREMIER. If scenery is worth painting, much more is it worth preserving; and is not what is true of the *flora* equally true of the *fauna*? Hooray for GLADSTONE! The Statesman has spoken out, encouraged, evidently, by a late Division relative to an open space, threatened with enclosure by Philistines. He means to check the tendency which has been exhibited by Ministers to become in an increasing degree the slaves of mere material purposes and enjoyments. The New Forest Bill has been abandoned. All the remaining beauty of Epping Forest, let us hope, will be spared too.

Progress and Peace.

THE French, borne back from cutting German throats,
Forthwith set to at cutting one another's;
Indeed all recent history denotes
At what a rate mankind are growing brothers.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 8. The University Tests Bill was discussed in the Upper Chamber, and LORD SALISBURY, Chancellor of Oxford, moved an Amendment creating a new Test. His great object was, he said, to uphold the supremacy of Religious Belief. This very proper object he proposed to effect by calling upon all Tutors and Professors to make a solemn declaration that they would not teach any opinion opposed to the teaching and authority of the Bible. He believed that the young men at the Universities would be exposed to very terrible dangers, unless this or some such security were taken. LORD KIMBERLEY objected to this new Test, because it was not wanted, and because it was vague. The Universities must be the reflex of national thought.

The BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL (DR. ELLICOTT) said he believed that the Bill, un-amended, would bring a judgment.

The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK believed nothing of the kind, and said that while the nation valued Religion, it would be taught at the Universities. The proposed Test would affect none but men of the most sensitive conscience. We should rather depend on stirring up religious thought, and assisting those who laboured to promote it.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET reminded the House that Oxford knew how to take tests in a non-natural sense. The proposal would spoil the Bill, and had no doubt been introduced for that purpose. Protect Christianity! That might survive even the House of Lords.

LORD HARROWBY supported the Amendment, and the BISHOP OF LINCOLN (DR. WORDSWORTH) protested against the Bill, partly because it would be a great hardship to parents, whom LORD SALISBURY had said were considered by the Advanced party at the Universities as "very undesirable appendages to Undergraduates."

The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE said the Test would not apply to the Coaches, who did so much of the real work of teaching.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD (DR. MACKARESS) pointed out the eminently religious character of the Keble College, which had neither tests nor endowments.

LORD CARNARVON thought that the Amendment would meet the views of the Dissenters, whom he warned against alliance with Secularists.

The BISHOP OF CARLISLE (DR. HARVEY GOODWIN) said that the test would be an insult to some, idle in the case of others, and useless in all cases.

The BISHOP OF SALISBURY (DR. MOBERLEY) had, as a Headmaster, sent thousands of young men to Oxford, but had done so with a heavy heart, because of the flood of infidelity that had swept over that place. The test would not do much, but such as it was, he approved it cordially.

LORD WESTBURY said that infidelity in Oxford had not arisen from want of tests or of bigotry. The test would expel the conscientious and admit the irreligious. He had, however, visited Oxford lately, and was inclined to think that the imputations on it were slanderous.

The BISHOP OF MANCHESTER (DR. FRASER) described the Amendment as panic-legislation, and unstatesmanly.

LORD SALISBURY carried his Amendment, on division, by 77 to 66—majority, 5 only.

He also carried Amendments, but by the small majorities of 8 and of 2, for excepting Heads of Colleges from the Bill, and for prevent-

ing changes by any but Parliamentary authority in qualifications for Headships and Scholarships.

After this interesting debate (which involved questions of as much gravity as any that could be submitted to Parliament, and which can, of course, be recorded only in an appropriate tone), the Tests Bill went through Committee. It passed on Friday, after a protest from the LORD-CHANCELLOR against the Amendments.

In the Commons, very different topics came up. Mr. Punch is honoured, if not happy, in stating that both "Bung and Baron" have obtained signal victories. The Nobleman has overthrown the Local Burdens Bill, and the Publican has overthrown all the Licensing part of the Licensing Bill, and will most possibly defeat the rest. The PREMIER announced these facts.

We then had a debate on going into Committee on the Army Bill. The fact is that "the Colonels" mean to crush it if they can. After a defeat by 250 to 187 to-night, they went on dividing on the question of adjournment, and after the fifth division MR. GLADSTONE gave way, saying that he should like to fight it out with them, but had consideration for Members who were being kept up till two in the morning.

Tuesday. Government made a revelation of exceeding shabbiness. CAPTAIN BURGOYNE, the gallant officer lost with the *Captain*, had incurred liabilities of about £500, for the benefit of that ship. His widow is asked to pay them, the Admiralty referring creditors to the poor lady. This is felt to be "too bad" in the painful circumstances. But Routine must be respected. However, CAPTAIN BURGOYNE having had a right to draw for £210 more, for furniture for himself, than he did draw for, in its preternatural liberality, the Admiralty will let this sum go in aid of MRS. BURGOYNE. ADMIRAL BYNG was shot, as VOLTAIRE said, *pour encourager les autres*, and widows are left to pay debts contracted by their husbands in the interest of the Sea-Service.

In the Commons MR. MIALI made his long-menaced attack upon the Church of England. He moved a Resolution to the effect that it was expedient, at the earliest practicable period, to imitate in regard to her the course that had been adopted in regard to her Hibernian Sister. It is due to MR. MIALI to say that he was calm, argumentative, and able. He considers the Church to be a Failure and an Injustice. Previously to his speech there was presented from Bradford (for which he sits) a petition in which 21,700 ratepayers prayed the House not to do what he asked. According to Mr. Dod, there are only 21,471 electors in Bradford.

Mother Church was gallantly championed. MR. BRUCE, Home Secretary, praised her, and saw no reason for the attack. But SIR ROUNDELL PALMER made the speech of the night, and eloquently argued that the Church fulfilled her duties, and was working better than Dissent. To destroy her would be to prepare the way for Revolutions. MR. RICHARD complained of her ascendancy in Wales, where nearly all the lower class are Dissenters. Among the speakers was DR. BALL, who naturally smarted from the Irish campaign, and hit out hard at the Ministers for being half-hearted in their defence of the Church. MR. LEATHAM, supporting the motion, objected to Dissenters being led by a Cabinet of Churchmen, and intimated that it might be broken up by displeased Liberals.

The leaders then went in. MR. DISRAELI was historical, and showed the dangers of destroying churches. He declared that the majority in the nation were for the Church. Now that we were educating the people, the more they would desire a learned clergy, a refined ritual, and the beautiful offices of the Establishment. He thought there was an end of subversion; the God Terminus had been discovered. He called on the PREMIER to let his trumpet give no uncertain sound.

MR. GLADSTONE distinctly declared that the Government would oppose such a resolution, both then, and in future. For 1300 years the Church of England had entwined itself with the hearts of the people of England, and could not now be torn away. He admitted that a combination of Dissenters might break up the Liberal party, but such a consideration should not be a governing motive with him. The motion was at variance with the established convictions of the country, and before MR. MIALI could convert the House to his opinions he must convert to those opinions the majority of the people of England.

MR. MIALI admitted that the House had raised its character as a deliberative assembly to the highest pitch by listening with so much attention, silence, and good temper to statements repugnant to the feelings of a large majority on both sides. [Well said, MR. MIALI. If there was tact in this speech, it was gentlemanly tact. And you spoke justly. Is there any other Assembly in the World that would have so behaved?]

On division there were—

For the Church	374
For Dissent	89

Majority for the Church 285

Let the Poets have their due. COWPER and WORDSWORTH were

quoted in the debate. Let *Mr. Punch* have his due. He mentioned last week that *Mr. MIAL* expected to have eighty-five votes.

Wednesday was remarkable only for another little defeat of the Government on a Bill, introduced by *MR. MUNTZ*, for the Exemption of Charities from Rates. It was opposed by *MR. STANFELD*, and that gentleman being interrupted by cries of "Divide, 'vide, 'vide!" charged his opponents with wanting to snap a division, because they were in a majority. His opponents thought he meant to talk the Bill out (that is up to the hour of *Wednesday* adjournment), so they made a dreadful noise, and in the end beat the Government by 117 to 84. Then they made a still more dreadful noise.

Thursday. *LORD HOUGHTON* asked *LORD SALISBURY* to withdraw his University Test rather than risk a collision with the Commons. *LORD SALISBURY*, of course, utterly refused to do so, and in allusion to his small majority, reminded the House of what *CLARENDON* said about the division against the Bishops, "when those who liked them, liked them less than dinner." *LORD GRANVILLE* (who is reputed to have, to his honour, good judgment in Epicureanism of the artistic sort, and to whom of course the taunt did not apply) protested against such an imputation on his fellow peers.

LORD SALISBURY then spoke on a matter on which he is an authority, an Indian grievance. Merchants in Calcutta and Madras wish for a Commission to inquire into Indian finance, the annual migration of the Government, and the constitution of the Legislative Council. The *DUKE OF ARGYLL* denied that there was a grievance, eulogised *LORD MAYO*, and said that the petitioners were only enraged at an Income-tax. Quite enough cause for enragement, dear *DUKE OF ARGYLL*, and *Punch* wishes that a certain class in England had more of the Indian spirit.

Nothing like definitions. *MR. LOWE* gave a definition of direct and indirect taxation. The former he represented to be that which the payer could not anyhow recover from the community. We pay sixty per cent. of indirect, twenty-five per cent. direct, and the rest neither. *Mr. Punch* trusts that the nation is better after this lucid explanation.

Comfort for private folks who now and then commit a carelessness or an oversight. Such serious blundering was made with the Income-tax Bill that it had to be withdrawn. *MR. GLADSTONE* was very sorry. Pooh! a trifle, when one has several things to think about.

Another demonstration against the Army Bill, and *MR. CARDWELL* actually roused into giving it to his antagonists hot. They were trying, under pretence of economy, to bolster up a rotten system. Well hit, our Druid.

Friday. The Commons sat in the morning, and discussed the Westmeath Outrages Bill, which was expounded by *LORD HARTINGTON*. Some Irish Members made speeches against it *pro forma*, and the debate was adjourned. A Colonial Debate followed, and *MR. KNATCHBULL HUGHESSEN* made an admirable speech, contending that the Colonial Office watched with the most affectionate care over all *MRS. BRITANNIA*'s chickens at a distance.

Debate on the conduct of an Asiatic Premier and his master. The Minister is stated to have invited seventeen of his sovereign's relatives to dinner, and to have murdered them all. The Indian Government deposes the *NAWAB* of Tonk, the sovereign in question, as an accomplice. He sends an Embassy to allege that he has been unfairly used. The matter stands over until *SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE* returns from America. It is impossible for English persons to sanction such methods of getting rid of poor relations, and we hope that the *NAWAB* will clear himself of complicity with his energetic Premier.

CINGALESE.

THE women of Ceylon think that the Census was taken there to promote, in some mystic way, marriages between Ceylon youths and the widows of Frenchmen who fell in the war. A correspondent, whose youth is no excuse for his depravity, suggests that the Ceylon ladies may be right, as widows can marry none but Single-He's. He is young, and may reform, but this is very sad.

Quaker's Conundrum.

FRIEND, I would know from thee when doth a deaf man recover his lost faculty by a trip down the river? Dost thou give it up? Thou dost; then I will tell thee:

When he goeth to Gravesend and *Erith*. Good day, friend.

CHARITABLE TRUST ACT.—Lending a hard-up friend a sovereign, and expecting to see it again.

PARSON, PARADISE LOST, AND PUNCH.



IN most cases *Mr. Punch* lets his Correspondents alone with great severity, and he heartily wishes that most of them would treat him in the same manner. In fact, he has very few Correspondents, strictly speaking, for the word implies that writers get answers, and this is by no means the state of affairs between *Mr. Punch* and myriads whose letters pass from his letter-box to his waste-paper basket. Now and then, however, he makes an exception "to encourage the others," and he is inclined to encourage those whom it may concern by making an example of the writer of the following letter. That writer is, unhappily, a clergyman of the Church of England by Law Established, and *Mr. Punch* allows the "clerk's plea," burns him in the hand, and discharges him, *more majorum*.

Rectory.

Sir,—I sent you a stamped and directed envelope for the return of the verses which I concluded you did not mean to insert, and I asked you to state your reason for their rejection. I am obliged to you for waiving, in my favour, your rule. Your answer was courteous, but I protest against your reason. You said that they were "composed of indifferent puns strung together in a style not now acceptable." Do you consider *Punch* a greater person than *MILTON*, of whom perhaps you may have heard? Did you ever read this passage from the *Battle of the Angels*? It comes after the discharge of the cannon:—

"Leader, the terms we sent were full of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right
Had need, from head to foot, well understand:
Not understood, this gift they have beside
They show us when our friends walk not upright."

I suppose, Sir, that *Mr. Punch* in his remarkable fastidiousness, would have struck these lines out of *Paradise Lost*, if he had been asked to revise it. Are not these "indifferent puns," and yet they are consecrated by the genius of *MILTON*?

I am not likely to trouble you again, and am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Mr. Punch publishes his reply:—

Reverend Sir, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.
I am too much grieved by your letter to fence with you. I do know *MILTON*, Sir. The speech which you have very correctly transcribed is put by him into the mouth of *Behai*. You do not see that sarcasm. But you, a clergyman of the Established Church, ask leave to talk like *Behai*. O, dear Sir, go and consult your excellent Bishop.

Sadly, but sincerely, thanking you for your implied promise, I am,
The Rev. ***** Reverend Sir, &c.

PUNCH.

Vae Victo!

"WELL, JONES, pray how goes it? I hear you've a wife."
"Cat and dog," sighs poor JONES: "that's our manner of life."

But, a month or so later, poor JONES owneth, flat,
"Cat and dog 'tis no longer, for now 'tis all cat!"

A PARADOX.—Do you wish to get up with the lark?—Then go to bed without it.



SIMPLE ADDITION.

New Governess. "WHY ARE YOU STARING SO INTENTLY, BLANCHE, DEAR?"

Blanche. "I WAS TRYING TO COUNT THE FRECKLES ON YOUR FACE, MISS SANDYPOLE, BUT I CAN'T!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"It is confidently stated, that a Methodist chapel is about to be erected in the City of Rome."—*Times*.

WE shall live to hear of the anniversaries of Missionary Societies being held in the Vatican, LORD SHAFTESBURY in the chair, and of open-air preaching in the Coliseum by DR. CUMMING, MR. SPURGEON, and other Protestant Divines. Rome will have its May Meetings before long—the foundations being about to be laid of a building which will differ only in name from Exeter Hall. It is understood that the POPE is employing some of his spare time in making himself acquainted with the tenets and discipline of the leading Protestant Nonconformist Sects. He is already familiar with the organisation of the Wesleyan Conference, the members of which hope, at no very distant period, to assemble for their annual meeting in the Sistine Chapel.

SORS HORATIANA.

(For Messieurs de la Commune.)

*INJURIOSO ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; ne populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, Imperiumque frangat!*

Horatii Carminum, Lib. I. xxxv.

Or (Englished by Mr. Punch)—

Forbear! nor madly, with injurious foot,
The standing Column of Vendôme o'erthrow;
Nor, Citizens of Paris, sheeplike go,
Ranks of Montmartre and Belleville to recruit,
And broken France sink to worse depths of woe!

TRANSMUTATION OF SHIP-TIMBER.—Iron-bark v. Heart-of-Oak superseded.

RUBBISH FITTEST SHOT.

A HAPPY thought is the notion proposed by CAPTAIN DUCANE, Surveyor-General of English Convict Prisons, of extending our National Defences by raising Fortifications to be constructed by means of Convict Labour. This employment of Convicts would be an admirable method of utilising our moral sewage. Would we could still further utilise it by turning convicts into soldiers, and compelling them to fight for their country. There must be something odd in the nature of things, or some mistake in our idea of the nature of things, seeing that we cannot constitute the most worthless class of the community food for powder.

EQUIVOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

UGHT good people to be gratified by the information afforded in the following newspaper paragraph?—

"OXFORD QUARTER SESSIONS.—For the third time in succession there were no prisoners for trial at the City of Oxford Quarter Sessions last week."

This may argue the morality of the Oxford population. Let us trust that Oxford has an efficient Police.

An Ower-True Tale.

MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE, in the *Tichborne Case* is reported as "insisting on his client's undoubted right to have his case tried by *talesmen*." So have we all, if DARWIN's theory be true, and Englishmen may claim trial by their peers.

MRS. MALAPROP could not think why SERJEANT BALLANTINE, in the *Tichborne Case*, was so earnest in "praying for Tales." There is more romance in the interesting story itself, she says, than in half the rubbisy frictions of the circular libery.



DISTURBING THE CONGREGATION.

(THIS IS THE NAUGHTY BOY, MI-LL, WHO WANTED TO KICK UP A ROW IN THE CHURCH.)

MY HEALTH.



BEST Thing to Do.—Ring for DODDRIDGE. Ring violently. Same work as before; MARY from upstairs, Cook from below, Landlady from somewhere else inquiring if that was the Drawing-room bell, and finally, by accident, DODDRIDGE comes in and finds my Aunt having fits on one side of the room, and me on the other looking at her. I tell her, I can't make out what's the matter with my Aunt. This sets DODDRIDGE off. She exclaims, "O, MASTER GEORGE, how can you say such things!" I ascertain afterwards from her that my observation about "not knowing what was the matter with my Aunt," conveyed the idea to her (DODDRIDGE'S) mind, that my Aunt was intoxicated.

My Aunt recovers, and I rush up-stairs for her pocket-handkerchief, subsequently found shut in the piano.

"I hope," I observe, when all is calm again, "that I didn't cause you any inconvenience last night," meaning by sending my note to say I was staying out to dinner.

"No, GEORGE," she replies, sadly, and sighs.

Mem. to Myself. Better drop the conversation. Two words more, and tears. Recommence with an entire change of subject presently. I notice that Charlie, the little dog, is limping. I pity him, and say so. ("Love me, love my," &c. Politic.)

My Aunt replies, rather severely, "O, there's nothing the matter with him; it's only affectation."

My Aunt, I discover, sets down almost all maladies (not her own) to affectation. Complaining to her that my nose has become red, and is certainly swollen, she replies, "Nonsense, it's all affectation." She wishes to know, before I go out, if I am coming back to dinner to-day, as she really never was so much frightened as when she received that message yesterday.

"Ah, it did indeed!" chimes in DODDRIDGE; "you should have more consideration, MASTER GEORGE."

I feel inclined to say, "O, what confounded nonsense!" but what I do say is, that I am very sorry, and I am certainly coming back to dinner to-day.

"We can't give you such things as you get at the hotel," says my Aunt, plaintively.

I reply cheerily that "There's no dinner I enjoy more than a simple chop."

The word "chop" does it. My Aunt bursts into tears. Heaven only knows why.

Mem. When with my Aunt avoid all mention of chops. And N. B. Note down while staying with my Aunt at Ramsgate what subjects make her cry—in order to avoid them. By the way, as I jot this down in my note-diary, it suddenly occurs to me that the other day, when we were talking about dancing parties, I remarked to my Aunt that I had enjoyed a hop somewhere or other. Scarcely had the word "hop" escaped me, than my Aunt, with eyes gradually filling, repeated it once, looked me full in the face, then, turning away, burst into tears, just as she has done at the word "chop."

Psychological Query.—Do all words ending in "op" make my Aunt cry? If so, one knows what to avoid. Might try one more to make certain. Three would form a sort of quorum and decide it. *Mem.* To try "pop" on the earliest opportunity, and see how she stands it.

Feeling that I am helpless here, I retire. As I go down the passage the dove coos and the dog barks. I feel worried. This sort of thing is trying and wearing. I must thank my Aunt for her kindness, and get some one to send me a telegram to say—

"Come at once. Business of Importance."

Then I can get away.

Budd is just passing the door. "Hallo!" says he, "off to the bath of the Turk, eh?"

I tell him "yes," and add that I don't feel very well to-day, and I can't make it out.

Budd, who looks as fresh as a young American apple, replies, "Ah, I thought you were a little 'on' last night. Eh?" Here he chuckles, and then adds, "I feel a bit chippy myself this morning."

Is it possible that after all my diagnosis, pain over eyes, aching head, unstrung nerves, and Hot Nose, that I must enter myself in my Diary of Health thus: *The—day of—18—. Morning—* "A bit chippy."

Budd whistles to Growler (his brown bear of a dog), who sulks after us at a heavy pace, and we proceed to the West Cliff to the Turkish Baths at the Cramville.

"This," explains Budd, "is the time for going to be washed;" this is what he calls the Turkish Bath process, and adds that he invariably comes out at this hour.

Note in Ramsgate Out of Season.—The few people here are as regular in their times as the mechanical figures on a clock, or on an old-fashioned organ. I can tell what time it is on the East or West Cliff, by observing what people are out, weather permitting.

Further Notes on the Out-of-Season Time here.—Observations by Budd and self. There are so few residents, or residing lodgers [*Amendment proposed to Budd by me, "Sojourners,"*—which he rejects as being a trifle profane. I assure him it is not so, but he is positive as to having heard the word somewhere in church, and prefers to say "residing lodgers." *Note.* Better not proceed with discussion. Better to feel, interiorly, superior to prejudice, and say nothing. I feel superior, and we continue our walk and talk.]

There are residing lodgers whom one comes to know by sight like the *dramatis personæ* in a small play.

You seldom see a West-Cliffian on the East Cliff, or an East-Cliffian on the West Cliff. I believe he, or she, would be immediately treated as a trespasser, and, after a few warnings, prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

The houses of the East-Cliffians on Wellington Terrace (or Crescent) are guarded, probably against any incursions of West-Cliffians, by a strong iron railing. Behind this they can breathe defiance at the invader from their dining-room windows. They have a garden railed in, a promenade also railed in, and a part of it, in a corner, so cunningly railed off as to cause a stranger, who sees an East-Cliffian sitting within its boundary, to wonder how on earth he got there. Whether there is a gate to this harbour of refuge, or whether there is a sort of gate, or no gate at all, or whether the East-Cliffians possess the secret of getting through or over the railings, or whether it opens to some secret "Open Sesame!" conjuration, are problems which a visitor will probably never solve, specially if accident of temporary residence identifies him in the least with West-Cliffian interests.

The East Cliff is separated from the West Cliff by a respectable square of the early marine-lodging-house style of architecture, by, also, a worse down-hill road than usual from the respectable square to the town, by the town itself, by (on the west ascent side) a jumble of houses, taken apparently at random from some superfluous lots originally intended (but not used) for villas at Brompton, or St. John's Wood, for a back street at Brighton, or any street, Soho, and placed here to be aired, and get a sniff of the sea.

On the ascent from the town to the West Cliff the visitor (we notice) will pass through a pleasing modulation of scents, varying with the weather.

We are now descending from the West and going Eastward Ho!

The *dramatis personæ*, or clockwork figures on the West Cliff, are, first, an old gentleman got up to within an inch of his nose, to resemble the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON. He is never without a stick, which he shakes playfully at children, and seems to be on terms with everyone, and very good terms too, apparently, with himself. This figure is wound up for an hour and a half's walk in the morning, and wound in again about luncheon time, to reappear (perhaps requiring rather stronger winding this time), at four o'clock in the afternoon; and, the works going down (as it were) with the sun, the Shade of the late Duke disappears for good about six, probably to wind himself up with dinner, wind himself into bed, and wind himself up again the next morning in time for his usual walk.

Secondly, there is the Wild-looking Lady with a fat umbrella—[I dare say it has been once thin, but carelessness has brought it to this state. *Mem.* Note that. Moral in umbrellas. Why not extract a moral from everything or anything? Why not? Will try!—and a pocket full of tracts. She comes out particularly strong on a bright Sunday. I have never seen her offer the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S Shade a tract. I think if she did, he'd waive her off with his stick. Thirdly, the Young Married Couple, who are always admiring the sea, and examining the horizon together, as if they could see their future somewhere about in the distance. Fourthly, the Old Married Couple who sit on a bench for an hour or so before dinner, shake themselves, rise slowly, as if about to walk a minuet, and then retire.

Then come regularly in the afternoon two Elderly Gentlemen, one a *vieux militaire* with only his moustache and military stock (no collars) left of his former profession, and the other evidently a



LATEST RAILWAY MARVEL.

Gent. "I SAY, PORTER, WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START?"

Irish Porter. "THE NEXT TRAIN! SURE, THE NIXT TRAIN HAS GONE TIN MINUTES AGO."

civilian. They talk politics loudly and energetically, and, apparently, with the invariable result of "*exceunt quarrelling*."

There is the Handsome Widow, whom the *vieux militaire* stops to salute profoundly in the midst of his most animated discussion, and who holds converse sweet and low (in tone, of course, though probably on the most elevated themes) with the gentle High Church Curate, whose large black wide-awake is the nearest approach he can procure to the peculiarly ecclesiastical hat of the Spanish or Belgian priests. Then there are the learned Benedictines from the Monastery, West Cliff (very unlike "the monks of old, what a jovial race they were!"), who come out with their healthy and happy-looking young collegians at certain hours, and whose church, at the extremity of West Cliff, is one of the late WELBY PUGER'S gems of Gothic design.

Punctually at three o'clock out come another pair of Elderly Gentlemen (not politicians), who stand still the greater part of their time, pointing out nothing "in the offing" and disputing as to what it isn't.

There are plenty of children, nursery-maids, and dogs. Finally, there is my Aunt and her dog, with DODDRIDGE in attendance sympathetically. Charlie gives my Aunt much trouble on account of his "affectation" of lameness, and (being led with a string) by his great affability, and apparent desire to be on the best possible terms with other dogs, whether bigger or less than himself.

Charlie has also taken to shivering lately, which my Aunt denounces as "really intolerable affectation," but which DODDRIDGE asserts is a sort of spasm, which to her (DODDRIDGE) is not entirely unknown. Attributing this in her own case to a want of some mysterious and invisible flannel, she has set about to make a sort of miniature Jersey, to be worn by Charlie when out for an airing, and not unlike the small horse-cloth used for pet Italian greyhounds.

It is his first day of wearing it, and the fashion attracts the attention of several intelligent dogs. My Aunt walks along—Charlie jerking, growling, barking, and starting—pretending to ignore the pack at her heels, to which DODDRIDGE nervously acts as the whipper-out, with her parasol.

THE TAX FOR TRADE.

Commercial Gent sings:—

THE Income-tax, in theory,
No doubt, is quite unfair,
Particularly Schedule D,
To some that fine who bear.
For instance, to your needy Clerk,
Whose salary is known;
He cannot keep his Income dark,
Whereas I can my own.

Investigation I defy,
As touching my concerns,
Large profits, therefore, I put by,
Declaring small returns.
And were I forced to pay, as pays
A conscientious goose,
I should but prices need to raise,
And wages to reduce.

Ye honest working classes, who
From Income-tax are free,
Of course it cannot injure you—
It little touches me.
Taxed be mine income, if you like,
Beneath the load I'll bend,
So long as, whilst you do not strike,
The rich their wealth do spend.

A Sorry Flight.

THE man who would have a finger in the pie thought he had got his hand in, but instead of that he managed to put his foot into it. He has now not a leg to stand on, and being thrown off his balance, has utterly lost his footing in society. He is out at elbows besides, and all respectable members of the community keep him at arm's length.

A PRIVATE OPINION.—TREBLEMORE, who is a great enthusiast about Whist, says that in his judgment the rules and regulations of that fascinating amusement are *The Game Laws*.

THE ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR GOOSE-QUILLS—Sheep-pens.

MINISTERIAL MATERIALISM.

SOME physiologists affirm, others deny, the existence of an immaterial vital principle in living organised bodies. MR. LOWE'S Budget is an organised body incorporating a vital principle which, according to MR. GLADSTONE, the Government maintained in amending it by rendering increased taxation a simple addition to the burden borne solely by the victims of the Income-tax. The Vital Principle of the Budget so amended is certainly not immaterial. It is, on the contrary, something very hard, and a most serious matter. The Vital Principle of the Ministerial Budget is Confiscation.

ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.

IN its late cruise amongst the West India Islands, by the account of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, the Flying Squadron has been getting on swimmingly—like flying fish in the water. The British Navy can boast of an officer who must be acknowledged to be a much more prodigious one than *Vanderdecken*. With a Flying Squadron under his command, REAR-ADMIRAL BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR eclipses the Flying Dutchman.

Capable of Further Improvement.

THE new Court Suit is handsome and becoming, especially in velvet, but the Sword is still a weapon of offence, and it is high time that the Cocked Hat was exploded. So CHAUNCEY PEYTON thinks, who had to be present officially at the opening of the International Exhibition on May Day, and his wife fully agrees with him.

A DISPUTED TEXT.

FAMILIARITY doth not breed contempt. The better acquainted people in general are with one another, the more they respect each other.



FLATTERY.

'Bus-Conductor (to Little City Clerk going Westward). "HINTERNATIONAL, OR R'YAL 'CADEMY, SIR? I CAN ALWAYS TELL A HARTIS WHEN I SEES HIM, SIR!"
[The bait is taken!]

THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

(See "Blackwood" for May.)

THERE'S a Tory alarmist article in *Blackwood's Magazine*;
It's called the "Battle of Dorking," and has made a great sensation;
It's put in the mouth of a Grandfather, who describes what he has seen,
When England was invaded, and ceased to be a nation.

It tells how a German army landed, somewhere 'twixt Deal and Dover,—
Our fleet, at the time, being, most of it, just where it should not have been;
How the few ships that were in the Channel were sunk, smashed, and sailed
over;

How our Line, Volunteers, and Militia by the foe were chawed up clean:

How, about Leith Hill and Dorking, we got an awful thrashing,
And a second somewhere near Richmond; then further resistance was idle;
How through our suburban roofs and walls the German shells came crashing;
Till BISMARCK put his hook in our nose, and in our jaws his bridle:

By our bungling defence on land and sea shows us utter noodles and silly asses;
Paints our parlours and pantries made free with by High and Low German
fellers,
And harrows up the best feelings of *pater-* and *mater-familiases*,
By describing British ratepayers shot down in their own cellars,

While their fair-haired little darlings—which a horror even worser is
Than *gen'ral bondevsement*, bombardment, beating, and bobbery—
Are having their dear little brains dashed out at the doors of their own
nurseries,
Till Old England is given up helpless to organised German robbery.

Her colonies rent from her, her dependencies independent;
Her youth deserting her stagnant shores, no longer a land of Goshen;
Her manufactures gone with the coal, the basis of her ascendant;
And BRITANNIA a rotten hulk upon an idle ocean.

So easy it is for the foe to invade this Mammon-worship-
ping island—

So easy to prove the foundations we build our hopes on,
vapour—

So easy to turn a Channel of twenty miles' sea to dry
land—

So easy, in fact, to crumple up Old England—upon
paper!

There's a fable, how once in Æsop's days a Man with a
Lion beside him,
Was admiring a group—say in Ebony—where some
artist of the day
Had carved a Lion on the ground, and a hunter trium-
phant astride him:
"Behold," said the Man, "how human brains bring
brute force under sway."

The Lion smiled—as one that smiles when treated to
pompous platitudes—
"Ah," said he, "my friend, if the sculptor had been
Lion instead of Man,
How easy it would have been for him to have reversed
the attitudes,
And, instead of the Man the Lion, made the Lion
bestride the Man."

So Ebony's Article-writer might have shifted colours and
figures—
Have given England the Lion's part and Germany
that of the mouse,
Made our fleet floor their transports, our Enfields their
needle-triggers,
Had he but hailed from GLADSTONE'S, 'stead of DIZZY'S,
side of the House.

The "Battle of Dorking" he calls his fight—'tis clear
he's no game chicken—

In fact, I believe, that fighting fowls your Dorkings
never are—

Though they take kindly to cramming, and when roasted
are pretty picking—

But *this* Dorking bird seems to be a cross between
Dung-hill Cock and *Canard*.

War-Office and Admiralty may have their share of
bungle and blunder;

But JOHN BULL is not yet the brainless ass that *Black-*
wood's prophet would make him;

We may grudge the cost of our Army's strength, and of
our Navy's thunder,

But if the British Lion's asleep, 'twill prove no joke to
wake him.

NOMENCLATURE IN NOVELS.

THE Author of the *Fight at Dame Europa's School*
has produced a Novel, entitled *Tom Pippin's Wedding*.
The name of *Tom Pippin* suggests that of the friend of
our youth, *Tom Pipes*. That naval hero, had he been
wedded, might be appropriately said to have been
spliced; but one would rather describe a *Pippin* in like
case as grafted.

The Favoured Many.

THE *prolétaires* in this country used to be called "The
Great Unwashed." That was before the establishment of
Baths and Wash-houses for the Labouring Classes. Now
the policy of Direct Taxation announced by Govern-
ment, will constitute those Classes the Great Untaxed.

Thoughtful Care.

It should be made known at the May Meetings that
Government provides for all the wants of those in its
employment, as is evident from the circumstance that an
item in the accounts of Public offices is a charge for
"Clerical Assistance."

BY AN UNGRATEFUL GUEST OF BOODLE'S.

No "Bootless Study" BOODLE'S habits suits:
The room he calls his Study holds his Boots.

NO JOKE FOR JURORS.

A CROWDED Court and an empty Jury-box! Special Jurors not to be had for love or money; no, not for a guinea a day: not even compellable to attend by fines for non-attendance of from £10 to £500. No wonder, seeing Special Jurors must be men either legally entitled to be called esquires, bankers, or merchants, or occupying private dwelling-houses rated at 100 a-year. Such men have either business or pleasure to attend to, worth, to many of them, the sacrifice of several hundred pounds, better afforded than a week or a fortnight's time spent in tiresome attention to other people's concerns. To induce such men not to shirk such employment if they possibly can, it would be necessary to pay them for it at the same rate as that of the fees received by their fellow labourers, the Counsel.

In the meanwhile, if Lord Chief Justice BOVILL, in the Court of Common Pleas, waiting to try *Tichborne v. Tichborne*, had but held up his finger for Special Jurors, who can doubt that ten times as many as were wanted would have immediately offered to rush into the box, which can contain but twelve? Plenty of people having no occupation of their own, would make love to the employment of Special Juror in any case of popular interest; in any case whatsoever for the consideration of a guinea a day. Why not open the Special Jury list to voluntary applicants, duly qualified for enrolment? They could give the case before them their whole attention. But how can a juror attend to evidence and argument in *Tichborne v. Tichborne*, for instance, when his mind is distracted by the thought of his affairs in his absence going to ruin, or whilst he is desiring with all his heart to be elsewhere, and wishing *Tichborne v. Tichborne* at the Head Quarters of the Inns of Court Volunteers?

Yet the Legislature has preferred the method of procuring unwilling Special Jurors by coercion. Behold, small boys, with how little wisdom Acts of Parliament are made.

FRENCH REPUBLICAN FREEDOM.

PASSPORTS have been re-established by the Versailles Government in France. The Palace of Versailles was once the abode of Tyranny. Now it is Liberty Hall. Should M. THIERS and his colleagues be ousted and replaced by the Commune, what further advance is

likely to be made in French liberty? If these things, that is to say, restored Passports, are done by the Tricoloured Republic, what will be done by the Red? Perhaps ultra-democratic French Rulers will take so forward a step in the direction of Freedom as to close the taverns and restaurants against excursionists on Sundays.

Dissenters of the Future.

THE final decision of the Privy Council in the *Purcase Case* will, if enforced, the Ritualists declare, occasion them to join the Dissenters in their demand for the disestablishment of the National Church. In the meantime the *Rock* tells us that:—

"A congregation of Dissenters at Wimbledon, numbering between 400 and 500, are about to join the Church of England. The trustees will open their chapel as a church, and the BISHOP OF LONDON will license the same."

Now that the Church by Law Established has been legally pronounced a Protestant Church, Dissenters, we see, begin to walk in. Perhaps we shall see the Ritualists, on the other hand, begin to walk out, and both sides go on till they have changed their relative positions. In that case the Ritualists will not have joined the Dissenters, but will simply have taken their place. That will differ from their present situation in this, that when they are there, they will be "just," as SAWNEY says, Dissenters out of the Church instead of in it.



VANITY OF VANITIES.

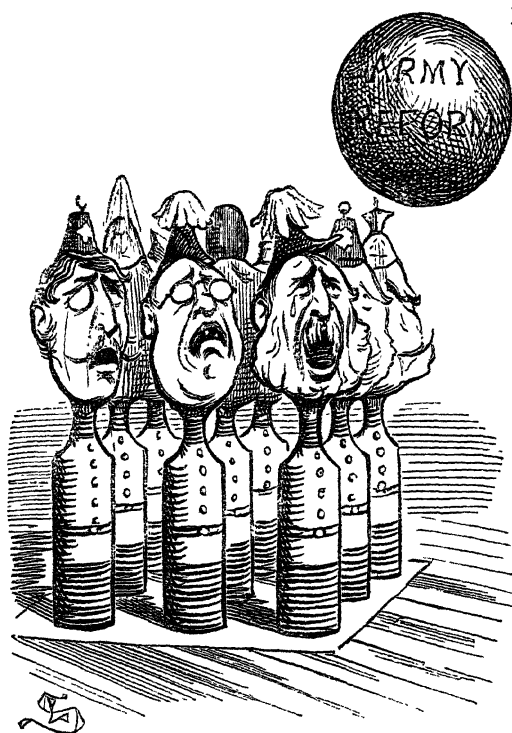
Ingenious Youth (whispers). "I SEE YOU CONSTANTLY STAND ON ONE LEG IN CHURCH. MAY I ASK WHY?"

Ingenious Maiden (whispers). "YOU MAY. IT IS TO SAVE MY CROQUET FOOT."

Mrs. Malaprop on the Budget.

MRS. MALAPROP presents her compliments to the CANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and begs to be reformed whether the Surplice he will gain by the increase of the Income-tax will be applied to cover the Natural Debt.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



on Monday there was a very useless discussion in the Lords on the Black Sea Treaty, but LORD SALISBURY enlivened it by likening LORD GRANVILLE to CALEB BALDERSTONE, and comparing his satisfaction with having obtained Russia's condemnation of the repudiation of a treaty, while she obtained all her ends, to the self-gratulation of a man who had been robbed by a highwayman, but did not care, because he had made the thief recite the Eighth Commandment. In the House of Commons there was fresh resistance to the Money Scheme, and MR. MUNTZ was defeated by 260 to 195.

Tuesday. The Bill for giving mercantile folks a few more holidays—they will have Six in all—went through Committee in the Lords. The Scotch Lords were quite indignant at the idea of Whit Monday being made a holiday in Scotland. The DUKE OF ARGYLL said that no Scot kept it unless he had been contaminated by English influences.

The Westmeath Outrages Bill was debated in the Commons, and some Irish Members deprecated it, as, of course, they were bound to do, and as equally, of course, they could do with perfect patriotism, inasmuch as their opposition could not hinder a useful measure.

To-day the Republican rabble in Paris pulled down the Vendôme Column.

Wednesday. Stop, all ye at Epsom, or on the road, who are about to raise the goblet to your lips. Listen! A Bill for enabling a man who does not like the liquor in your hand to dash the vessel away, was debated, and rejected by 206 to 124. If the Bungs had not been so insolent to Members about the Licensing Bill, the minority would not have been so large, but gentlemen do not like to be threatened by publicans.

Thursday. The British Lords observed Ascension Day. In Paris, the women who resorted to the churches were turned out by the Republicans, and the priests were made to close the doors.

MR. DISRAELI delivered a long and not unamusing speech against MR. LOWE and his Budget. But it takes two to make a fight, and either MR. LOWE did not think it worth while to cross swords, or his noble spirit of sarcasm had been damped by recent events, for he answered very shortly, and affected to treat the attack as a practical joke. MR. PUNCH was so offended at being baulked of his expected fun, that he left the House, and declared that he would not return till after the Derby.

A DOLE, INDEED.

THE Times quotes from the Winchester Observer the legend, well known in Hampshire, of "The Tichborne Dole." The prophecy therein preserved has, like many other predictions, been partly verified but not quite. The "Tichborne Dole" (of bread) was discontinued in 1793; nevertheless, there remains one heir male, at least, to the Tichborne estates, to whomsoever of two claimants the Court of Common Pleas shall award that property. A Dole of a different sort from the one founded by the LADY MABELLA TICHBORNE in HENRY THE SECOND's reign, is the suit now pending before JUDGE BOVILL. The Tichborne Dole of these days is that most doleful affair for the ancient House affected by it, the case of *Tichborne v. Tichborne*.

LAW v. LAWSON.

"SAVE us from reign of the Ladies!"

Mankind is praying in awe:
And no wonder JOHN BULL thus afraid is,
Seeing what last week he saw—
How stubborn the will of a maid is,
At least when her name is LAW!

SIR WILFRID LAWSON and party
In the Hall of St. James were met,
Permissive-Bill-partisans hearty;
United to overset,
From Cornwall to Cromarty,
The reign of heavy-wet.

To empower the public that won't drink
To muzzle the public that will;
And instead of arguing, "Don't Drink,
Because it will make you ill —"
To shut taps in their faces that want drink,
Reducing their will to nil.

The platform they wagged their jaws on;
Smoothly the meeting sped,
And to resolution draws on,
To be voted—*nem. con.*—as read,
When MISS LAW on SIR WILFRID LAWSON,
Falls like a hundred o' lead.

With a hostile resolution
On the meeting down she came:
And with feminine elocution
She did enforce the same:
'Twas Giant to Lilliputian,
Wild woman to Baronet tame!

She gave it SIR WILFRID LAWSON
And his Permissive Bill:
Laid her nails each weak clause on,
For Liberty quoted MILL,
Swept reasons aside, as straws on
A flood are whirled at will.

The meeting awhile sat silent,
So taken aback were all;
But, shortly, growing v'ilent,
They began to hiss and bawl,
But MISS LAW, with a lady-like smile, leant
Her back against the wall.

And the more the meeting clamoured,
The more she didn't care;
When with hands and heels they hammered,
She stopped, her breath to spare.
But neither shrunk nor stammered
That woman small and spare!

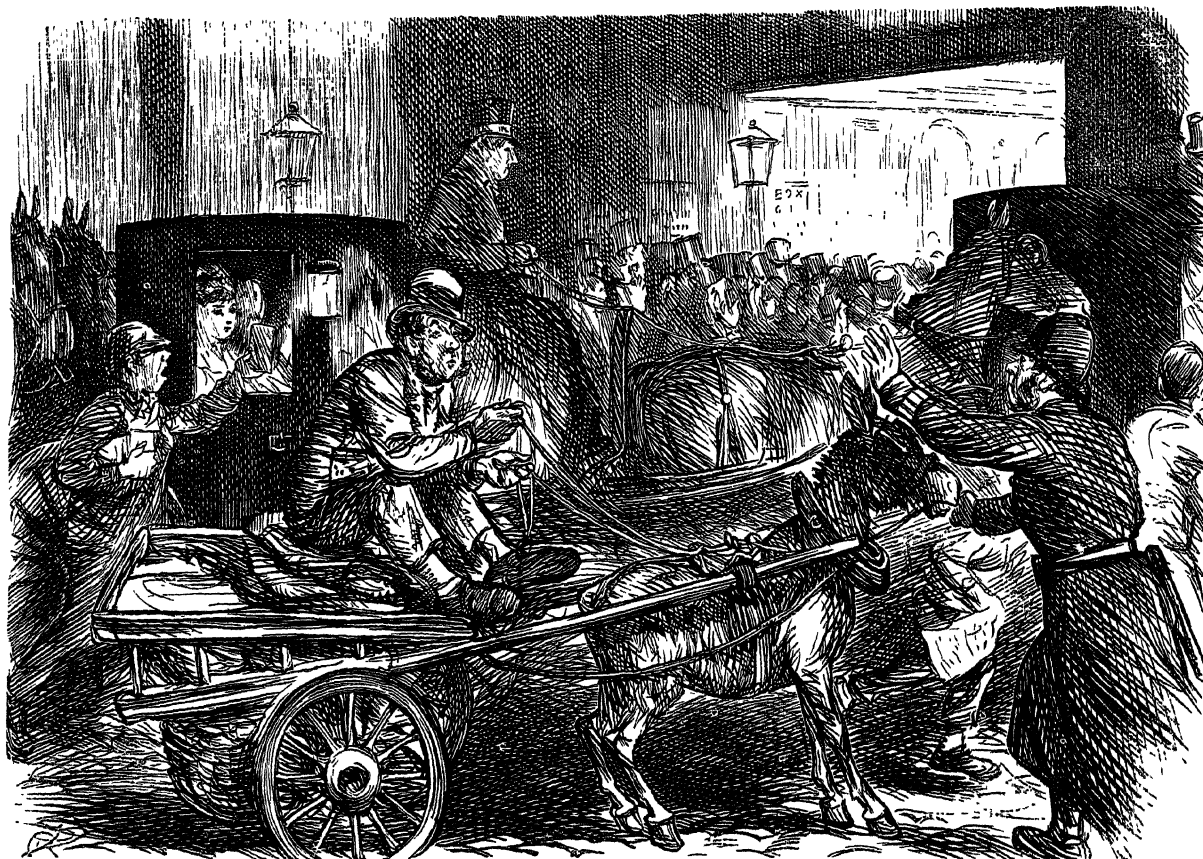
Till all their clamour idle,
These men forced to confess,
The LAW they could not bridle,
Determined to suppress.
So up to her managed to sidle,
And seized her by the dress.

But the harder they tugged, the bolder
Her crowding foes she faced.
They might catch her o'er the shoulder,
Might take her round the waist,
The more they tried to hold her,
The less she would be embraced.

O! mighty was the bustle
Of battle MISS HARRIET about,
And terrible the tussle
'Ere LAW could be turned out—
That woman of more than muscle,
Stout champion of Stout.

But if one maid, single-handed,
Can of men thus face a hall,
When their sex comes to be banded,
Ours must before them fall,
Lords of Creation stranded—
Creation's LAWS o'er all!

And SIR WILFRID LAWSON, should draw
From the case a warning clear:
That Permissive Bills, their claw
May sheathe this many a year:
'Tis no joke to oust the LAW
That guards the poor man's beer.



FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Energetic Constable. "Now, THEN! WHERE ARE YER COMIN' TO? WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU OUT O' THE RANK?"

Coster. "O, BUT I AIN'T FOR THE HOPERA TO-NIGHT, SIR. MY MISSUS RECEIVES AT 'OME THIS EVENING, SIR, AND I'M RATHER LATE!"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE OPERA.—Covent Garden. Outside in Long Acre. Brougham of *Habitué* going rapidly past "the line."

Weak-Minded Policeman (some way down Long Acre—putting up his hand). Here, you mustn't—

Dashing Coachman of Habitué (not to be put upon in this way). All right!

[Leaves *Weak-Minded Policeman* some way behind, and urges on his wild career.

Peripatetic Vendor of Books (rushing at brougham). Bookar-hop'rer—bookar—

[Finds the windows closed. *Habitué* within quietly raises his book. Disappearance of *Vendor*, who attacks an evidently hired fly, containing a "private box" full of ladies and one gentleman—his head and white tie only visible. Other *Vendors* attack cabs and flies with partial success, and sell last year's books.

Habitué's brougham stopped at corner of Bow Street by authoritative *Policeman*. Remonstrance of *Coachman*.

Habitué (within, in the pleasantest manner possible, slightly letting down the glass). It's all right. Down Bow Street to Lyceum.

[*Policeman* baffled by this calm suppressio veri. *Habitué's* brougham pulls up by kerb, just outside portico. *Habitué* enters the Hall calm and unruffled, is recognised by officials, wanders to his Stall, and nods slightly to other *habitués*.

Arrival of *Fussy Elderly Gentleman* with *Matronly Lady* and two *Daughters*, evidently "up for the Season," and making the most of it.

Matronly Lady (to evident *Paterfamilias*). Tell the coachman (that is, the flyman) what time to come.

Fussy Paterfamilias. Ah, yes—of course. (To daughters.) Got everything out, eh? Where's my—

Stern Policeman (to flyman. Always pitiless to flymen, as pretenders to gentility). Now, then, get on!

Fussy Paterfamilias. Ah—but stop. (To *Policeman*.) What time—

Stern Policeman (anticipating question at once—addressing flyman). Be in the rank—eleven.

[Motions him onward. Exit flyman and trap. Enter into hall *Paterfamilias* and party.

Materfamilias (in a severe whisper to *Paterfamilias*). You've got the tickets?

Paterfamilias (suddenly struck by an awful thought). Yes—(feels in his waistcoat-pocket)—yes—but—(thinks of the fly, and what he has most likely left in it)—O, yes—(tries one tail-pocket)—no—dear me—conf—

Stall Official. Private box, Sir?

Materfamilias (taking the affair into her own hands, so as to hide their difficulties from passers-on). Yes—(with great presence of mind)—first tier.

Official. Up-stairs, if you please.

[Respite for *Paterfamilias*.

Materfamilias. Now, WILLIAM, what have you done with—

Paterfamilias. Ah!—(joyfully brings it out with his new gloves and a clean pocket-handkerchief)—here it is! I thought I hadn't left it behind.

[Is quite pleased with himself. They proceed to their box.

Overture. Stall *Habitué's* examine occasional visitors with a sort of DR. WATTS's little-star feeling of "wondering what you are?"

Difficulties occasioned by the *Casuals* being unable to hit upon their Stalls at once.

Casual Swell (who has thought twice before he laid out his guinea, recognises man sitting next him). Ah! how d'ye do? Full house to-night.

[As if he came regularly.

Second Casual (who has got a friend's "bone"—languidly). Yes.

[They both wonder if each is an *habitué*.

Elder Young Lady (in box on front tier, to Mamma). O, Mamma, there are the SMITHSONS in the Stalls; just come in.

[Hopes the SMITHSONS will see them.

During the First Act of "Guillaume Tell" the Royal Box is filled



A WILLING MARTYR.

Scotch Carrier. "EH, BIT THAT'S STRONG WHUSKEY! BIT U'LL NO SPILE THE TASTE WI' WATER. U'LL RATHER THOLE'T!"

with Illustrious Personages. With admirable taste the lognettes of Stalls and opposite Pit-Boxes are levelled at their Royal Highnesses.

Gorgeous Little Snob (in Stalls, to CHARLES, his acquaintance). There's WALES.

Charles (his acquaintance, critically). Getting a little stout, eh?

Gorgeous Little Snob. Yes—(pauses)—but—ar—not a bad fellow, WALES.

[CHARLES regards his acquaintance with interest, not unmixed with awe. Thus encouraged, Snob proceeds.] I've dined with him—I mean in company with him—and he's deuced pleasant—you know—not stuck up a bit.

[He has once paid a Sovereign for a ticket for a charity dinner, where the Prince presided, under the impression that this entitled him to be presented to His Royal Highness in the course of the evening.

Lady in Stall. How well she is looking!

Young Lady (to an Habitue). Who's that with them?

Habitue (after using his Glass). That—that's DOCTOR THINGUMMY—always there.

[He says this in a very audible voice. People about wonder why DOCTOR THINGUMMY is always there, with a sort of wish that THEY could be always there, too.

Well-Informed Elderly Lady (mysteriously, to her friend, a visitor from the country). MR. QUICKSON, who knows them very well, tells me, &c., &c.

Her Friend (much interested, and unable to remove her eyes from the Royal Box). Really!—do they indeed?—

Lady in a corner Pit-Box (distinctly). The LORNES are there.

Gentleman (in attendance). I thought they were travelling on the Continent, incog.

Lady (positively). O, yes—(with a ready invention)—but they've returned incog., and—see how they're sitting back—they don't wish anybody to recognise them.

[More glasses levelled. His Royal Highness laughs. Great excitement in Stalls and opposite Boxes.

Little Gorgeous Snob looks up towards the Box, and then looks away again, and laughs, as if HE knew what joke they were enjoying up there.

[N. B. And this is how the Opera is listened to.

Loungers in Pops' Alley during entr'acte. More conversation about the Royal Box, in consequence of Report having spread that "the LORNES" are there. Contradictions from well-informed People.

Mr. Pumper (of the Clubs, meeting Silent Legislator, and eager for some gossip to retail). Ah, JOHNNY! Anything doing?

Silent Legislator (of great importance out of the House). Just come from the House. TAYLOR's up, so I shall go down again presently.

Pumper (bottom-holing him). Is it true that GÖSCHEN is to change places with MONSELL—(looking very knowing)? it's about to-night.

Silent Legislator (wondering why he hasn't heard this—but still reticently). Well, there is a whisper of it; but I don't believe it. DIZZY said to me, when he came down to-night—

[There his voice sinks into a whisper. Pumper (after listening to the most important latest intelligence). Well—(considers)—it's not unlikely; but still—(Legislator nod emphatically, and leaves him. Pumper meets friends, and begins) They say that DIZZY will, &c., &c. I just met JOHNNY DAW, who told me, and he's off to the House again immediately.

Pumper's Friends (much impressed). By Jove!!

[Exeunt subsequently and severally; PUMPER and Friends to various Clubs, where they divulge their State secrets, with such additions and embellishments as may have occurred to them in the interval.

Military Lounger (in Lobby, to Second Lounger). Come and dine at the Rag, to-morrow; and go to the Globe?

His Friend. What's there?

Lounger. O, doosed pretty! Been there twice.

Theatrical Authority. You ought to hear MRS. WOOD, at the St. James's, sing, "His 'Art was true to Poll." Haven't heard anything so good for an age. She's the only woman that can sing a comic song comically, on the stage.

Funny Friend (coming up). I say, FREDDY, who was that you were talking to in the Park, to-day (imitates Clown)? I saw you! I say (commences a story, principally about himself, at somewhere in the country; how HE had such fun; how HE played So-and-So, a part just in his line, in some theatricals; how HE, &c., &c. Seats gradually resumed during Second Act).

Opera Habitue (authoritatively). MONGINI not in good voice, &c., &c.

Second Habitue (as a set-off). CARVALHO charming, though, eh! &c., &c.

Materfamilias. Where is our—

Paterfamilias (fussily). I'll go and see for it.

Linkman. Cab or carriage, Sir?

Paterfamilias (forced into truth). Carr— No—a—Fly.

Linkman. What name, Sir?

Paterfamilias (rather resenting this inquiry, replies, as if the man ought to have known it). HODGSON. (Eyes the man sternly.)

Linkman. 'ODGSON! All right, Sir. You stand 'ere. I'm Number Two—(repeats to himself) 'ODGSON's fly.

[Disappears.

Paterfamilias (returning, beamingly). I've sent a man; it'll be here directly.

They wait. People leave. Linkman Number Two returns. "No fly of the name of 'ODGSON." Dis-

tress of Party. Paterfamilias sends Commis-

sionnaires.

Materfamilias (severely). WILLIAM, didn't you tell the man whom to ask for?

Paterfamilias (self-convicted on the spot). No—I—(sees something like it driving up). Ah, here it—

Linkman. Number Three! [Exit Number Three party.

[Paterfamilias goes outside, is knocked about—remonstrates angrily. Hears voice in distance,

"Any one 'ere name of 'ODGSON's fly?"

Paterfamilias wishes he'd dined at the Club, and come by himself. Prospect of row.

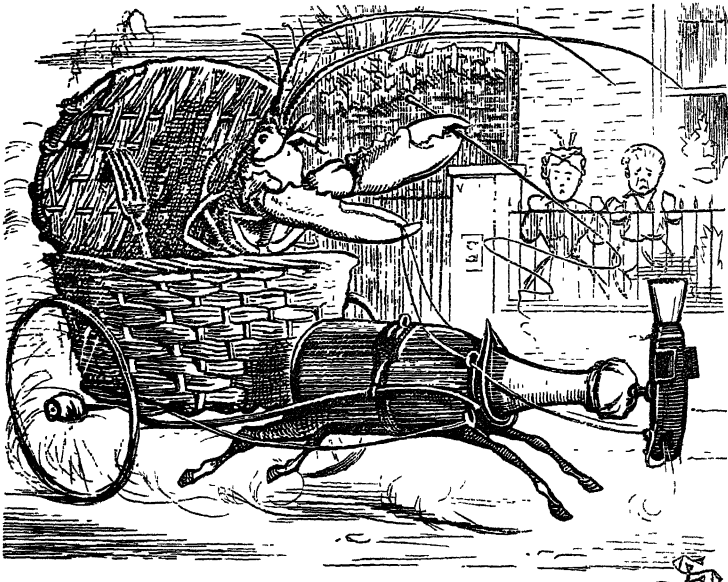
Materfamilias (annoyed). We'd better take a cab. (Calmly.) We can't sleep here.

Number Two (reappearing considerably out of breath). 'Ere y' are, Sir. Number Two.

[Exeunt Family, with much the same feeling of thankfulness as they would have experienced in being rescued by a vessel from some Robinson-

Crusoe-like situation.

Moral by Materfamilias). My dear WILLIAM, while we are in town it would be very much nicer, and real y cheaper in the end, if we hired a good carriage regularly. (But Pater is asleep.)



SOME FRIENDS WHO "NEVER MISS THE DERBY."

THE FRENCH ACTOR-SWINDLE EXPOSED.

(By a British Veteran.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

HAVING long had dinned into my ears by our critical gentlemen of the Press, the immense superiority of French over English acting—and I may remark, by the way, that I don't think that the constant sneering and sarcasm at native talent is exactly the sort of thing "to bring the violets from under the leaves," as my amiable friend FRIZ-BALL once remarked to your caustic contributor JERROLD—I have lately been a regular attendant (with orders) at the Opéra Comique. Though classically and expensively educated, I cannot say that I possess that acquaintance with the French language—as spoken—which would enable me to follow French dramatic dialogue—word by word, that is. Happily, however, my familiarity with our own dramatic *répertoire* has pretty well initiated me into most of the stock pieces on the French boards. As the Oxford undergraduate said, when asked how he had managed his Greek Testament in the Little-go, that he had gone in trusting to his knowledge of the original, so I may say of the French plays, one can always fall back on one's knowledge of the original—in English.

Besides, Sir, as a veteran performer, I do not require a knowledge of the words to enable me to pronounce on the merits of the acting. There is a style, Sir: a mastery of the resources of our difficult and thankless art; a way of treading the stage; a secret of getting the most out of a point, a bit of business, or a situation, which proclaims the actor far more palpably than such secondary matters as propriety of pronunciation, correctness of emphasis, music of declamation, or the suiting of voice or delivery to character. All that is plain sailing—the A B C of our craft. Far beyond it lie the arcana, the Masonic mysteries, or esoteric doctrines of the dramatic art. It is mastery of these that makes the essence of acting, as I humbly conceive it.

Of such mastery I was sorry, but not surprised, to find scarcely a trace among the actors of the Théâtre Français—great as their reputation may be in France, and echoed and exaggerated as French admiration may be by venal and malignant critics on our own Press. That they are venal, I know, for I have given them nothing, and what is the consequence? That not one of them devoted so much as a paragraph to my *Hamlet* when I played it at my complimentary benefit at the Wells, last year, or my *Lear* at the Royal Hoxton, which had an uninterrupted run of three nights, during the present season.

Will it be believed, Sir, that I did not see in one of these much-vaunted French performers the least knowledge of how to get the most out of an *exit*, or the slightest power of making a point. Their style of delivery was tame and level—little above natural pitch—no music, no display of vocal resources, none of that playing on the voice as on an instrument, which is one of the crowning achievements of our craft. Their way of walking the stage was undignified, and unimpressive, in fact scarcely to be distinguished from the movement of people in ordinary life. Their low-comedy

man missed no end of laughs, by want of all power, apparently, of what in the playful phraseology of our calling, we call "sticking it into 'em;" and I saw at least six palpable opportunities of making a brilliant point, and bringing down the house to a dead certainty, missed by the obtuseness or incapacity of the leading man. In a word, Sir, I never saw so many bits of fat so shamefully thrown away by the rawest tyros in a country theatre.

I must say, however, that their dramatists are almost as much to blame for this as their actors. The scenes I saw were rarely worked up to what I should call a climax; *exit* speeches seemed, as a rule, wanting. Even the Act often ended quite flatly and quietly; and the drop hardly fell once upon a *tableau*. I saw then how much many of our pieces adapted from the French owe to their English adapters. The adaptation has often a richness and fulness of stage effect, of which only the hint appeared in the French work. In short, Sir, the whole performance struck me as "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to a British actor. I would engage to teach any performer I saw any number of dodges for bringing down the house. I flatter myself I saw none of them who could teach me anything. Besides, Sir, I observed, as might be expected, a grievous want of that self-respect, that recognition of what a man owes to theatrical position, to say nothing of personal dignity, which, I am happy to say, still characterises the British actor. I actually saw a M. DELAUNAY, who, I am told, is the leading juvenile man of the company, going on in livery to carry a message! May the day be far distant when a British leading-man stoops to such degradation!

Like most things French, Sir, depend upon it, French acting is a swindle, and all the puffing of it in our Press, prejudice. To sum up all my objections to it in one word, it is un-English in the highest degree.

I remain, Mr. Punch, your Constant Reader,

OPIE WING.

*** Open to an engagement for the legitimate lead and blank-verse heavies: may be heard of at the Wrekin Tavern, and by letter, at the *Era* Office.

Paying for a Whistle.

WHAT shall we have to show for the additional Income-tax of £3,000,000, to be levied for the purpose of national defence, on a part of the nation. An Army adequate to that purpose? And how soon? In the meanwhile, friends, we have nothing to show for the enormous sum which will be extorted from the favoured classes.

CLASSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"*POT-ATURUS TE SALUTO!*" exclaimed young FLUKER, fresh from Oxford, as he was on the point at billiards of making a "pot" stroke.

THE HEIGHT OF ECONOMY.—A "Screw" of Tobacco.

COSTERS AND CHIGNON.

"SEE that there Chignon on a-head?"
A man on an ass to his fellow said—
"I calls that the mane of a thoroughbred."

"Mane?" quoth the other; "What, that hair?"
Zummut more like it a-growin' elsewhere
You'll sometimes see at a country fair—

"The tail of a Hoss plaited up with straw,
'S the nighest thing to it as I ever saw."
The two men burst into a loud guffaw.

Butter from the Churn.

THANKS to the establishment of a joint-stock company of substantial farmers in the province of East Gothland, we rejoice in the prospect of an importation of Swedish butter, of much lower price and a great deal higher quality than the grease now selling under that name at 1s. 11d. per lb. It is a wonder that the facility of a butter-supply from Sweden never occurred to honest and enterprising English dealers, aware, as of course they were, how abundantly cattle thrive on Swedes.

DERBY AND JOAN (Wednesday, May 24).

Morning. Epsom—Great race.

Evening. Queen's Theatre—TOM TAYLOR'S new play.

THE PERCY AND THE DERBY.



IN one of SHAKESPEARE's historical plays (*The First Part of Henry the Fourth*, sporting friends), *Henry Percy*, Junior, surnamed *Hotspur*, because he was a dashing rider, observe, makes a declaration which may give you some idea of his horsemanship. He says, on an occasion:—

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

That was *Hotspur's* notion of an easy leap. You will own that it was highly creditable to him, or to SHAKESPEARE who makes him state it. But in the days of SHAKESPEARE the Derby was not yet. If it had been, the Swan of Avon (SHAKESPEARE, so called because he belonged to Stratford-on-Avon, and there were swans in that river, and Poets are otherwise called Swans because Poetry is also called Song, and Swans were supposed by the Ancients, who knew no better, to sing)—this Swan, who at least you know was no Goose, would no doubt have amended one of the above-quoted lines. Instead of swearing that he thought it an easy leap

"To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon"

(and what a horse *Percy* must have had, as well as what a rider he must have been, to do that!) *Hotspur* would assuredly have been made by SHAKESPEARE, duly considering the great annual event at Epsom, to substitute for his instance of the leap which he professed himself to account easy, this modification of it:—

"To pluck the Turf's Blue Riband from the sky."

This alteration would have been a great improvement—wouldn't it?

MY HEALTH.

Budd and myself take notice of the miscellaneous procession of dogs behind My Aunt, as we commence our descent, Budd trying to admonish Growler with a gentle kick, that he (Growler) is not to join the performing canine troupe now following my relative.

More Regular Mechanical Figures.—On the East Cliff appears the Pensive and Mysterious Lady in black, taking short walks up and down, and occasional "sits;" also the Croquet-playing Family who contest vague and unexciting games, within the garden-rails, in any weather. The Foreigner of unwashed aspect, who, for economy's sake smokes only half a cigar at a time, and that apparently without lighting it, as no one ever yet has seen smoke issuing from his lips. When he retires, it is believed, he puts the half-cigar into his pocket to be ready for to-morrow's use on the same principle. Perhaps he is breaking himself of the habit.

We pass these on our road to the Cramville. On the Cliff the men are engaged on a work of a very perilous nature, which is nothing less than hacking away the Cliff itself and seeing how small a space each man can stand upon without falling over. The Secretary is here, and tells us about the Verandah which, owing to him, was built in a fortnight; which fact he *can't* get over anyhow. He lights his

pipe and stands in front of the hotel, admiring that Verandah, as if he personally had put it up all himself, painted it, varnished it, made the iron-work, fitted it up and come down again without any sort of aid or assistance.

Budd asks if SAMUEL, the Bathman, is in, as he and his friend (I'm his friend) wish to commit the enormity of a wash.

The Secretary thinks it not unlikely that SAMUEL is there, it being SAMUEL's duty to be there, but he won't commit himself to *knowing* anything about it for certain; he *may* be or he *may* not (all this time he can't take his eyes off the Verandah, as if he still saw where some improvement might come in, with perhaps just a dash of paint, put on in a moment of inspiration) but on the whole inclines to the opinion that SAMUEL is there.

Is there a *table d'hôte* to-day? we inquire. After half a minute's thought just to clear his head of the Verandah, and get the fresh subject in, the Secretary replies, that "there is a *table d'hôte*, O yes, certainly;" (and conclusively, now that the Verandah has quite gone out and he has grasped the subject)—"yes, a *table d'hôte* at half-past six."

"You have a good *chef* here," we observe, Budd or myself, or both.

"Yes," returns the Secretary, refilling his pipe and speaking with rather a doubtful air, as if he couldn't quite give his opinion of the *chef* until he's tried him with everything, "Yes," he admits, "he's not bad," and lights his pipe.

"Will the table be very full to-night?" is my next question.

The Secretary thinks it may be, perhaps, but is generally uninterested—except, as his eyes wander upward once more to the Verandah. So we leave him, and enter the Cramville, where the Turkish Bath is.

[By the way, everything appears to be obtainable at the Cramville. Do you want billiards?—there you are in the Japanese Gothic room with a Phenomenon boy-marker, the Pocket ROBERTS. Do you want American billiards?—there you are again, with a blue ball and no extra charge. Can't you get on without a sulphur bath?—there you are, or there you will be, when the sulphur comes, the baths being there now. Do you want to smoke at the top of the house, like a chimney?—there you are, with a flag flying from that part of the roof, to announce your presence. Do you want to dine alone?—do it, in the coffee-room. Do you want to dine in company?—do it again, in the *salle-à-manger*. Do you want to read or write? or play bowls? or play croquet? or be quiet? or have your hair brushed?—there you are. Do you want a concert after dinner?—there's the concert-room and the music-stands. Do you want a dramatic entertainment?—yes? Very well, then there's a stage, with scenery, lights, and curtain, at the end of the concert-room. This stage, I am informed, was "inaugurated" by an Eminent Entertainist, who, at the end of his performance, took off his wig as a mark of respect to the National Anthem, which he sang by way of carrying out the idea of inauguration. Perhaps he muddled the notion with some reminiscence of "unveiling a statue."]

Budd, followed by the brown-bear dog Growler, walks down a passage, and shouts "SAMUEL!"

A voice is heard in the distance, which Budd tells me belongs to SAMUEL, the black man, manager of the Turkish Baths, and shampooer in ordinary to anyone who comes to be shampooed.

We open the door of the first room, and SAMUEL stands before us. He is a tall coloured gentleman, of the handsomest darkest mahogany dye, dressed in a loose suit of (apparently) red check bed-curtains. He is enthusiastic about the efficacy of the Turkish Bath system in all cases and for everybody, no matter who they are, or what's the matter with them.

Budd introduces me to SAMUEL, observing that I've "come to pull a little flesh off." Whereupon, SAMUEL, eyeing me all over, puts his head rather on one side, opens his eyes wide, stretches out his hands in a sort of appealing way, and answers, "Well, he can't"—("a" not being pronounced as *ar*, but a very broad *a*)—"he can't do better dan come here to SAMUEL" (meaning himself). "I'll bring him back to Naytchar"—(meaning "Nature")—"and when he"—(meaning me)—"when he leave me he shall say, 'I'm very much obliged to SAMUEL.' Dat's it, Sar."

[What astonishes me, being accustomed to the conventional Christy, or street-nigger, is, that SAMUEL shows no sign of joyously giving way to a break-down dance, or bursting out with a "Yah, yah!" nor is his conversation broken up into conundrums.]

Budd laughs, and observes that SAMUEL will soon put me "in proper form," and asks him if he doesn't think I want it.

SAMUEL pretends to be astonished at the question. "Want it!" he exclaims. "Want it! Of course he want it! Why—look'yar"—(touching my arms and then my sides, as if explaining me anatomically to Budd)—"look'yar—and look'yar—taint Naytchar—you don't want all dis"—(alluding to what he considers to be superfluous flesh). "Of course," he continues, "you're ill: of course: if you've got all dat about you,"—(here he stretches out his hands on either side, appealingly as before)—"how can you be well?"

This is exactly what has struck me.



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"MY MAMMA'S GOT THE SHININGEST HAIR IN ALL BAYSWATER."
 "MY MAMMA'S GOT THE CURLINGEST HAIR IN ALL LONDON."
 "MY MAMMA'S GOT THE LONGEST HAIR IN ALL ENGLAND."
 "MY MAMMA'S GOT THE THICKEST HAIR IN ALL THE WHOLE WORLD."
 "MY MAMMA CAN SIT ON HER HAIR."
 "MY MAMMA CAN TAKE HERS OFF!!!"

THE COLUMN, AND THE COMMUNE.

(*The Column of the Place Vendôme overthrown,
 Tuesday, May 16, 1871.*)

THE Column that the conquering German spared,
 The Commune, tottering to its fall, o'erthrows:
 PYAT, *Vengeur*, NAPOLEON overcrows;
 On dung and faggots, for its bed prepared,
 The sawn shaft, toppling, in three pieces goes!

Dung—fittest forcing-ground for mushroom Lords,
 Born in a night, that in a night decay:
 Faggots, in irony of France to-day—
 Bundle of sticks, that spurn their binding cords,
 And what they failed in, bound, all loose essay.

Crow aloud, Gallie cock—that find'st a crow
 In loss and gain, in victory or defeat—
 Over thy great world-conqueror, from his seat
 In dust of dung and crashing sticks laid low;
 "Who but *we* could work ruin so complete?"

"We hoisted him up: 'twas ours to hurl him down:
 Look, the bronze arm we raised in proud command
 Is shattered: orb and victory from the hand
 Are dashed; and ground to dust the laurel crown!
 Two worlds aghast at our achievement stand!"

"Prussian and Austrian, Russ and Englishman,—
 They were not strong to carry this thing through:
 What her foes dared not, sons of Paris do!
 Sublime, as ever since the world began:
 What faith or form, but by our leave it grew,

"Stands at our pleasure, or is doomed to fall?
 And who shall question, if it be our will,
 Our right, ourselves, our Mother France, to kill?
 Hold we not in our hands new life for all,
 The new Creator's mission but fulfil?"

"We'll have no symbols here of conquests past,
 Hoping no conquests in the time to be—
 Nor even of ourselves. Hence, history,
 That speaks of fame: down, shaft, of cannon cast,
 That were the prize, and page of victory!"

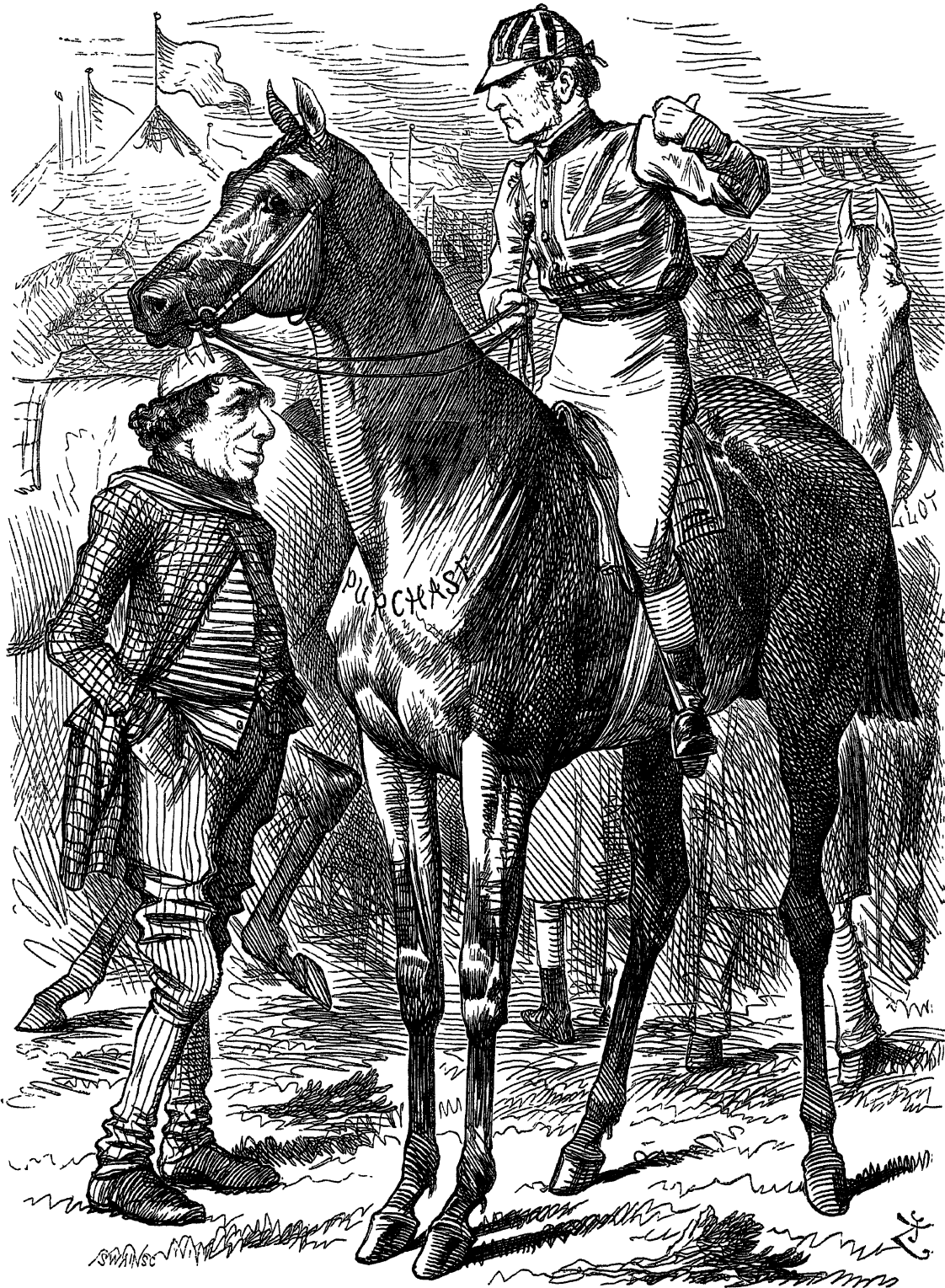
"Who shall say, we, the Commune, lived in vain?
 For this, at least, we have lived long enow,
 A mighty head under mean heels to bow,
 Lewd passions, lasting hatreds to unchain,
 Stab France's torn heart, smite her bleeding brow!"

A Delicate Attention.

THE Berkshire people stand in crowds before the picture of a "Reading Girl" in the International Exhibition (No. 462), and speculate as to who the lady may be the painting is intended to represent. The Managers of the Exhibition might find it good policy, in future years, to pay a similar compliment to every County in the United Kingdom.

CANNOT STAND HIGHER.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS is to be created a Baroness. Whatever her new title may be, her old one of Lady Bountiful can never be forgotten.



A (VERY) "STRAIGHT TIP!"

WILLIAM (THE JOCKEY). "WELL, IF YOU *MUST* KNOW, I'M GOING TO WIN WITH *THIS*—AND *BALLOT* SECOND!"

BEN (A TOUT). "OH AH! I DESSAY! A COUPLE O' PRECIOUS SCREWS! HOW ABOUT *BUDGET*? YAH!!"

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



This is a curious fact. There is another thing about the Thessalians. MR. HAZLITT, the excellent Registrar in Bankruptcy, says that they were noted, not only as horse-tamers, but for their skill in the preparation of poisonous drugs. The art of drugging horses therefore naturally arose with racing. This is another curious fact.

SOLOMON kept forty thousand horses, and I should think it would have taken all his wisdom to manage such a stud without coming to grief. Most persons who keep many horses are not Solomons, quite the contrary, though they have generally to apply to persons of the race to which that sovereign appertained. They make such applications until these are unfavourably received, and then MR. HAZLITT, above-mentioned, hears about it. In the ninth century horses were shod only in frost, at other times they said (well, Xanthus spoke to Achilles, now then,) in the words of the Yankee song, "Shoe, fly, don't come anear me." WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, son of ARLOTTA, daughter of the Skinner at Falaise, introduced shoeing into England, but not such shoes as might have been made out of his grandfather's skins, though this would have been a delicate family attention, but horse-shoes, made of iron, on which there has not been the least improvement since the time of the Conquest. But this is not relevant to the Derby, because racers wear plates, and sometimes win them. What says COWPER about Englishmen riding races in France?

"Be jockeys now, and win a plate
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown."

Sold, my generous patrons, sold? Not so, my generous patrons, but Mr. Punch writes for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and it is necessary that he should have matter to suit all tastes. Hence, though all his epigrams sparkle like dew-drops in the May morning, some are of milder effulgence than others. Hence he occasionally flourishes his glittering blade with somewhat of ostentation, at other times he strikes silently and home, like the Corsair's men when the Turks were polishing them off. But have faith in him, and you will be all right. The information in the above paragraphs may not be apparently useful as a direction to you how to bet upon the Derby for 1871, but it will be interesting to myriads, and it is ten million times more valuable than anything that will appear in any other article on the Race.

Besides, I may observe that I had a good mind not to give any Prophecy at all. I have patronised every Derby since *Whisker's* year, inclusive, and I never knew a year in which so little interest seems to be taken about Epsom. None of your bosh and impertinence about my being older than I was, and caring less about races. I am younger than I ever was, and I am perfectly frantic with joy at the thought of mounting that Derby drag, chaffing my accomplices, and gaily sending up my first smoke-whiff into the sweet morning air. Time has not thinned my raving hair (nor has my hair-dresser, lately) and if there be a few streaks of silver in it, they typify the sparkling fountains of my well-preserved heart. Not care for the Derby! I live for it. 'Tis my one day of the year. My grievance is that other people have come to care so little about it. I fancy the coves who write about it have done the thing to death, and bored people into voting it a nuisance. I wish it could go, for a couple of years, undescribed in a graphic manner.

But you will say, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your tale interests me." I am not a sweet warbler, and I remark, with RABELAIS, that I do not care whether my tale interests you or not (he did not say it, but only something like it, but I tell you what he did say, namely, that Paris has always been a most disturbed, impertinent, audacious city, and that any good King of France would keep it in subjection), but I proceed. You respectfully offer me a list of the horses that are to run for the Derby, and you request me to name the winner. The cheek of the Pensive Public is one of those things for which there is no word but the Young Lady's only adjective—awful. This, by the way, SHAKESPEARE uses in the sense of obedient, or having due regard for authority, which every young lady

is, or has. Otherwise, it means solemn, august, venerable, dreadful, fearful, terrible, and therefore is exquisitely applicable on most occasions when it is used by the Fair Sex. You see, I know how to blend instruction with facetiousness.

Among the horses I perceive *Albert Victor*, and I am pleased with the compliment imported by his nomination (sporting gents will notice that I do not use this last word in the only way they understand), but he might have been called *Christian Edward* also, because then he would have been shod all round. For as you know a horse is, as the schoolboy said, a beast with four legs, one at each corner. The *Zephyr* colt has, on the other hand, *No Name*, but if he is such a success as my friend WILKIE COLLINS's book, so entitled, he will make a name for himself. There is a pretty classical story about the colts with atmospheric pedigrees, but I cannot stop to tell it now. Who was the *King of the Forest*? Was it the Cedar of Lebanon, or a bramble? name from the Saxon *briemel*. It could not have been the latter, because there were no Saxons in the days when the trees of the forest desired a king. And yet I do not know. What says the German poet?—

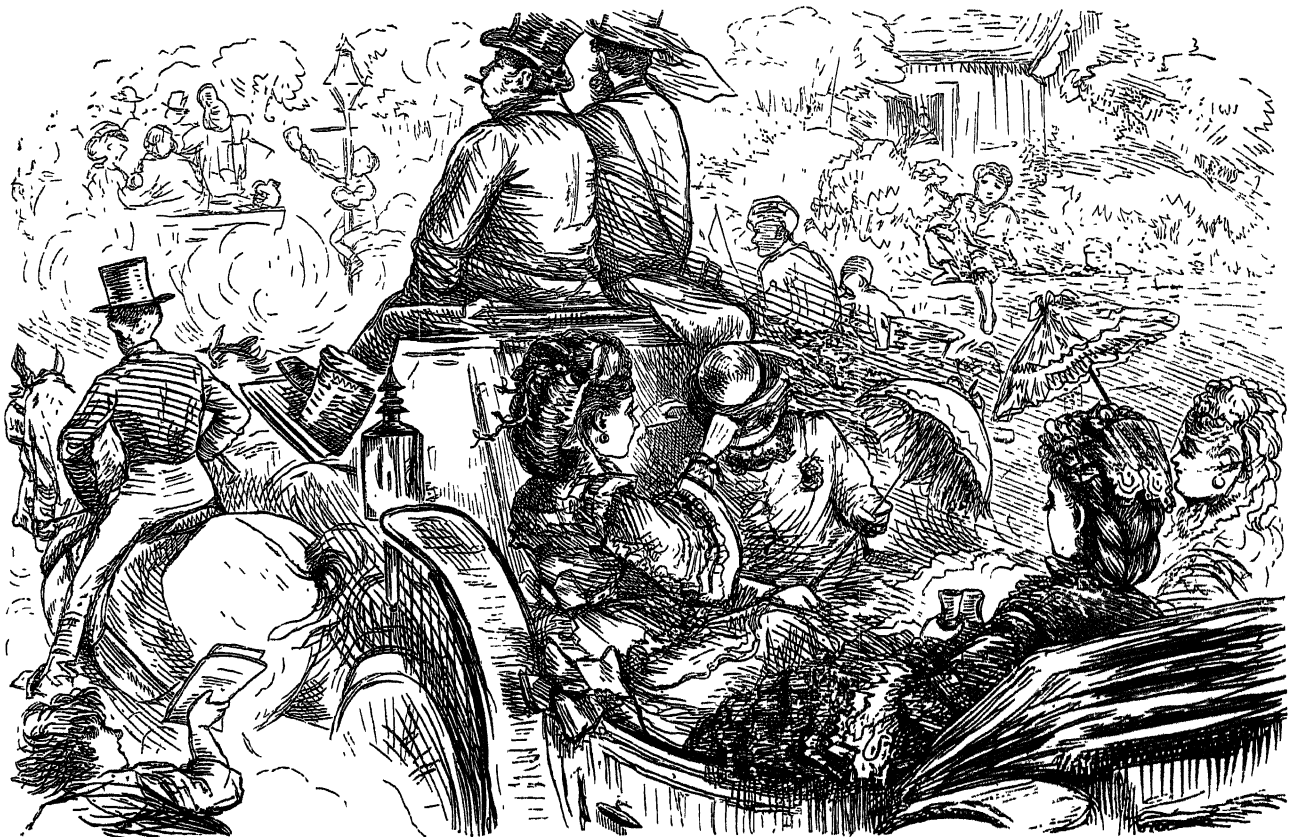
"Child of the earth, leave the fools to their foolishness,
Berries were bitter in forests of yore."

To be sure there were other berries than blackberries, with which the pretty lips of the Children in the Wood were all besmeared and dyed, dear little pigs. Let us pass on from this mystery to *Grand Coup*. There will be a grand cooing of Pigeons (turf dupes, my dear) if he wins, but if he does not win, they will be Pouters. I have Divers reasons (d'y'e mark) for thinking well of the *Pearl*, and I advise you to turn to the chapter in *Lothair* about pearls, for you will there find something which will repay your trouble. As regards the *Count*, I do not advise you to count your chickens before they are hatched, or you may have to hang up your Hatchment (as the uneducated call it) for the demise of your hopes; nevertheless *Count* is no counter-jumper. *Digby Grand* is a horse with a name that sounds "winning." I go so far as to say that he will be somewhere on the race-day. *Ravenshoe* is named from another delightful book, by my friend, HENRY KINGSLEY, but I fancy sporting men call him Raven Shoe, and think the name has something to do with his plates, which may be blacked, like shoes and ravens. "Hoe," however, is from the Saxon for a hill, and you might say Primrosehoe, if you like, there's no charge.

As for *Ripponden*, you know *den* is *dean*, a valley, the right of hog-feeding wherein is called *denbera*. Rippon, or Ripon, is a place in Yorkshire, which has also a Dean, and he is not a valet, but an out-and-out good priest, and I hope that he will excuse me for edifying my flock by mention of his merits on this secular occasion. Ripon was famous for its manufacture of spurs, and of saddle-trees—good omens. Like a washhandbasin, it is placed near the Ure. Combine this information, and bet accordingly. We next come to *Noblesse*. The French say *noblesse oblige*; and if this animal will oblige backers by winning, I daresay they will be very glad; but it must be very distasteful to her ladyship to hear the sporting gentlemen speak of *Nob-less*, as that presumes that the bearer of the name can't win by a head. As for the *Frolic* colt, another of the anonymous quadrupeds, "frolic" comes from the German *fröhlich*, and everything German is in great luck just now; whereas *Général*, being marked thus, *Général*, and pronounced in the dictionary (and no where else) *hjai-nai-rai*, is French, and—but I abstain from drawing an inference which might annoy a single (or married) member of a noble nation. The remark which I have made about German luck applies still more potentially and subjunctively to *King William*. "What can he do that cometh after the king?" Well, he can kick him; and a great many of the kings of the earth (in other days) would have been all the better for such a memorandum that they were earthy. But in this case a good Sovereign's name is given to an animal, that if he wins the race will not do it by imitating his namesake, for when did brave EMPEROR WILLIAM run? What shall be said of *Fisherman*? I have seen a horse of that name, a dear old bird, win many a race, and I have pocketed Her Majesty's coinage in consequence, and the name is beloved of this child. But, ahem! if my friend the POPE will excuse me, and I know he will, the Successor to the Fisherman has not been so wonderfully fortunate of late. Still, if you go down on a drag, and draw *Fisherman* in a sweep, you will get something, if it is only the little piece of paper on which his name is written, and that will be a great comfort to you and your family, to whom I wish all happiness.

Lastly, I come to *Bothwell*. Not the place itself, understand, which is on the east bank of the Clyde, between Hamilton (not Hamilton's Bawn; that is, or was, in Ireland) and Glasgow (in

TO THE DERBY.



THE START.

UNCLE BEN, ON THE BOX WITH GEORGE, IS BENT ON ENJOYING HIMSELF.

CLARA AND CHARLIE CLIPPER APPEAR LIKELY TO DO THE SAME.

FANNY FAIRLEIGH IS FANNYING HER SUN-SHADE WILL SAVE HER FROM FRECKLES; AND MRS. GEORGE, WHO "CHAPERONES" THE PARTY, FEELS SURE THERE WILL NOT BE SO MUCH CHAMPAGNE WASTED THIS YEAR, AS LAST, WHEN GEORGE TOOK A "MAN PARTY" DOWN BY RAIL.

Scotland), and is known as the scene of a battle between the Covenanters and the Royalists in 1679, when the former were defeated by the DUKE OF MONMOUTH. Still less (if there can be less than not doing a thing) do I come to BOTHWELL, who was tried for complicity in the murder of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' husband DARNLEY (or the Field of the Cloth of Gold), and somehow acquitted. He, however, ran with the utmost speed when the Scottish nobles rose (like rose-nobles); and if his namesake imitates him, why the horse that wins must be a clinking good one. Why clinking, I have no idea, as that means "making a small sharp sound," but it seems knowing and horsey to use slang, however idiotic. BOTHWELL was the Favourite of poor QUEEN MARY. But he used her very ill. I do not believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis to the extent of thinking that he has passed into the body of the Derby Favourite, or I should certainly do what he did to DARNLEY, namely, blow him up.

Dost apprehend me, my Pensive? Hast arrived at the solution of my mystery? What says my brother poet, glory of America?—

*The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the Seven Divine;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Invest in I. v.v. and NINE.*

A Bold Offer.

"It is affirmed (says the *Echo*) that a Parisian gentleman has offered 200,000 francs (£8000) to any one who will bring M. THIERS alive into Paris."

POSSIBLY before these lines are read, the DUKE OF MAGENTA will be in a position to claim the money. If not, a German General is thought to have a good chance.

SHABBY VIEW OF A SWEEP.

FAREWELL, my five shillings—farewell, my five "bob,"
I have drawn the wrong horse—I have made a bad job.
Farewell, my five shillings—farewell, my five s,
I might much more have lost—could have scarcely lost less.

Farewell, my five shillings—farewell, my "caroon,"
Into this world I came, bringing no silver spoon;
Wasn't born to good luck. A man doesn't refuse
To take part in a Sweep—but I went in to lose.

Farewell, my five shillings—no ruinous loss,
Such as sporting men risk when they back "that 'ere 'oss."
I can practise economy, clip, shave, and pare,
And contrive by retrenchment the money to spare.

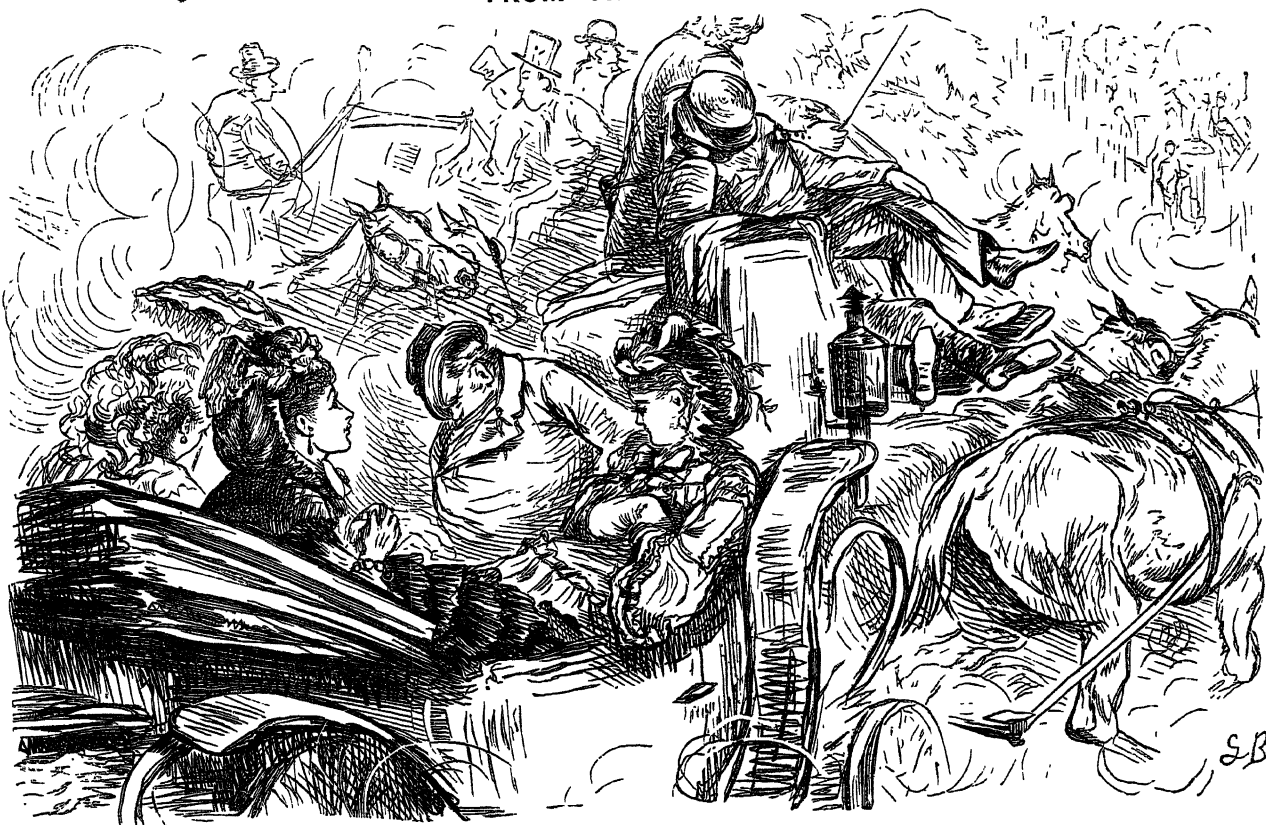
Farewell, my five shillings—new boots I'll postpone,
I will wear the hat quite out that seedy has grown.
On a chop, for awhile, I'll continue to dine,
And I'll substitute beer with my dinner for wine.

Farewell, my five shillings—enough on a Race
Thrown away, but the money no need to replace
Will us losers to steal or embezzle impel—
Can you all say as much? My five shillings, farewell.

A Horse to Run Hereafter.

A good name for a promising foal was suggested during the late inclement weather by an Ostler, in making a general observation when he had a cold in the head. He remarked that the Horse was a noble *Hannibal*.

FROM THE DERBY.



THE FINISH.

UNCLE BEN PREFERS A BACK TO HIS SEAT GOING HOME, WHICH CLARA THINKS A DREADFULLY DULL ARRANGEMENT, AND DESTRUCTION TO HER DRESS.

FANNY HAS FORGOTTEN HER VEIL, AND IS MISERABLE.

THE POST-BOY IS PUT UNDER THE BOX-SEAT, OVERPOWERED WITH FATIGUE. GEORGE IS DITTO; AND CHARLIE CLIPPER CONTRIVES SOME REINS.

MRS. GEORGE EXPECTS HER HUSBAND TO "TOPPLE OVER" EVERY MINUTE, AND DETERMINES THAT NEXT YEAR SHE WILL HAVE NO CHAMPAGNE, BUT SUBSTITUTE GOOSEBERRY-WINE IN THE HAMPERS!

AIRY, C.B.

STARS of nobleness should on deservers all shine.
One deserver there is in the very first line.
And what man to wear Stars can be fitter than he?
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B.

This Philosopher this life at Alnwick began;
He has reached very nearly the full age of Man:
But the sheen of his Stars may we long live to see.
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B.

For a son of the North some may think the "Great Bear"
Were the meetest of all Constellations to wear.
But the "Southern Cross" was it not well to decree?
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B.

As a Hero of Science, his deeds of renown
At length have acknowledgment won from the Crown.
By those triumphs right well he has earned a Knight's fee.
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B.

Such achievements as his, being graved on the skies,
Are well known to the spirits of great men and wise.
And "Behold!" they exclaimed, as they viewed Earth and Sea,
"The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B."

JULIUS CÆSAR's great shade deemed an Order well spent
On the man who wrote well of his landing in Kent.
And to BRUTUS remarked, in a tone of high glee,
"The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B."

Of his Tenth Legion's Standard the Bearer, with play
On the name of that corps, in his old Roman way,
Said, "The champion of Decimal Coinage for me;
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B."

And BRUNEL, in the Spheres, thus did suffrage bestow:
"The Broad Gauge I (for Railways) preferred there below.
He contends for the narrow; the wiser is he.
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B."

"And this GEORGE BIDWELL AIRY," the Sun did exclaim,
"O Moon, ancient eclipses, wrong dates by the same
Setting right, has computed for you and for me:
The Astronomer-Royal is made a C.B."

A WOEFUL TALE.

THE man who was over head and ears in love, but who has had his nose put out of joint, is afraid to face the world because he thinks the eyes of Europe are upon him, and that society will browbeat him and cast it in his teeth. As the organ of a large and respectable portion of the body politic, we assure him that his misfortune is not in everybody's mouth, and advise him to put a bold face on the matter—to be, in fact, a little cheeky—and he will soon find himself able to hold up his head again with the best of us with unblushing effrontery. If he has an eye to the future, he must see that it would be a great oversight to take a short-sighted view of things, and retire from the public gaze.

CHEAP OUT-OF-DOOR BREAKFAST.—A Roll on the Grass.



"HA! HA! THE WOON' O'T!"—Old Song.

Young Mistress (gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden-gate).
 "I SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"
Jane (apologetically). "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, M'UM!"
Mistress. "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—DIDN'T YOU—DIDN'T HE—TAKE A KISS, JANE!"
Jane. "O, M'M, ONLY AS A FRIEND, M'M!"

ANGELS AS MINISTERS.

(From a Parliamentary Report of the Future.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MONDAY.

QUESTIONS.

MR. DISRAELI, seeing the First Lady of the Admiralty in her place, begged leave to ask when the trial trip of the new iron-clad, the *Calceolaria*, was to take place.

LADY YACHTINGTON begged he wouldn't talk about such a thing. It must come off, she supposed, but the sea made her so awfully ill that she hoped she might hear nothing more on the subject till the time arrived. (Cheers.)

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, according to notice, wished to ask the Home Secretarress why a pardon had been granted to JASPER MONTGOMERY MONTMORENCY, sentenced for a savage assault.

MRS. OVERCRODDLE said that the Hon. Member for Droitwich was a stern man, and it was the belief of the Government that offenders might be treated in better ways than by sternness. Poor MONTMORENCY had said that he was quite sorry for his outbreak of passion, and had promised to do something, one of these days, if pardoned, for the man he had disabled, who was a very ugly little wretch, and had probably aggravated poor MR. MONTMORENCY into a rage.

LORD JOHN MANNERS wished to ask the Secretarress-at-War when the 199th Dragoons were to sail for India.

LADY BELLONA JONES said that they would embark when the weather was a little cooler. Surely the noble Lord did not think that they were to be sent while the heat made it quite disagreeable even to drive out except in the evening. It was true that the Governor-General had telegraphed for them, but he must wait. She had no doubt that he had got soldiers enough, if he knew how to use them properly.

MR. WALPOLE asked the Post-Mistress General whether anything was going to be done for the relief of the over-worked Letter Carriers?

MRS. SCRIBBLETON said that they were not over-worked, but some people were always getting up a grievance. What weight had they to carry? Why, a bundle of letters that a schoolboy would toss in one hand. What was healthier than exercise in the open air. Of course they were out in all weathers, but so were the policemen. She had no patience with effeminacy. Her own boys at Eton got wet through twice in one day last week, and made no fuss. (Cheers.)

MR. HENLEY wished to learn from the law-officers of the Crown whether they intended to introduce a Bill to amend the Law of Divorce.

The SOLICITRESS-GENERAL said that the subject was a delicate one for treatment by the present Government, and that they hoped the good taste of the House would spare them the necessity of dealing with such a topic. She believed that she was addressing an assembly in which there were many gentlemen. (Cheers.)

MR. LOWE inquired whether anything was to be done about a Decimal Coinage.

The MISTRESS OF THE MINT said, with some asperity, that easier reckoning was wanted only by stupid people who could not learn the multiplication table. Pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings had done very well for many thousands of years. Besides, all the poor little children in the schools had been taught the old tables, and she would be no party to tormenting them with new ones. If the Hon. Member for Calne liked to go to France, he could get francs and centipedes, and frogs into the bargain. (Great laughter.)

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE wished to know the intentions of the Government in regard to public recreation grounds.

The CHANCELORESS OF THE EXCHEQUER said that she must answer that, as the question was really one of finance. Government felt that there ought to be more Parks. But money must first be had. They intended to sell the stuffy old British Museum, for which nobody cared except old twaddles, and with the price of the place, and the collections, and ridiculous old books, they meant to buy and lay out a beautiful Park within easy carriage-drive of the West End.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER desired to know whether BRADY and TATE's doggerel psalms were to be removed from the Prayer-Book.

MISS PHYLACTERY (Under Home Secretarress), appealed to the House whether any Honourable Member, especially the editor of the *Book of Praise*, ought to speak of the Prayer-Book in that atheistic manner. The Honourable Member need not go where that version was used. There were plenty of churches where they sang *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Besides, thousands of beautifully-bound Prayer-Books had been given as presents, and were all these to be made waste paper of?

LORD MILTON would ask the Foreign Secretarress what was our present attitude in regard to the United States.

MRS. DE CHARADE (with her admirable Yankee imitation, so well known in private theatricals) said she was obligated to own up that the Yankees had been trying to snarl our yarn, and had sent over a diplomatic cuss with no more manners than a Bar, (to the Speaker, Yes, Sir) but as soon as she had taken one single squint at him, she guessed he'd have a bad time, and just this very now he was gittin' that same. (Shouts of laughter, and cries of "Encore.")

The House then adjourned, as the PREMIERE had a delightful Garden Party.

Pound Away at Him!

ASCOT ST. LEGER who, as a racing man, can talk in no other terms at the present time than those of the turf, says that he thinks a Grand Stand ought to be made against any further addition to the Income-tax. As it is, he feels himself to be too heavily weighted, and wishes Mr. LOWE would put the saddle on the right horse.

A Fiery Steed.

AMONG the Quorn hunters sold the other day an animal described as "one of the best-looking horses in the stud" fetched 210 guineas. The name of this horse was *Comet*. We regret not to be enabled to state the length of this *Comet's* tail.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Collier (about the Dog). "YES, SIR, AW GOT HIM IN MANCHESTER, YONDER, AN' DOCTOR AW'S GOING T' AX YE, HEY Y' ONLY OBJECTION TIV US NAMIN' HIM EFTHER YE!"

Young Medical Man (rather pleased). "OH, DEAR NO, BY ALL MEANS—'DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE COMPLIMENT, THOUGH, HE'S NOT A BEAUTY TO LOOK AT!"

Collier. "MEBBES NOT, DOCTOR; BUT—SMASH!—MUN, HE'S A BEGGAR TO KILL!"

FUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

THERE, there, my Pensive! Stow your gratitude. I am accustomed to do noble and kindly things. In fact I rather like doing them. I have saved you from all loss, you say, and I have conferred on you inestimable gain by my Prophecy last week. Very well, you are thankful, and that is enough.

I might have led you wrong, you observe, for you have child-like (not childish) faith in me. Of course you have, and your true and dear old PUNCH will never betray that faith. All the other Prophets were wrong, you state. Well, not quite all. My dear and venerable friend *Nunquam Dormio* winked, and my very pleasant friend the *Meadow* was a trifle green. My noble *Sportsman* for once aimed badly, and my respected *Sporting Life* did not look quite alive enough. My esteemed *Sporting Gazette* would have put you into another gazette, if you had betted your all on his surmise. Even my well-beloved *Era* did not 'ear a true little bird singing. But they all gave such good reasons for their beliefs that they all deserved to be right, and my faith in all of them is exactly as strong as it was before. Only the *Sporting Times* bade you back *Zephyr Colt*, or *Noblesse*. I felicitate that prophet on his luck. He is not at all like a pig, but like a pig he saw the wind, the West Wind. Yet he could not quite put it into a bag, not being as wise as Ulysses, for whom, you know, my Pensive, the winds were tied up in sacks, but his avaricious sailors, thinking there was plunder, let them out, and came to uncommon grief. Touching the winner of the Derby

"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,"

I said that the *Zephyr Colt* had, just before the race, *No Name*, but that if he were such a success as my friend WILKIE COLLINS' book, so entitled, he would make a name for himself. I delicately alluded to a certain classical story, which is taught to good boys at school, about the ancestry of colts with atmospheric pedigrees. Well, do you think that I am going to claim that as

A DREAM OF A DRY SUNDAY.

WHEN leaves be green, and flowers be gay,
And skies be bright and blue,
A good place for a stroll on a summer's day
Is the Gardens and Grounds at Kew.

A sweaven I had, in the month of June,
Of a holiday full fair;
Of an out on a Sunday afternoon,
And I dreamt that I was there.

The sun, methought, from mine each pore,
Made drops to trickle free;
And all the hothouses the more
Did take it out of me.

The people all, both high and low,
Were in like case with mine;
The men, each one, and the women also,
That all their cheeks did shine.

He that melteth away in the broiling heat,
As he findeth his strength to sink,
He waxeth heartily fain of meat,
And still more fain of drink.

Good liquor is ever a man's best stay,
What time when his force doth fail;
For a fellow that fainteth by the way—
No physic like right old ale!

For drought I dreamt they all went mad,
Because for ale they lacked;
Sithence that none was to be had,
By a Tavern-closing Act.

They cried, and roared, and raved amain,
And Parliament they cursed,
That had bereft them of their drain,
When they were parched with thirst.

So being mad, what wreck they wrought
To say 'twould not beseem.
Ye Prigs never drive good folk distraught,
As ye did in mine ill dream.

The One Thing Wanted.

OUR Army Reformers are in high spirits. They think the good time has come at last. The War Office has advertised for tenders for the supply of "20,000 heads."

a successful prediction? Perish the thought! I could easily prove that my words clearly meant that *Favonius* was to win. I could easily prove anything. But who was *FAPONIUS*? I turn to DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S *Smaller Classical Dictionary* (a most useful book for gentlemen who want to be classical in a hurry), and I find—

"*FAVONIUS*. An imitator of Cato Uticensis, whose character and conduct he copied so servilely as to receive the nick-name of Cato's Ape."

Evidently, my Pensive, this individual has nothing in common with the winner of the Derby. My dear Pensive, I never prophesied at all. Not at all, mark you! But I told you, in mystic lines adapted from the great mystic poet of America, how you should invest. I said—

"Invest in I. v.v. and NINE."

I might tell you that "I" meant first horse, that "v. v." meant *Vest Find*, which is the English of *Favonius*, and that "Nine" was the number of *Hannah*, who won the Oaks. But I scorn such subterfuges.

The fact was that I proposed to you an investment which was certain to repay you a thousand-fold for the paltry sum you would lay out. Happy such of you as invested as I advised! It does not detract from my wisdom and goodness that those must have done so before reading my advice.

For, my beloved and Pensive, turn to my Derby number, and regard the outside thereof.

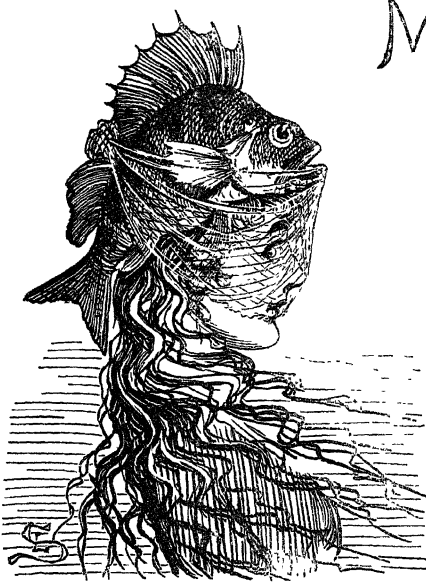
There you read, or may read, the words and figures

PUNCH.—No. 1559! ! !

"Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain."

Roocy toocy toocy toocy too! [Exit.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. PUNCH did not adhere to his resolve not to return to Parliament until after the Derby Day. He could not remain sulky in his tent.

Though raging still, amid his navy sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate,
Nor mixed in combat, nor in council joined,
While wasting cares lay heavy on his mound,

the hero, *Punch*, is cast in a more heroic mould, and can forgive those who have wronged him, especially when resentment becomes a bore. So

there he was again in his place on *Friday*, May 19, as ever was.

He looked into the Lords, and heard something about the Natural History Collection Building at South Kensington. MR. WATERHOUSE is to be the architect, and judging by what *Mr. Punch* has seen of that gentleman's work at Manchester and elsewhere, the business could not be in better hands. By the way, ha! ha! but we are always so overflowing with wit) would not MR. WATERHOUSE be the party to construct an Aquarium? ("Ever the same mad wag.")

We should have taken red ink, typical of blushing, to write this paragraph, but we remembered that our readers would not see it. They will please to consider *Mr. Punch* in an advanced state of erubescence, and they, that is the British Nation, will hang out the same token, when the words "Wellington Monument" are read. We hasten over details. MR. COLEMAN is to superintend MR. STEPHENS, and £9000 more is to be paid, that is, £22,000 in all, and the monument is to be ready in two years and a half. We shall be in St. Paul's Cathedral (either having been solemnly deposited there by an adoring and weeping country, or having walked in, shoving aside the dirty curtain) on the penultimate Friday of November, 1873, when if the monument be not finished, let those who are concerned Look Out.

There was a debate in the Commons on the Second Reading of the Westmeath Bill. In fact there were three morning sittings on it. Out of the 103 Irish Members, only 22 opposed it, and this respectable minority quarrelled, and split into three halves, or thereabouts. But the only speaker *Mr. Punch* notices is MR. JOHN MARTIN, of Meath. He was a sort of successor to JOHN MITCHELL, and started a paper called the *Irish Felon*, but was much too good a fellow for the work he thought he could do, and he only got a year's imprisonment when the retribution came. He is described as "a decent, God-fearing Presbyterian," but sticks to his crotchets about an independent Oireland. He really spoke very well, from his point of view, and intimated that the Irish had no objection to be ruled by the QUEEN, but declared that they would not be ruled by the English. We rather thought that things were the other way, and that the 103 Irish Members had a good deal to do with ruling England—it was certainly so when the last Reform Bill was passed, and arrangements were made in opposition to the wishes of the Members for England. But that's a trifle between friends. The Bill was read a Second Time by 293 to 11, a previous division giving its enemies 12, by reason that ALAN PLANTAGENET, LORD GARLIES, got into the adverse party by mistake. He is son of LORD GALLOWAY, but to-night showed, that unlike *Pistol*, he "knew not Gallo-way nags," and went into the wrong stable. However, like a brave PLANTAGENET, he stood up and avowed his error.

MR. CHADWICK wanted a Committee to consider the injustice of the Income-tax, which injustice he ably expounded. Of course CHANCELLOR LOW made the usual answer, but only got a majority of 9 against MR. CHADWICK. To be sure, there were only 103 Members present, to discuss a matter of so little interest.

Monday. In the Lords there was some talk about the American Treaty. *Mr. Punch* saw no reason to object to LORD LAUDERDALE'S

hope that England had made no "apology." LORD GRANVILLE rode away, upon a question of form, from giving explanations. LORD RUSSELL claimed for Parliament, as the Great Council of the Nation, the right to advise the Crown, and he protested against ratification of the Treaty until the Houses had been consulted. *Mr. Punch* holds himself unfortunate when he differs from (some folks write "differs with") the fine Old Whig, but rather thinks that the Crown, that is the Ministers, are responsible for diplomatic arrangements. So held LORDS GREY and CAIRNS.

Then, turning into the Commons, *Mr. Punch* heard MR. BRUCE promise an early Bill for Regulating Public Houses, and for suspending any further issue of Licences, and for their better distribution. This may be called Law for the Bunges of the Future. He also intimated that the police would be severe against betting houses, and betting advertisements. This, when all the Derby books were pretty well made up, savoured of shutting the door when the steed was in the paddock.

MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT asked a question about some juveniles who have been sent to prison for risking their lives to steal spent bullets at Aldershot. It appears that the brats give a great deal of trouble in this way, but whether a sentinel, with a thin cane, might not do the preventive work, instead of the children being sent to gaol, is a question that may be asked. The parents, who send their offspring on such perilous errands, should be got at. MR. BRUCE would not interfere.

The Colonels made fresh attacks on the Purchase Bill. If anybody doubted its being a rational Bill, that doubt was removed to-night. MR. WHALLEY announced that he should give it his heartiest opposition. MR. CARDWELL warmed up, and let fly at speakers, who said the same thing over and over again.

MR. BRUCE has promised a Bill against bringing Dogs into the Parks. We fear that this is only intended to benefit the riders in Rotten Row, but if he would exclude the gangs of dogs, chiefly mongrels for whom hemp should dangle, who are brought to the water in the Parks, and kept yelping and howling, all the summer evenings, for the amusement of cads, the pleasures and tranquillity of these retreats (now perfectly lovely) would be much promoted.

Tuesday. The Germans have behaved admirably in regard to the English colliers which they sank in the Seine. They instantly disclaimed any intention of being rude; they did not ill-treat the crews; they begged LORD GRANVILLE to put his own price on the ships, and when he sent in our bill for £7073, COUNT BERNSTORFF handed his lordship a cheque for the amount, and thanked him for taking the trouble of arranging details. This is no time to poke fun at Frenchmen, or we should ask what they think of the barbarian Borussians, and also whether they think that any of their own Governments would have conducted the business so gracefully.

Adjournment for the Derby Day being moved, up rose MR. THOMAS HUGHES. He protested against the proposal.

"He had observed since he had been in the House a disposition to compare our races to the Isthmian Games. They might as well compare the Grand Stand with the Parthenon, or 'Dorling's Correct' with a play of *Æschylus*. At the Isthmian Games all that was the most noble and vigorous in the manhood of Greece had met together in competition, the reward of which was a chaplet of leaves. English races were courses on which all the rascality of the country was called together—to enter into a competition the reward of which was a scramble for pounds, shillings, and pence."

Nevertheless Parliament did adjourn for the Derby Day, and so did the Court that was trying the *Tichborne Case*. But the Revisers of "The Book" sat in their quiet Jerusalem Chamber, and did pious Work, while all the rest of the world went to Epsom.

The Commons rejected all LORD SALISBURY'S "amendments" to the University Tests Bill, but, avowedly as a sop to the Lords, MR. GLADSTONE consented to enact that the Colleges should provide religious instruction for members of the Church, and carried this by 197 to 165. On another division, service in the chapels was commanded by 229 to 99.

Perhaps it was felt that Water was not a proper thing to talk about on a day when people were packing champagne. Anyhow the House would not pass a Resolution, moved by MR. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, to the effect that London was not, and ought to be, better supplied with pure water.

Wednesday. At the Epsom afternoon sittings, BARON ROTHSCHILD, M.P., moved that MR. T. FRENCH should take his seat on *Faroukh*. There was no opposition. MR. MERRY, M.P., then moved that MR. SNOWDEN should take his seat on *King of the Forest*. Agreed. MR. H. CHAPLIN, M.P., moved that MR. JEFFERY should take his seat on the *Pearl*. The House of Commons having thus taken its part in preparing the great spectacle of the day, the other arrangements were made, and the first-mentioned Honourable Member obtained the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, the second legislator taking equal honours with a gentleman named CARTWRIGHT, who placed MR. CUSTANCE on *Albert Victor*. This is the Parliamentary view of the business; for the rest, vide *Mr. Punch* on his Derby Prophecy. A missionary friend, whose touching narrative of the conversion of

an unrighteous Colonel named QUAGG will not easily be forgotten, sends *Mr. Punch* a classical memorial of the day: there had been most atrociously bitter blasts early in the week.

"*Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris, et Favoni.*"

"The East Wind, hooray, is as dead as a heifer,
And the Derby was won by the West Wind—that's Zephyr."

To which *Mr. Punch* smilingly adds the next line:—

"*Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas.*"

That is to say—

"The machines (Scotch for carriages) drew off the ground;
Not a bottle was then in the boot to be found."

Thursday. The Lords met to hear the Royal Assent given to a heap of Bills, the Holidays Bill included; so Whit Monday, May 29, 1871, will be memorable as the first festival of the Liberated Clerks. Then their Lordships liberated themselves until the 5th of June.

But, while England has been enjoying her great holiday, what of France? Every one can answer that question. On our Derby Day the flames of the Tuileries, the Louvre, and other glories of Paris were ascending, and the miscreants of the Commune were flying before the avengers, or falling to their shot and steel. The terrible record is made here only to explain what occurred next day in the House of Commons. SIR ROBERT PEEL asked whether the leaders of Parliament would not express some sympathy with France. MR. GLADSTONE said, and as the words will be historical, let them be quoted—

"With respect to the question of his Right Hon. friend, the Member for Tamworth, he could not wonder that he had, whether in order or not in order, under the impression created by events so entirely without any real precedent in history, been driven or led to any mode of expressing the emotion which he felt in common with them all. For his own part, he would not attempt to characterise by any epithet the circumstances of which they had obtained a partial knowledge, and he would rather refrain from it because he was conscious that there were no epithets that could adequately or in any degree give satisfaction to the feelings with which every man's mind and head must be oppressed. He did not see at the present moment in what manner the House could advantageously or usefully express an opinion on the subject. But there was not a Member of the House who, if he saw means of doing so usefully, and of conveying the slightest comfort and solace under circumstances so extraordinary, would not be most forward to avail themselves of it. (*Loud cheers.*)"

Nearly all the rest of the night was given to the Purchase debates, and on one division the Government majority had dwindled to 16 in a House of 324. The riotous cheering of the Colonels' party testified its joy.

Friday. LORD ELOHO received a guarded answer as to the surrender, by England, of any French insurgents. Their cases will be considered as they arise. The Westmeath Bill went through Committee, and the House rose for the holidays.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS PAYERS.

BRITISH People, do not cry
O'er your mess of humble pie,
Treaty, not to call it names,
Touching Alabama Claims.

Eat it up, be not afraid,
Never mind of what 'tis made;
You won't taste it, you'll digest,
'Twill not weigh upon your chest.

Do not give its price a thought,
It will cost the Many nought.
All the sum awarded due,
Will be levied on the Few.

They alone that fine will share
Who the Tax on Income bear;
They're all extras doomed to pay
Evermore. Hip, hip, hooray!

Peeress and Peerless.

THE author of *A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam* has produced a Novel, announced under the title of *A Peerless Wife*. Of course, this does not mean LADY BEACONSFIELD, although it might, and the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition may think, would still, even if that Right Honourable Gentleman were himself raised to the Peerage.

A CHEER AND A SAW.

HOORAY for Zephyr! 'Tis an ill wind, ROTHSCHILD, that blows nobody good.

IMAGINARY GOSSIP.

MR. AYRTON will appear at the next Court Fancy Ball as Lord CHESTERFIELD.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON yesterday visited the brewery of MESSRS. BARCLAY, PERKINS, and Co., and was conducted over their extensive premises. The Hon. Baronet, it is expected, will take the chair at the next Licensed Victuallers' Dinner.

The words of the song, so popular at the Music Halls, "*I'll have your Chignon!*" were written by ALFRED TENNYSON.

LORD WESTBURY is engaged in the task of preparing an annotated edition of DR. WATTS' Hymns.

ADMIRAL ROUS will shortly retire from the Turf. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY is named as his successor in the Jockey Club.

A course of lectures on Physiology is about to be delivered at South Kensington by PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in aid of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

MR. DARWIN has gone over to Rome.

At St. James's Hall yesterday, the LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND performed on the banjo in a band of amateur negro minstrels, who gave a concert there for the benefit of the Indignant Blind.

The liberal Directors of the Crystal Palace Company have engaged MR. GLADSTONE to deliver his celebrated imitations during the intervals between the performances at the Handel Festival.

LORD SALISBURY has been giving penny readings from *Lothair*.

A set-to at the Westminster Rooms will come off to-morrow night between BOB LOWE and BEN DIZZY; when the hat will go round for TONY ROTHSCHILD.



MUSICAL HORSES.

THE Directors of the Holborn Amphitheatre have shown us, and continue to show us, many wonders in the way of Horse-Education. But they have never given us anything like this. We read that the Stockport Yeomanry went to Chester the other day, that the

"Men looked well and hearty, and bore a soldier-like bearing, and that the steeds on which they rode were in excellent condition, playing as they went through "*See the Conquering Hero Comes.*"

Had not an agent better be dispatched at once to secure some of these marvellous Musical Horses for the Circus? Moreover, we commend the news to the consideration of military economists. What a saving, if Cavalry Horses could be their own Band!

A Free Translation.

Examiner. Render *Rem acu tetigisti*.

Candidate. "You've hit the nail on the head."

Examiner. Construe it literally, Sir.

Candidate. *Tetigisti*, thou hast hit; *rem*, the nail; *acu*, on the head.

England out of Danger.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, to arms! Let us become a nation of soldiers. We shall then have ceased to be a nation of shopkeepers. No foreigners will then dare invade us. It will not be worth their while.



PLAYING ON FEELINGS.

Enthusiastic Maiden. "OH, MR. LOVELL, I'D SOONER BE A VIOLINIST THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD. WOULDN'T YOU?"
Modest Youth. "WELL, IF YOU WERE THE VIOLINIST, I THINK I'D—A—SOONER BE THE VIOLIN."

THE DAY OF WRATH.

It is no vision, this, of opening seals—
 Of the sun turned to blackness, as of hair
 Of sackcloth, and the moon become as blood—
 A heaven rolled like a scroll, an earth that reels—
 Captains and Kings, the world's great, rich, and fair,
 Calling the rocks to bar the fiery flood
 Of His wrath, that, once kindled, who can bear?

But since the Seer of Patmos heard, far-blown,
 The trumpet of the voice that bade him write
 The things that are, and things that are to be;
 And in the spirit saw the heaven-set throne;
 And One thereon, 'mid thunderings and light;
 And in His hand a book, writ wondrously,
 Sealed with the seals of judgment and of might—

Was no more dreadful sight, more awful sound
 Than those which we of this time see and hear
 Across our guarding moat of silver sea.
 A queenly nation in a breath, discrowned,
 And hurled by mutual hate, distrust, and fear,
 To deeper than the deepest infamy,
 Tearing her undressed wounds with maniac cheer,

Clutching her own throat with self-slaughtering hands,
 And, in a blatant babble Bedlamite,
 Of liberty and love and brotherhood,
 Through her fair city flinging fiery brands,
 That in her children's blood hiss as they light,
 And wrap in flames, not madder than her mood,
 Trophies of her old fame and vanished might.

It is as if wrath's vials, seals, and woes
 Had all been charged with bitterness afresh

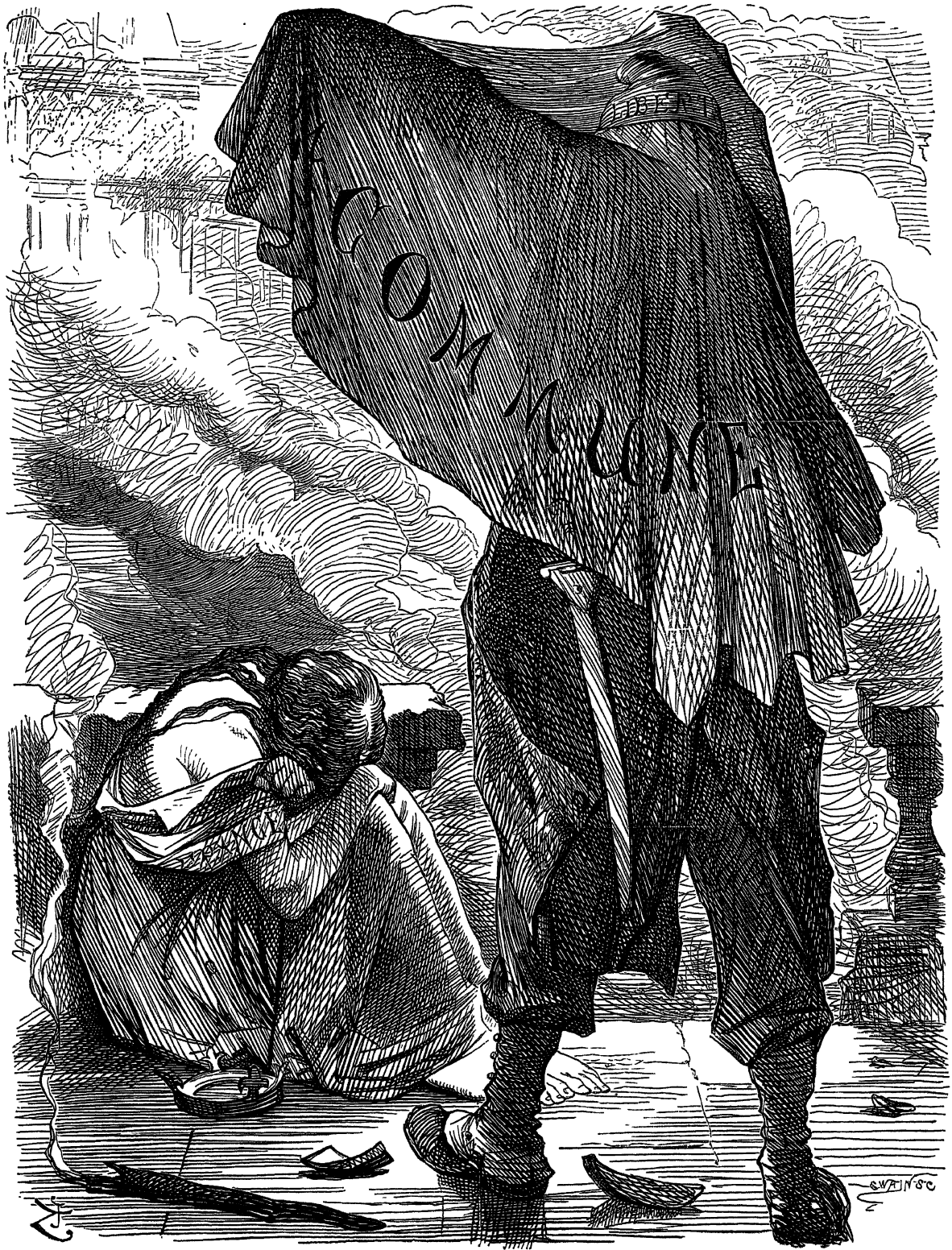
For her who reigned Queen of Earth's Carnival;
 Mistress of amorous arts, seductive shows,
 That feed the pride of eye and lust of flesh—
 Imperial courtesan, with smiles for all,
 And hair that caught souls in its golden mesh.

How she sits desolate—with ashes strowed
 Over the glory of that golden hair,
 Her bright limbs bleeding, her brave garments torn;
 And round her, slain by mutual hands, the brood
 She taught sow scoff and doubt, to reap despair,
 And, dying, curse the day that they were born,
 To see their trusts fail in that fiery air.

Hate armed 'gainst hate, and fear encountering fear:
 They whose eyes, set behind, see but the past:
 And they, trance-blinded, who no present own,
 For all the stumbling-blocks that it may rear
 To trip vain feet, drawn from paths firm and fast,
 By mirage of a future, only shown
 To vanish—mockery of the desert waste.

Is this woe but for others' warning sent—
 That, placid Pharisees, we may stand by,
 To preach our skim-milk sermons, and fling stones,
 In smug self-righteousness and self-content—
 Whose work it is wild notions to decry,
 Spread faith in £ s. d., and from dry bones
 Draw morals that our practice justify?

Are there no waters out to rot our piles?
 No shocks to shake the high-ground of our pride?
 No trains laid, no petroleum stored, to burn
 Her trophies, who sits crowned Queen of these Isles,
 That, like moored argosies, the ocean ride,
 Full of wealth, loud with work, from stem to stern,
 Tempting the pirates with ill-guarded sides:



THE RED "MOKANNA."

"HERE—JUDGE IF HELL, WITH ALL ITS POWER TO DAMN,
CAN ADD ONE CURSE TO THE FOUL THING I AM!"—*Lalla Rookh.*

Crew, poorly fed, worse berthed, ill, or untaught:
 Captain, that with his officers must count
 Some good, more bad; to quick change easy swayed;
 More heeding pursers'-books, stores sold and bought,
 And how to pare down item and amount,
 Than how the crew is drilled, commands obeyed,
 And honour revered, and honour's fount.

Who can tell when and whence the cry may come,
 "The pirates are upon us! Stand to arms!"
 And what that cry may find of hidden hate,
 Untrusty trusts, and order-givers dumb:
 Till, less by foes than self-inflicted harms,
 The Great Ship yields her to the conquering Fate
 That now smites France, and quells her conquering charms!

MY HEALTH.

STILL, I am not quite satisfied as to whether a Turkish Bath isn't a dangerous remedy in this climate, specially to-day, as there's an east wind. I put this scientifically to SAMUEL, to show him that I really *am* considering the bath medicinally, and have not come merely to lounge.

Note.—Subsequent experience shows me that Turkish Baths are generally taken for the following reasons:—

- 1st, Because it passes a couple of hours away easily.
- 2ndly, Because it gives you an appetite for dinner.
- 3rdly, Because the taker has felt a little "chippy" (as BUDD calls it) all day and thinks it will set him right.
- 4thly, Because you've not taken one before, and want to know what it's like.
- 5thly, Because you took one a long time ago, and forget whether you liked it or not.
- 6thly, Because the one you had a year since didn't agree with you, but you rather think it was *your* fault, so you're going to give it another chance.
- 7thly, Because the one you had the other day didn't do any good, and you were told that it's the second which is really beneficial.
- 8thly, Because the first Turkish Bath you had agreed with you wonderfully.
- 9thly, Because you've been *saying* you'll take one for the last two years, and haven't had time.
- 10thly, Because you like it.
- 11thly, Because you don't like it, but think it will do you good.
- 12thly, Because another fellow takes it regularly, and wants you to go with him.
- 13thly, Because your doctor thinks it's a capital thing.
- 14thly, Because your doctor says it's the worst thing possible, and you want to show him he's wrong.
- 15thly, Because it's a wet day, and you might as well be in a Turkish Bath as anywhere else—better.
- 16thly, Because it's a fine day, just the day for a bath.
- 17thly, Because it's a hot day, and you want to get cool.
- 18thly, Because it's a cold day, and you want to get hot.

And so on.

I object to the bath to-day, because of the east wind. "East wind!" repeats SAMUEL, opening his eyes and mouth, and stretching out his hands, as if he were playing at fives, and expected to hit the ball next time. "East wind!" here he half turns away, chuckles at the absurdity of the idea, and then faces us again. "What's de east wind? Why—it's *de very day to take a bath!* Dere wouldn't be no test for de bath if it weren't for de east wind!"

"But," I say, "I may catch cold on leaving, and must wrap up." SAMUEL smiles pityingly, and looks from me to BUDD, then back again at me, then once more at BUDD. Then he finds words: "Why," he says, almost plaintively, "if you *wrap up*, what's de good of coming to me?" This is the first time I've heard anything like a conundrum from him. "Don't say, if you're ill afterwards, it's de bath; don't blame SAMUEL. No; it's de fault of de wrapping up. Dere, Sar," he adds, with the air of putting a thorough poser, and settling the question once and for ever, "Look at me!" I do. "Wa-al, where am I all de day?" [Ah! another conundrum.] "Ain't I *in* bath, den *out*? Do I wrap up?" [These have been, as it were, a series of conundrums.] Indignantly, "No!" Pause. Then he calms down, and finishes up with his usual, "Well, den, you trust to SAMUEL (himself) and he see you all right."

[Mem.—subsequently. Another day I ask him—"Bad day, SAMUEL, for bath, so cold, north wind too." He replies, "Dere! hear dat! Well," as if in utter amazement at the absurdity of my objection, "Well, I *am* astonished! An' you an eddicated gen'laman! Why de north wind!!! Why, it *de very day for a Turkish Bath*," and he seems to be so shocked and hurt that one feels compelled to take a bath in order to console him. But he can't get over it all the time

I'm there, until he's finished with me, and I tell him I feel better, when he brightens up, and says, "Dere! didn't I tell you so. Trust SAMUEL, he never tell a lie—it just de very day for a bath." And so on, whatever the weather may be.]

SAMUEL retires. We are in a light and airy room of Gothic style, with a plunge sea-water bath at one side of it under a sky-light. There are several neat-looking beds, or rather pallets, ranged lengthways on either side, giving the room a sort of private hospital appearance, or perhaps (taking the Gothic character into consideration) the infirmatorial department of a somewhat luxurious monastery. The religious tone of the place is heightened by the introduction of stained glass, and by the little dressing cabins for the "plungers," which remind one of the open confessionals seen in Catholic churches. Quite primitive notion. Confession first, and baptism by immersion afterwards, with a swim.

Growler has followed BUDD into the room, and sulkily takes up a position under a bed. We prepare for the bath. First stage, the acrobatic.

Hot Room Number One. Red brick walls. Stained glass windows of a kaleidoscopic pattern, very dangerous to biliousness and headaches. There is a large marble slab, like the front of a fishmonger's shop, only not sloping on one side, where, BUDD says, "the patients can lie." Somehow his use of the word "patient" grates upon me. The marble slab, too, suggests—but, no—this must be repressed. I am simply nervous, the effects of my Aunt, DODDRIDGE, Turtle-dove, & Co.

I feel that my head is getting hot and dry, and my feet cold. I mention this to BUDD, as an experienced man. He replies, "Ah! yes! they do sometimes." "But," I ask, "is that right?" being anxious. He answers in an off-hand manner (not being the least nervous or unwell himself), that he doesn't think it matters. It suddenly occurs to BUDD that he oughtn't to have left Growler in the first room under the bed, because of people coming in.

"Why? what would he do?" I ask, having hitherto looked upon Growler as harmless, only of a sulky demeanour.

"Why," he answers ruminatingly, "he's inclined to be stupid with strangers."

I inquire in what way he shows his "stupidity?" It appears, from BUDD's reply, that Growler's "stupidity with strangers" develops itself in a tendency towards strangers' calves. I inquire, in case I have to go into the room alone, whether there is any chance of Growler being "stupid" with me.

"Well," BUDD says, "in *that* undress I don't know." He alludes to my present acrobatic appearance. "He mightn't make you quite out." Then I won't go in there alone.

"No," returns BUDD; "I wouldn't, if I were you—better not."

"But," I add, "those sort of dogs are so intelligent; he's seen me often with you, and he'd probably know my voice."

"Yes," returns BUDD, standing in the doorway which leads to Hotter Room, "he'd know your voice if he could hear it, but the old boy's *as deaf as a post, and, you see, it's that makes him rather stupid with strangers.*" With which he disappears into Hot Room, Number Two.

I am gradually becoming accustomed to the atmosphere: being "acclimatised," as it were. My hair feels to my touch like grass after three weeks scorching sun in July. I wish SAMUEL would come and watch me to see how I'm getting on. Being all alone is unpleasant and a trifle dangerous. I might frizzle up suddenly or faint. BUDD is, as far as I know, out of call, and I couldn't run into the hot room for help, which would be out of the frying-pan (first room) into the fire (second room), and in the only cool room, where we commenced, is Growler, who, being deaf, won't "quite make me out," and will probably be "stupid" with me, as a stranger. Whatever may be the ultimate result, at present I am drying up.

I feel dry all over; parched. I want my pocket-handkerchief. It is in the first room. Let me see, if I go back into the first room without medical advice, or SAMUEL's advice, I may perhaps, get a chill and send myself all wrong. And again recurs to me—only more strongly—the just-mentioned want of intellect on the part of that Beast. On the whole better stay where I am. Why doesn't SAMUEL come and see how I am getting on? A novice oughtn't to be left alone. Supposing I was to faint suddenly, or Ah! here is SAMUEL.

How does he think I am getting on?

He is in ecstasy with my progress. He spreads out his hands and opens his eyes. "O, beautiful!" he exclaims; "beautiful! dat," he says, alluding to my present state, "dat's what I call Naytchar." So do I to a certain extent. I complain of being dry, generally; of my hair being dry particularly.

SAMUEL is quite annoyed; for a few seconds he really can't speak. He is, apparently, so very much put out by my evident ingratitude towards "Naytchar," and himself.

"Why," he says, when he has recovered himself, "Gracious Goodness!" rolling his head from side to side, and as usual extending his hands, palms flat out, like fins, "Ain't dat de verry ting you come 'ere for? You leave it to me;" then, appealingly, to my



ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Temperate Parent (introducing his Son to the District Schoolmaster). "O, MR. TOMKINS, SIR—PLEASE SIR—I WOULD PARTIC'LARLY REQUEST YOU TO ABSTAIN FROM TEACHING MY LITTLE JONADAB, HERE, TO WORK SUMS IN ALE OR BEER OR SPIRIT MEASURES, AS HE'S BEEN BROUGHT UP A STRIC' TREETOTALLER AND JINED THE BAND OF 'OPE'!"

common sense, "'tain't no good for me to tell you a lie, Sar, is it?" Being rather afraid of making him angry, though I think if I was in full dress, I shouldn't be in the least nervous, but, as I am, I feel as it were out of my element, (clothes being, when I consider it, my element) and that he'd have the advantage of me—I admit that he is right and that to tell me, or any one else, in my present helpless condition, a lie would not only be of no use to him, but would (I feel and hope he does so, too) be an act of positive cruelty.

[*Mem.* Wonder if SHAKESPEARE drew his *Othello* from a SAMUEL of his time. *Quotation.* "I took the Turk by the throat"—no, not exactly—but head not clear just at present.]

SAMUEL tells me to wait a few minutes longer here, and then I can join the Captain (BUND) who is, he says, "gettin' on, O, beautiful, beautiful, in de hot room. Why de Captain get on beautiful?" he asks suddenly, as a conundrum. I don't know. I give it up. "Wa-al," he replies, laying down the moral with his right hand, "Wa-al, 'cos de Captain do jist 'zactly what I tell him. You trust to SAMUEL, an' he won't tell you a lie."

He really appears so hurt that I feel as if I'd been doing nothing else but accusing him of mendacity since I came here.

A knock at the outer door!

A Sudden Shock.

WHYTE WESTCOTE is something of a *bon vivant*, and at this season of the year not indisposed to a social meal at Greenwich or Purfleet. Imagine, therefore, his sensations when, strolling through the International Exhibition, his eye rested on a glass case, labelled with obtrusive distinctness,—"Series of whitebait, with fish eaten for whitebait." He has not been well since, and now loathes the sight of brown bread and butter. He meant to have taken a Season Ticket, but feels this to be impossible, until the case is removed.

THE END OF PAIN.—Pangbourne.

THE SWEETS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

(Depicted by a Man of Feeling.)

'Tis sweet at Summer eve to rove,
When brightly shines each twinkling star,
And, strolling through the silent grove,
Calmly to smoke a good cigar.

'Tis sweet upon the flowery mead
To see the tender lambskins play,
With pensive eye to watch them feed,
And note how plump to roast are they.

'Tis sweet the fallow deer to view,
Couched 'mid the fern in tranquil group;
'Tis sweet to hear the turtle's coo,
And meditate on turtle soup.

'Tis sweet, from cares domestic free,
While wandering by the streamlet's side,
The speckled trout or perch to see,
And think how nice they would be, fried.

'Tis sweet to mark the plover's flight,
Lone on the moor, its nest despoiled;
And with prospective mental sight
To contemplate its eggs, hard boiled.

'Tis sweet, beside the murmuring rill,
The scented violet to smell;
Yet may a perfume sweeter still
Attend the welcome dinner-bell.

A NERVOUS PERSON said that he hated being called upon to make a speech at a public dinner, because "getting on his legs always sent him off his head."

GOOD NEWS.

THERE seems to be a chance of deliverance from one of our many bugbears. A notorious tyrant in this way, of long standing and much pertinacity, is alleged to be a thorough impostor, nothing better than a sham. According to an article in the *Times*:

"The long accepted belief in the agency of the Gulf Stream, as a potent carrier of heat from tropical regions to the North Western shores of Europe and to those of the United Kingdom, has been rudely shaken by the results of the deep sea explorations conducted by DR. CARPENTER, F.R.S."

We hope rude shaking will be followed by complete collapse and downfall, and that the influence of the Gulf Stream on our afflicted weather, which always seemed a most uncalled-for interference on the part of a friendly power, and ought properly to have mingled itself with the deliberations of the Joint High Commission, will never be mentioned again, not even in the utmost stress of conversation.

Such a cheering prospect of relief as this makes one sanguine, almost hopeful, that we may live to see the day when we shall hear the last of Foreign Invasion, Exhaustion of Coal, Decline of England's Power, and speedy re-establishment of Popery, with the revival of the Inquisition as a not impossible contingency. If, in addition, DR. LIVINGSTONE would only come back, we might hope to be comparatively comfortable.

DERBY DIVERSION.

THE subjoined extract from a newspaper suggests a saying which will probably be applied by certain readers to the holiday which it concerns:—

"DERBY DAY AT THE POLYTECHNIC. — Taking advantage of the absence of the everyday crowd of visitors, the Directors of this institution very kindly opened its doors yesterday to admit about five hundred poor children from the neighbouring schools, and a considerable number of girls from an orphan home at Chelsea."

There are sporting men who, whilst steadfast in their own views and practice of the proper observance of the Derby Day, are notwithstanding charitably tolerant of the opinions and usage of others. With respect to the course, according to the above statement, pursued by the Polytechnic Directors on that day, those liberal sporting men will perhaps be disposed to remark—"The better the day, the better the deed."

THE LAND OF NOD.—The Auction Mart.

HIGHLANDERS AND HORSES.

WE read, and are glad to read in the *Inverness Courier*:—

"The annual sermon against cruelty to animals was delivered in the High Church on Sunday by the REV. MR. DOUGLAS. The Rev Gentleman chose for his text Matt. x., 29, and lucidly pointed out the sin of cruelty to any of the lower creation, over whom man was placed as God's intermediary. There was a good attendance, including a few from other denominations."

We trust that the attendance from "other denominations" included sundry heathens, if still extant, who greatly needed the lesson. Let MR. DOUGLAS's sermon, in its points, be printed in a very cheap form, and given to tourists in the Highlands. They will be kind enough, when they see any particular brutality used to the horses that drag vast loads into the glorious scenery, to produce the sermon and read it out to any coachman, guard, or attendant, who may be doing his best with whip, stick, goad, or other instrument of torture, to destroy the pleasure which soft-hearted Southrons feel in traversing the superb regions of the north. Things may have been changed, or officials may, but a few years ago *Mr. Punch* was kept in a chronic state of rage at the way horses were treated in the Highlands. Any remark on the subject was always met by the assurance that the party who had enraged him was a most respectable man and a regular communicant, but even this information failed to soothe him. He thanks the REV. MR. DOUGLAS for having opened the campaign against cruelty, and he hopes that various Highland ministers will follow the Inverness lead.



'NEMO ME IMPUNE,' &c.

The Irrepressible. "HI, SCOTTY, TIP US THE 'IGHLAND FLING."



TIPPED!

A NICER NAME?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, the other day, complained of the barbarism perpetrated in the coinage of that incongruous word "litho-fracteur," the name which has been given to a new explosive compound. This word is certainly a monstrous hybrid. It may be observed that mules are hybrid, and that mule comes of donkey.

What do your scholarships say to rectifying "litho-fracteur" on the Latin side by the substitution of Saxifrage? — It would then be namesake to a tribe of plants credited by the old herbalists with lithontripic properties of their own; an order of which a very pretty species, the White Meadow Saxifrage, was within a week or two growing abundantly near Petersham in the meadow at the back of Dysart House.



SHOWN UP.

JONES, DISGUSTED AT THE WAY SOME OF THE HUNTERS REFUSE THE HURDLES AT ISLINGTON, DETERMINES TO LET PEOPLE SEE HOW THE THING OUGHT TO BE DONE, BY "SHOWING" HIS HORSE HIMSELF (IN HIS BEST HUNTING CLOTHES, TOO!) HE PRODUCES A GREAT EFFECT!

THE SONGSTERS OF SPRING.

How joyously the small birds sing!
And wherefore do they so
Chiefly twixt Midsummer and Spring?
The Skylark, caged, doth show.
Within his cage, on a turf-sod,
Which is to him the ground;
He, being, as it were, in quod,
Sings nigh the whole year round.

No mate hath he to cheer, I wot,
Whilst she doth hatch her eggs;
Unto the heavens he soareth not—
He standeth on his legs.
But this there is, to make him pour
His carol high and sweet;
He hath as much food as, and more
Than he doth want to eat.

So goldfinch, bullfinch, linnet too,
Imprisoned in your rooms,
Will mostly sing the twelvemonth through
Save when they moult their plumes.
The cock-bird sings in solitude,
For he is happy when
He hath sufficiency of food,
Though he have ne'er a hen.

The Nightingale, at large, doth gush
With tootle-jug-jug-jug,
Likewise the Blackbird and the Thrush,
Sing grace before a slug.
A Poet mainly sings because
He lives in hope to dine;
So hand your plates, and hold your jaws,
And pass about the wine.

OUR DEAR WHALLEY.

THE distinguished Mr. WHALLEY has been a good deal "in evidence" lately, but has not made a pretty figure in the box.

Firstly, he wrote a letter to the *Echo*, and defended the destruction of the Vendôme Column, pleading that the act was "a peace-offering to Europe." At this people only laughed.

Secondly, he asked the Government to allow him to assure the Commune that British influence would be used to obtain an amnesty for the brutal insurgents and incendiaries of Paris. At this the House was displeased, and "loud cheers" followed Lord ENFIELD's curt reply that we should certainly not interfere.

Thirdly—but let the report speak for itself. The Presbyterian Church (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee:—

Mr. WHALLEY objected to the Bill passing through Committee. Mr. JOHNSTON assured the Hon. Member that there was nothing in the Bill concerning Jesuits. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. WHALLEY said this was not a time of night when he could answer impertinent observations. (*Laughter, and Order!*)

Mr. DODSON called the Hon. Member to order, and said he must withdraw the unusual observation. (*Hear, hear!*)

Mr. WHALLEY said he meant that the time was not one to answer observations that were not pertinent to the measure before the House. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. DODSON: The Hon. Member has explained. (*More laughter.*)

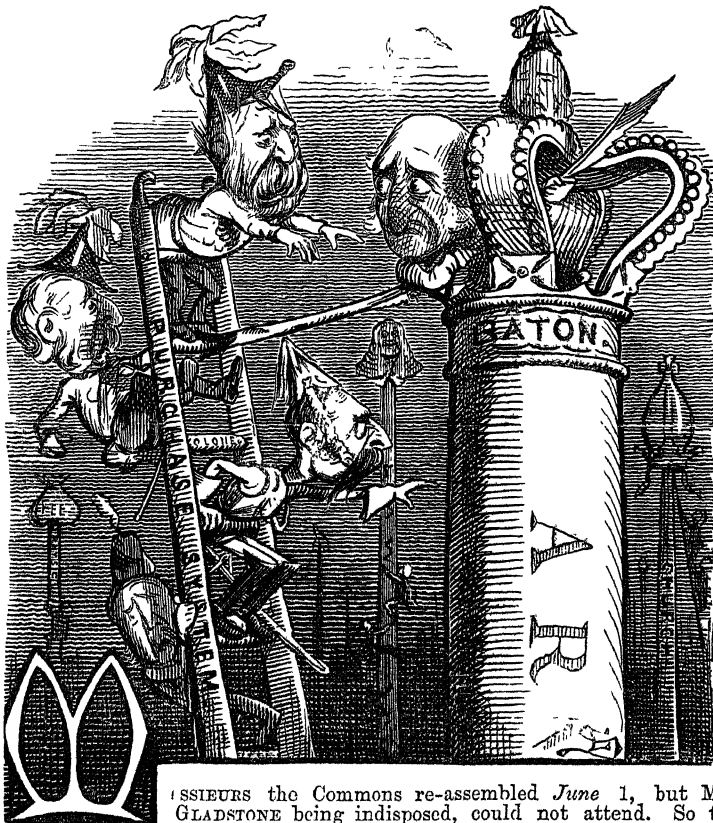
Peterborough is probably proud of its representative. But it does not follow that England is proud of Peterborough. However, that is Peterborough's business. *Punch*, of course, is thankful for a WHALLEY. Dear old SIBTHORP was never half so amusing.

A Cabinet Question.

If you withdraw the Army Bill, and yet retain the extra Income-tax, will not that be obtaining money under false pretences?

A TEE-TOTALLER'S EXCESS.—Water-tight.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SSIEURS the Commons re-assembled June 1, but Mr. GLADSTONE being indisposed, could not attend. So the proceedings were uninteresting. Yet you will not think so when Mr. Punch has described them, such is the charm, such the magic of his variegated narrative.

The HOME SECRETARY promised to go on with the Prayer-Book Bill. We strongly advise him to keep his word. There are hundreds of Godfathers in a most uncomfortable condition. They want the new Prayer-Books, that they may be elegantly bound, and presented to M. or N. Hundreds of Mammas, who don't know anything about Parliament, or won't take the trouble to understand anything about it, are privately setting down these unfortunate Sponsors as Mean Wretches (O, ladies can use plain speech when they like), whereas they are only victims of circumstance. Of course, the maternal response will be, Who asked them for Prayer-Books? Has HANCOCK no cups, or spoon-cum-forks? Has JENNER-CUM-KNEWSTUB no Bags of Bags? Has HOWELL-CUM-JAMES no articles of Virtue, marry-cum-up? But these questions are beside the question.

Do you know that England has already lent £24,000 to Irish tenants, to enable them to buy their farms, under the late Land Act? She has, though. Doubtless this is in some way or other a tyrannical act, an outrage, and an insult; but Mr. JOHN MARTIN must explain how it is so. If any lady will lend us £24,000, she shall be thanked civilly, and shall never hear another word upon the subject, never.

MR. DENISON perceived a grievance in the existence of Hamilton Gardens. For the information of the Antipodes, be it said that these are a very small piece of Hyde Park, enclosed in 1826, and open to anybody who likes to pay three guineas a-year for a key. MR. AYRTON was quite right in saying that they form an elegant screen, and the throwing them open would be of next to no benefit to anybody. So thought 99 Members against 52. Somebody will next propose to throw open the Ornamental Enclosure in the Regent's Park, which is the great civiliser and refiner of that part of London, and whence a much lovelier view is obtained over the water and towards the woods than you can get at any Scotch lake, only as this one can be seen for nothing, and without a bothersome journey, foolish people don't think much about it. Now, will not a gang of "perfidious" scratch "Cockney" on the margin of this number of *Punch*? Let 'em scratch, the prospect can't be scratched away, though their nails were as long as St. Anthony's in the desert.

We went at the Civil Service Estimates, and there were all sorts of grumbles and growls. Somebody complained that the messengers of the House were not allowed to bring strangers' cards to the Members. MR. AYRTON thought the present rule convenient, especially as there were communications which Members would rather not receive. This little epigram told. Bores are bad enough, and duns are worse.

MR. RYLANDS, whom MR. DISRAELI called the Didactic Gentleman, objected to the pay of the Foreign Office Messengers. Now, look here. These must be educated gentlemen, who have to be trusted with the most awfully important State papers (documents that might agitate all the stocks of Europe, and bring on Wars and all sorts of commotions), and they have to travel night and day, "posters of the sea and land" as hard as steam or horseflesh can hurry them. And what is their splendid remuneration? £400 a year, and a sovereign a day (bagman's pay), for travelling expenses. This the Didactic thinks too much. But LORD ENFIELD, and others, who knew what they were talking about, fired up for the Messengers, and no division was taken.

Discussion on the use of the LORD PRIVY SEAL. He has but £2805 a year, and his business is to be the Odd Man of the Cabinet, to do anything of any sort that he is asked to do, and to be always ready to advise everybody else. There be odd men, and odd men, but *Punch* thinks with MR. SCATER BOOTH that LORD HALIFAX is uncommonly cheap at the price. *Punch* would give him twice the money to attend at No. 85, open the Correspondence, and advise on cigars. However, the Committee voted by 73 to 44 that he should not be open to a new engagement.

Then we had a squabble on the City Charities, and in answer to complaint that a good deal of City money was spent in hospitalities, MR. ALDERMAN LAWRENCE said, with noble spirit, that it

"had been from time immemorial the custom for the Companies to give entertainments in their halls to distinguished persons and others, and this, by bringing men of different ranks and different sentiments together, tended beneficially to mould opinion in the City. Those attacks against the Livery Companies of the City of London were but a pandering to vulgar prejudices."

Well said, Mr. Alderman. Elderman *Punch* has sat at good men's feasts in the City, and he maintains that money is much better spent in regaling intellectual persons like himself than in creating generations of pauper pensioners on charity. Your health, Mr. Alderman, and soon may you hold to us the Loving Cup, though that mixture is not nice by any means, and might be inconceivably improved by the compounder's studying a delightful little book on "Cool Drinks."

Here's glory! Hats off! The Head of the Stationery-Office has reduced the number of steel-pens used in the public offices by one-third, and, listen, the number of quill-pens from 840,000 to 430,000! That's something for a statesman to be proud of. "Peace has her victories," and so on. We have no idea who this distinguished economist is, but perhaps his ancestor fought at Chevy Chase, and when SIR HUGH MONTGOMERY was shot, picked the Grey Goose Wing off the arrow, and said that it would "do again."

We sat till nearly one at this sort of thing, and WALPOLE kindly begged us off the morning's sitting for next day. The rigid-minded Head Master being away, the gentle BRUCE gave us the holiday.

Friday. Government signified that they had received no communication from the French authorities on the subject of the delivering up of refugees. Nor have Government taken the liberty of remonstrating with M. THIERS as to the amount of chastisement which he was inflicting upon incendiaries and assassins.

MR. WHITE, speaking on the Estimates, did not think that we ought to tax the present generation in order to relieve posterity from some of the National Debt. He thought that posterity would be able to manage its own affairs better than we manage ours, or else all the Education we are bestowing will be thrown away. After some brilliant displays of fireworks—we mean figures—which dazzled the House, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER waxed eloquent on our duty to those who will come after us, and insisted on our manifesting patriotism and self-denial. He really delivered himself of a "fine finish," and the House applauded him heartily. Should the English (he asked), in the exuberance of their prosperity, say that they would do nothing for their successors?

"If they did so, would they not deserve the taunt of HORACE to the Roman youth:

Non his juvenus orta parentibus,
Infecit aequor sanguine Puniceo?

No one would believe that they were the children of the men of Waterloo and Trafalgar."

After this two Counts were tried in vain, but on the third Count the House was found guilty of being no House, "and so to bed."



A PICTURE WITH A PURPOSE.

MR. PUNCH IS AT PRESENT IN SCOTLAND, STUDYING BOTANY. HE HAS DISCOVERED THAT HEATHER-BELLS ARE ABOUT THE PRETTIEST FLOWERS IN THE COUNTRY.
[Vide Punch in early August next.]

A LIGHT AFFLICTION.

(After "Childe Harold," II., 25-6.)

BEING STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, AND ON THE WALL OF AN OLD CASTLE, May, 1871.

To walk four miles, to miss your faithless friend,
To find he's gone and left no trace behind,
Your lonely way adown his park to wend,
And try to look as if you didn't mind,
In sunshine fierce four other miles to grind,
To see the fortress of a Reiver bold,
With but your dog, who's silent, though he's kind—
This is not Solitude, 'tis but to hold
Converse with Border Lore, and view its castles old!

But on that ruined Castle's topmost stone—
When you have clambered up by niche and cleft;
Cheered by the thought, though other joys are flown,
Of one—your weed—you cannot be bereft—
To make a cigarette with fingers deft,
To roll it firm, and know that it is good,
And then to find that not ONE LIGHT is left,
Of all you've stolen, borrowed, bought, and sue'd—
This is to be alone—this, this is Solitude.

Luxury.

GENERAL TROCHU attributes many of the misfortunes of Frenchmen to their having adopted habits of "English luxury." What does he mean? Soap and water? We are unaware that we have taught them the use of any other luxury, and this, as tourists will testify, has been very partially adopted. The Breton is hard upon the Briton. By the way, the French London paper, the *International*, translates the GENERAL'S phrase thus: "*Le confortable emprunté aux Anglais*." Then we don't think he *did* mean soap and water.

SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

AMONG other sights in London we see advertised an exhibition of Spirit Drawings, which perhaps may prove attractive to lovers of the marvellous. We have not the slightest notion what these drawings can be like, but visitors describe them as being done in water colours, and they are said to have been "designed under the influence of spirits." Of course we should not dream of hinting that there can be in this latter phrase a subtle alcoholic reference, else, instead of saying they were done in water colours, we might perhaps suggest that they were done in gin-and-water colours. We should not dream of speaking slightly of any artist-work which we have never seen; but, whatever, be the merits of this spirit exhibition, we cannot help opining that the drawing of the cork of a bottle of good whiskey would to our taste be about the very best of spirit drawings.

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE AND CUP.

WHAT would the Dissenting Ministers who belong to the United Kingdom Alliance say if either the Publicans or the Parsons were to get up an agitation for a Permissive Prohibitory Act to empower the majority of the rate-payers in any parish to close all the meeting-houses?

A Conventicle is not unfrequently the superstructure of a Wine Vault. A law prohibiting both Dissent and Liquor, which would consist with freedom and justice quite as much as a law prohibiting Liquor only, in shutting up both the cellar and the chapel together, would kill two birds at a shot.

No Vain Boast.

THERE is a Giantess now to be seen in London, who is advertised as "Her Majesty's largest subject, and the tallest person known to exist." Our friend and neighbour is at last outdone, for this great person must, surely, have a superior claim to be considered the possessor of the "largest circulation in the world."



A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT.

Guard (to Excited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Starting). "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."
Stalwart Aberdonian. "A' MAUN!" *Guard (holding him back). "YE CANNA!"*
Aberdonian. "TELL YE A' MAUN—A' WEEL!" *(Gripping Guard.) "IF A' MAUNNA, YE SANNA!!!"*

WHY DO THE PROPHETS RAGE?

WHY do our prophets now-a-days make it a rule to get into such passions? THOMAS CARLYLE, JOHN RUSKIN, VICTOR HUGO—all seem to find it impossible to write without lashing themselves into a lather, and, like Homeric heroes, using the biggest, roughest, and heaviest words their great hands can wield to knock down their antagonists with. DR. JOHNSON, in the last century, was rather given to the same sort of assault; but, after all, there was a balance in his fury, and a method in his madness. He, at least, brained people with a weapon of regular rhetorical construction, called an antithesis. But our prophets scorn anything regular, and the more rough and ready the missile they can catch up to pelt people with, the better they seem to like it. And now here is CHARLES READE, the most amiable of men, except on paper, heating himself red-hot, and writing himself rabid, over the stupidities of English house-building and house-builders in the *Pall Mall*.

Goodness knows, there is enough to get sad or savage over, either, in the subject. Have we not all water-pipes and drains? Know we not all that cruel persecutor called the plumber? Did not JOHN LEITCH put the grievance into pictures that will live for ever, in the woful history of Mr. BRIGGS's Loose Tile?

But why should CHARLES READE work himself up into so rabid a state of mind that he forgets the meaning of words, as well as the amenities of good language? If he must christen the British Workman "THE CURSE OF FAMILIES" (in large caps)—and far be it from *Punch* to say he isn't—what does he mean by talking of common house-tops as "conical"? My dear CHARLES READE, the corner turrets of an old French or Scotch *château* were conical. The tower of Langham Church is conical. An extinguisher is conical. But conical a common British house-roof is not. It is ridged, if you like; but that, as you know very well, is a perfectly different thing. And, by the way, there is something to be said for a ridged roof, if you can say a great deal very forcibly, not to say furiously, against it. It gives us a clear off-shoot for our rainfall, and helps us to a

reader riddance for our snow. Neither would be so easily compassed with a flat roof; though, to be sure, you *might* give it a slight incline.

You suggest that a flat roof would give poor Cockneys a country view. You picture to yourself, like a kind-hearted soul as you are, a poor fellow after working all day in a hole, like a sparrow on the house-tops, smoking "his evening-pipe," and seeing "a wide tract of verdure." But while he was smoking, what would the chimneys round him be doing? How about the blacks?

Then you say the "conical" roof robs poor families of their drying grounds.

But suppose the flat roofs round about the poor Cockney decorated with the sheets and towels and tablecloths, shirts and chemises of the family wash, what would become of your poor Cockney's "view of the wide tracts of verdure"?

I doubt, my dear CHARLES, if there would be anything so green in sight as somebody's eye. However, far be it from *Punch* to say that there is not a great deal of truth in your Jeremiad against house-builders and their ways and works, but the truth would be none the less forcible for being put in a little milder and civiler language. If the prophets in the old time flung as big and hard words as you and your brethren, no wonder people occasionally took to retaliating with hard stones.

A Nominal Advantage.

CERTAINLY some actors are happy in their names. For instance, clever M. Gor of the Comédie Française. However insignificant a character may be, it is clear that when he plays it there is sure to be a Gor in it.

CARGO EXTRAORDINARY.

A VESSEL arrived at Liverpool on the 11th ultimo, having on board a Hundred Cases of Cigars and Two Cases of Measles.

THE CENSUS.



THE Census returns are now so far complete as to enable us to state, approximately, their general results. The three most striking peculiarities in them are as follows—

- I. In some places the population has increased.
- II. In other places the population has decreased.
- III. In the remaining places the population is exactly the same as it was ten years ago. The delightful village of Bramblethorpe, for example, numbers 159 inhabitants in 1871, just as it did in 1861. Value of the living in the Queen's Books, £1334 per annum. Rector non-resident, on account of the delicate state of his mother-in-law's health: mostly lives in South Italy.

Step by step persons having wooden legs are gradually disappearing, in consequence of the improvements introduced by science in the construction of artificial limbs.

There are still a good many oldest inhabitants scattered about in different parts of the country, but their ultimate extinction is certain, as railways penetrate into the more remote districts, and the inclosure of Commons becomes universal.

Croquet, which was in its infancy when the last decennial calculations were made, is now one of our most cherished Institutions. The returns show that the number of persons practising archery has declined in consequence, but the long bow is still drawn to a great extent.

There is a large increase in the number of artists. This at first sight would seem to encourage the hope that Art is spreading amongst us; but a careful analysis shows that acrobats, athletes, comic vocalists, Negro minstrels, conjurers, ventriloquists, funambulists, pyrotechnists, shampooers, and workers in hair, all call themselves artists. On the other hand it is gratifying to find that the willow-pattern, on our domestic earthenware, is giving way to designs of a more elegant and ornamental character.

Sixty-two per cent. of the umbrellas in the United Kingdom were alpaca. (There are more umbrellas in Manchester than in any other place in England.)

Berlin-wool work is on the decline.

How insignificant is now the consumption of what was once a Briton's favourite wine is proved by the circumstance that only seven Enumerators were offered a glass of port!

In London alone, on the day the Census was taken, 164,518 seal-skin jackets were in use—of these but 39,707 were *bonâ fide* preparations of the natural covering of the *Phoca vitulina*.

Ninety per cent. of the population have had their photographs taken, and in three parlours out of five the Enumerators found an album lying on the table.

Although we have half-penny papers, penny readings, School inspectors, International Exhibitions, and Revised Codes; in some districts it was found that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was the latest person of celebrity known to the inhabitants.

Sixteen different preparations of cocoa were in use.

Musical Instruments have multiplied, so have "kettle-drums."

212,901 persons were out on their Honeymoon: of these 204,315 acknowledged that they wished it was over. Seven out of ten had sent no cards.

Punning is frightfully on the increase.

The rule is to give children two, often three, names. The elder children have homely names, after uncles, aunts, cousins, and the like: the younger have more elegant names, given when family superstitions have been cured by experience.

The "Head of the Family" is not always its Brain.

SONGS OF SIXPENCE.

A DARWINIAN BALLAD.

O, MANY have told
Of the Monkeys of old
What a pleasant race they were,
And it seems most true
That I and you
Are derived from an Apish pair.
They all had nails
And some had tails,
And some—no "accounts in arrear,"
They climbed up the trees
And they scratched out the—these
Of course I will *not* mention here.

They slept in a wood
Or wherever they could,
For they didn't know how to make beds,
They hadn't got huts,
They dined upon nuts,
Which they cracked upon each other's heads.
They hadn't much scope
For a comb, brush, or soap,
Or towels, or kettle, or fire.
They had *no* coats, nor capes,
For ne'er did these apes
Invent what they didn't require.

The sharpest baboon
Never used fork or spoon,
Nor made any boots for his toes,
Nor could any thief
Steal a silk handkerchief,
For *no* ape thought much of his nose;
They had cold collations,
They ate poor relations;
Provided for thus, by the bye.
No Ou-rang-ou-tang
A song ever sang—
He couldn't—and so, didn't try.

From these though descended,
Our manners are mended,
Though still we can grin and back-bite;
We cut up each other,
Be he friend or brother,
And tails are the fashion—at night.
This origination
Is all speculation—
We gamble in various shapes;
So MR. DARWIN
May speculate in
Our Ancestors having been Apes.

Letter from Dante.

Elysium.

O BELOVED *Punch*, I said, years ago,

"Queste parole di colore oscuro
Vid'io scritte al sommo di Una Porta:
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate."

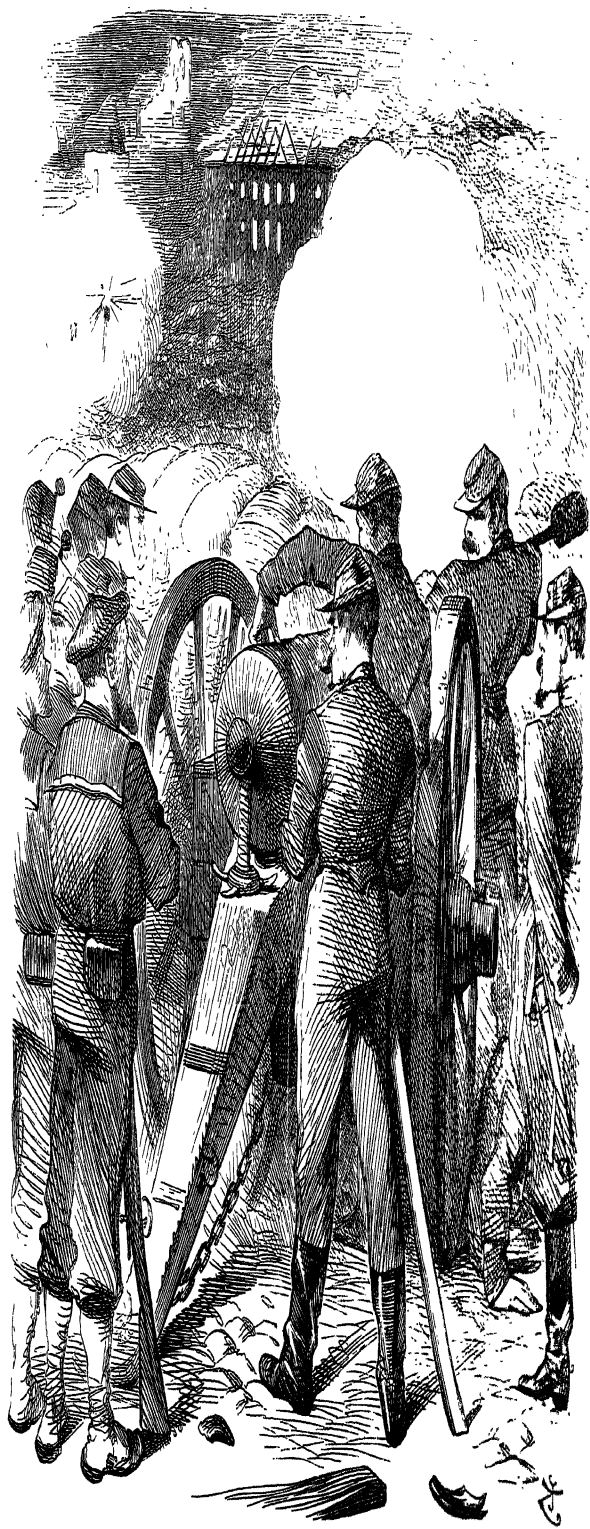
The inscription has been changed, and it now stands thus,

"*Ici on parle Français.*"

Thine,

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

AWKWARD REVELATION.—DR. BLANDYSHE did not show his accustomed tact, when, called in to a professional vocalist, he told her that what she was suffering from was a want of "tone."



FRENCH—TO BE AVOIDED BY ENGLAND.

TWO FIRE-ENGINES.



ENGLISH—TO BE BORROWED BY FRANCE.

THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

AMONG the benefits which may result from the Education Act is the chance of some improvement in the language and demeanour of our Cabmen. We may hopefully expect that a man who has received the advantage of instruction in English Grammar will never dream of saying that the "streets is hup," as a reason for his driving by a route somewhat circuitous. Nor, after having passed a School Examination, will he so far forget himself as to call out, "'Ere y' are, Sir!" when summoned from his stand, but, with more correctness, will make answer, "Here I am, Sir!" Instruction having smoothed the roughness of his manners, instead of snarling out, "Vot's this?" when he is offered a less sum than he conceives to be his due, he will show the good effects of his scholastic training by politely offering his views upon the matter, and will doubtless add that if he be in error he is open to correction. "I humbly beg your pardon, Sir, but is this a good specimen of the current coinage of the realm?" he will say, when he is given what he thinks is a bad shilling; and, in short, his whole demeanour will be so much improved that his vehicle the Hansom will be known as the Polite, and the Growler will be wholly superseded by the Smiler.

Something to their Advantage.

"WANTED, a Female Head Attendant."

If this is meant as a delicate intimation that the services of a "young person" are required in a hair-dresser's shop (establishment, rather), we hail it as a satisfactory proof that employment of a suitable description can be obtained by women, without their meddling with occupations which are not fitting for them to undertake.

A GIFT THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED.

"THE Pope has sent 60,000 francs for the relief of Paris, and several chests of"—Provisions? No, "Sacred objects for the Churches."



GUNS VERSUS TARGETS.

THE TWO FIRE-ENGINES.

FRENCH.

A BLACK-BREECHED gun, whose hot throat belches fire,
Served by fierce men, and Maenads fiercer still,
Behind a barricade, with the blind ire
That cares not to be killed, so it can kill.

Raining its ghastly rain of shot and shell,
That wither life and quicken seed of flame,
And sing upon their way with shriek and yell,
As of fiends, loosed from hell, for hell's own game.

Fire in the track of slaughter following hard,
With black destruction crowning bloody death,
Till men bewildered 'gainst what foe to guard,
Under the sulphurous rock draw doubtful breath.

Death dealt; death faced: death poisoning the air
With charnel taint: death so familiar grown,
That children in their play the blue limbs bare
Of the thin mould o'er their corruption strown.

Blood spattered on the walls: and steps and stones:
Tinging the gutters with a ruddy stain:
Wet blood and hot of fight that ill atones
For the cold blood of prisoners sudden slain.

Hate, that the conquered may not speak, but show;
Hate, the inglorious conquerors loud proclaim;
Who, cowards as they are, no pity know,
To whom age is a mock, and sex a name.

So we saw Paris, in her blood and dust,
From pinnacle of queenly state brought low;
And this black Gun, sole engine she can trust
To quench and quell the fires that work her woe!

ENGLISH.

AN engine of old build, whose slow design
Took ages to work out, but built to last,
Of stout oak, welded iron, line on line,
Riveted carefully, and mortised fast.

"Unity" is the name this engine bears,
The tackle is laid taut and trim and true;
To work the pumps, when conflagration glares,
We trust a mingled, but well-ordered, crew.

BRITANNIA, captain of our Fire-brigade,
Claims right to press all, from the Sovereign down,
Proud Peer, or prouder Franklin, son of trade,
Hard-handed artizan, and stalwart clown.

All are alike alert to lend a hand
'Gainst fire—worst foe that wisdom bids men fear:
'Tis for the common-weal, not for command,
They spring to handles, and see hose laid clear.

Now with a will, my boys! Long pull and strong,
And all together, with the pumps, give way!
Lo, through the throbbing hose, well-aimed, and strong,
Clear streams of common sense quench where they play!

Thank Heaven and our good hap—no dangerous blaze
Is this that vents its fever fit of flame
'Neath the Trafalgar lions' scornful gaze;
Scarce need of engine such toy-fires to tame!

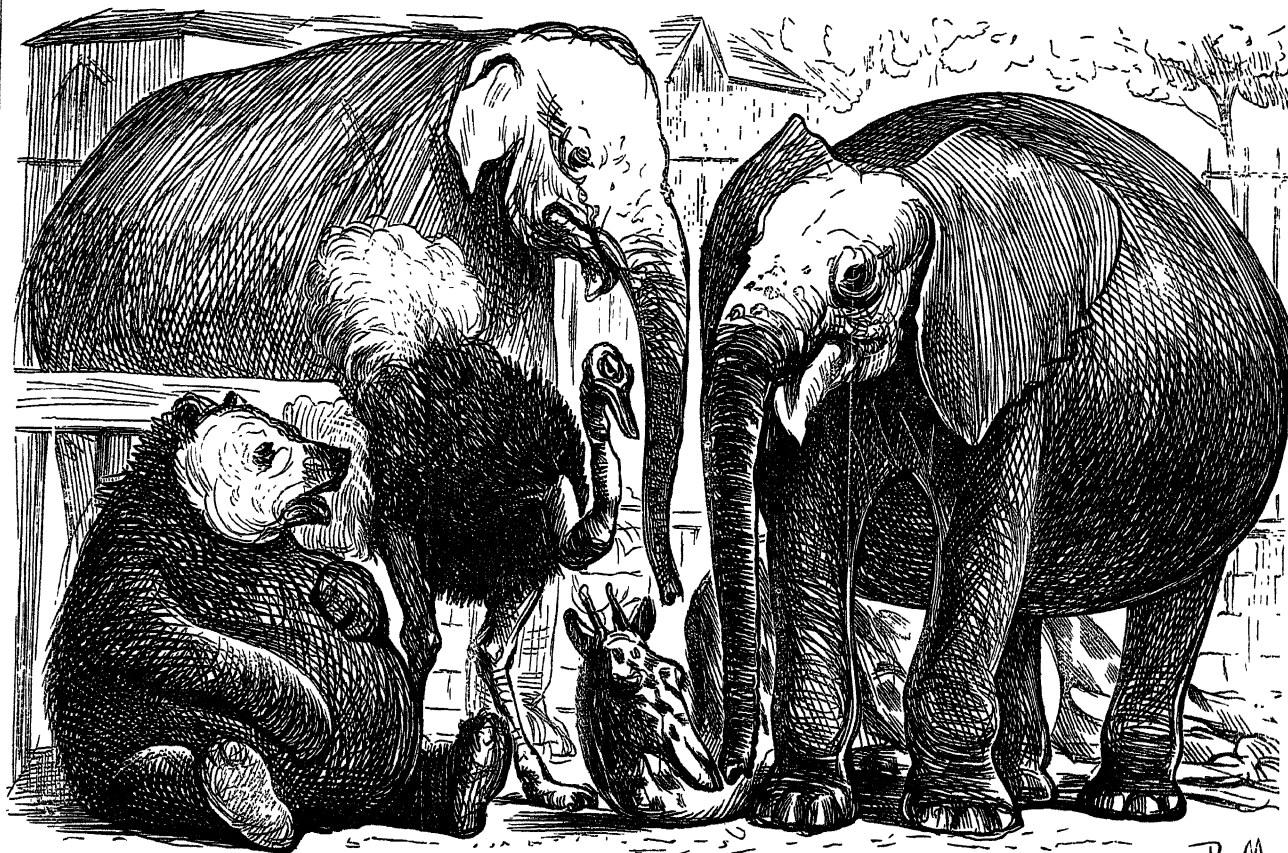
Yet 'tis well e'en on sparks that wake no fear
To bring the *douche* of common sense to bear:
So shall we find, if far-off fire came near,
Crew at their post, pumps clear, and hose laid fair.

SUGGESTION FOR THE NEXT BUDGET.

WE are told that "the Bombay Government has thrown over the scheme of a tax on native feasts." This is a valuable hint, which ought not to be lost. Why should not the British Government take such a scheme up, and raise a large revenue by levying a tax on our native, our City feasts? The Corporation of London, the Great Companies, various sets of Charity Trustees, and other similar bodies, some of which hardly know how to dispose of their funds, would, we are sure, be only too glad to lessen the burdens now laid

on the struggling and hard-working classes, by paying the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER a fixed sum per mouth every time they sat down to a great dinner or banquet. The guests themselves, perhaps, might not object to be mugged in a moderate sum—they would relish the dainties set before them none the less, if they felt they were doing something to relieve their less favoured countrymen, and help Mr. Lowe. (N.B. Turtle extra.)

BELGIUM to the Author of *Les Misérables*. "VICTOR—you go."



WHITSUNTIDE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(TUESDAY MORNING.)

The Elephant. "HULLOA, BRUIN, HOW PALE YOU LOOK! ONE WOULD THINK YOU'D CHANGED HEADS WITH THE POLAR BEAR!"

Bruin. "YES, IT'S THE BUNS! THERE WERE 31,457 PEOPLE HERE YESTERDAY. THEY GAVE ME 31,457 BUNS. YOU LOOK RATHER BLOATED, AND RED ABOUT THE NOSE. BUNS, I SUPPOSE!"

The Elephant. "YES. AND GINGER-BEER, TOO, I'M SORRY TO SAY. ONE CAN'T REFUSE."

The Ostrich. "AH! I COULD MANAGE BUNS AND GINGER-BEER. IT'S THE GINGER-BEER BOTTLES, AND BROWN PAPER AND RUSTY NAILS THEY GIVE ONE AS FOR YOU, MY DEAR (to the Giraffe), YOU LOOK MORE SPOTTY THAN EVER."

The Giraffe. "UGH!"

CLIMAX OF "GLORY."

THE Tiger-Monkeys shouted "To Berlin!"

Scarce twelve months since—invasion had their votes.
Back beaten, and their own confine hemmed in,
They flew, infuriate, at each other's throats.

Suppose the Tiger-Monkeys had prevailed,
Suppose they had subdued the German men,
O think what kind of beasts of prey untailed,
Would have been paramount in Europe then!

Humanity! Civilisation! What
Is all the wreck, in brute blood yonder drowned,
To that which had been yours and Europe's lot,
If Conquest had vainglorious Envy crowned?

Demolished Architecture, Art destroyed,
Uncounted thousands, miscreants chiefly, slain.
Sad work! but sadder work might have employed
Unthinking minds that moralise in vain.

And had they who did go with a light heart
To war, each other's hangmen been alone,
A nation's riddance of its baser part
Were no great grief for neighbours to bemoan:

But in yon City, under fiery rain,
Were there not ten found righteous—ten and more?
The thousands and the tens alike were slain—
The murdered few are victims to deplore.

Alas for them! What pity for the rest?
Died they not in their "glory?" To abhor
Which, all the world just now may be impressed
By the Great Nation that delights in war.

WHAT THE POPE WILL DO FOR THE PÈRE.

SAID LE PÈRE HYACINTHE to the POPE,
Per his friend, MONSIGNOR DE MÉRODE,
"At your feet my full soul let me ope,"
Said the POPE—in effect—"You be blowed!"

"If you seek for a place at my hands,
I've a cell would fit you to a trivet:
Your shaved head some protection demands,
So locks Hyacinthine I'll give it!"

Sculls for a Seat of Learning!

A READER of the *Times*, one day last week, among the particulars of its Table of Contents, noticed a reference to "Oxford University Sculls." Eagerly turning out this suggestive heading, he found it to mean a rowing-match. He was greatly disappointed, being a phrenologist.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, Jun., being asked what tenets the sect of the "Jumpers" held, replied that she had always heard that the Jumpers' movement was entirely due to Galvinism.

THE LONDON COMMUNE.

GENTLEMEN of the Pavement, dream no more
That in your thousands you'll be free to go,
Holding your "demonstrations," as of yore,
When Hyde Park's rails you levelled—no, Cads, no.

Paris on fire has oped your Rulers' eyes;
And, if you try to march with flags and band,
A Government as resolute as wise
That sort of nonsense will no longer stand.

NELSON no more shall, from his Column's height,
Below, sweet Gentlemen, beholding you,
Frown with disgust and wrath upon the sight,
And savour, of so mutinous a crew.

Be not afraid you'll ever have the chance,
Beneath that monument of his renown,
In imitation of your friends in France,
Some day to pull the Nelson Column down.

Your bellowing orators no more shall saw,
Nor you with blatant clamour rend the air,
Whilst they harangue, and you applaud their jaw,
A public nuisance in Trafalgar Square.

No, Roughts, the Powers that be are wide awake.
Lo, ev'n ere Paris yet in ashes lay,
A demonstration they forbade to make
The Match-vendors themselves the other day!

Law they enforced and order, undeterred
By cries of boys and girls who matches sell;
Who tried to get their poor petition heard—
Your riots now they cannot but dare quell.

Irony of Events in the City.

FANCY the LORD MAYOR having consented to preside
at a public meeting on the subject of the Permissive
Bill and Licensing Reform, in Guildhall. Gog and
Magog! What next? After a Temperance meeting
under the presidency of the LORD MAYOR of London
himself, held on the very site of the LORD MAYOR's own
Feast, the next will probably be a Vegetarian one.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Young Lady (indignant). "Now, I TOLD YOU, PAPA, THIS WASN'T THE FASHIONABLE HOUR. WE'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THESE HORRID PICTURES TO LOOK AT UNTIL THE PEOPLE COME!"

TROCHU'S TROUVAILLE.

GENERAL TROCHU has been talking about the causes of French disasters.

Much good may it do him and its hearers!

He "exhorts the nation to humble itself before Him who casts down the victor, and raises up the vanquished."

Excellent advice!

He declares "that a great many reforms are needed."

There can't be a doubt of it. It needs no TROCHU to tell France that.

"The French nation had believed it must be everywhere and always invincible."

It's a way it has always had.

*"Le cog Gaulois est le cog de la gloire;
De nul revers il n'est jamais abattu;
Il chante bien fort, quand il gagne la victoire,
Et plus fort encore, quand il est vaincu."*

"Its misfortunes were prepared by abandoning the control of its own affairs."

True, O TROCHU! but when, within your memory or mine, has it controlled them?

"Self-sacrifice and devotedness had been abandoned for mere personal considerations."

Not exactly a new habit—of twenty years' growth—that, one would fancy.

But here comes the cream of the discovery!—

"There had been introduced into public habits English luxury and Italian corruption!"

Well! that is something like a discovery—*Où diable?* "English luxury" at the bottom of French disasters—"English luxury," and "Italian corruption"? Till now both England and Italy, we rather think, had fancied that they might have had to thank French luxury and French corruption for some rather unpleasant phenomena in their fashions and opinions, lives and literature.

But TROCHU has his "plan," of disaster, as well as defence, and, in that, England stands charged with enervating France by her "luxury," and Italy with fouling her by her corruption! "Live and learn" is a good motto. Henceforth, we will bear in mind, when people talk of French *demi-monde*, French *partie-fine*, French milliners, French modesty, French cooks, French *coiffeurs*, French *cancaniers*, French *cocottes*, French *danseuses*, French novels, French *facetie*, and French philosophy, social, religious, political and personal—that English luxury and Italian corruption lie, after all, at the bottom of them, and account for all their mischief!

Culpa nostra—maxima culpa nostra! Peccavimus, Anglia et Italia—vapulat Gallia.

PUNCH'S PRIZE CHARADE FOR JUNE.

My first is a Mother, no Mother of mine;
The head of my second is oft full of wine;
My third is an article used, without fail,
In the first proposed plan of an underground Rail:
My fourth is a Query which every one asks,
But to answer my fourth is the hardest of tasks:
My whole is a Wood, of which I may say,
All know it, most love it; and so—guess away!

[Answer next week.]

Practical Experience.

FOREIGNERS who visit our shores, and are the prey of boatmen, porters, cabmen, and other extortionists, at once understand what is meant by our Income-tax.

THE PARISIAN ZAMIEL.

THERE, where a fiend should with all demons be,
Laid the Red Spectre is, in the Red Sea.

MY HEALTH.



SAMUEL summoned. Short conversation without. Re-enter SAMUEL. He comes up to me persuasively, "You won't mind, Sar, two gentlemen seeing over dis place?"

I reply (being in his hands) "O, no certainly not;" though I don't feel that I'm precisely in the state in which I should like to receive visitors. It appears, however, that the Turkish Baths are a novelty here, and strangers, or residents, are admitted to view them.

SAMUEL explains the room to them, and takes me as part of it. I remember going over a Lunatic Asylum once, and a gaol, and wondering how the comparatively-sensible lunatics and the prisoners liked being shown off. I fancy that I experience *their* sensation now. Rather I should say the Lunatic's sensation,—one who has destroyed all his clothes, and has been placed in a room by himself. I don't experience shyness exactly, but feel sulkily resentful at this intrusion. They don't quite ignore me; on the contrary, they stand near the door, hardly going away from it, as if afraid of my making a sudden dart at them, perhaps for the sake of their clothes and boots, when SAMUEL isn't looking, and, at this

respectful distance, they give a sort of half bow to me, as if they were calling upon a gentlemanly maniac of uncertain temper, or had been admitted by SAMUEL, into the den of a partially-tamed animal, unsafe except under the keeper's eye. *Mem.* The idea occurs to me, perhaps one of these visitors is MR. DARWIN in search of evidence corroborative of his theory. Unpleasant.

Mem. Think I've read of a Hermit, near Cambridge, who had to be "interviewed" in this way. There seems, too, to be the ingredients for a Historical Romance in this situation. "The Man in the Turkish Bath," like "The Man in the Iron Mask." Head very hot. Wish I could get my note-book in here. Left it in first room—can't return for it, on account of Growler's "stupidity with strangers."

The "Gentlemen" retire, inclining towards me very civilly on their exit. I do the honours of the first hot-room as well as I can. SAMUEL returns, and brings me a glass of mineral water. Iron. "Is that a good thing?" I inquire. "De best thing possible," answers SAMUEL. "What's its effect?" I ask, holding the glass in my hand. *Mem. Simile:* SOCRATES putting a few scientific questions to the Gaoler before taking the fatal draught.

"You drink that, Sar," replies SAMUEL, "and it make you all fresh for de next room, den you go in and jist do what I tell you, and take your time over it, 'cos, dat's what I say, you gentlemen, do what you like, you need not hurry; you enjoy," he pronounces "enjoy," "de bath. You put yourself in de state for Naytchar to act; you give Naytchar a chance, and you bless Providence you come 'ere. You take my word for it, Sar—now, Sar," says he, drawing back a red-baize curtain, as if he was going to show me a real *chef d'œuvre*, "You walk in dere! pro-ceed!"

I enter the hotter room; it nearly knocks me down at first. On recovering myself a little, I find it is like a very clean wine-cellar, without bins, having a sort of opaque Gothic screen, with intervals of kaleidoscopic-coloured glass on one side, and fitted (the cellar, not the screen) with a narrow sort of dresser fixed against the side walls. Here in a corner lies BUDD on a mattress, prostrate, an appalling figure at first, (reminding me of CRUIKSHANK's illustrations to the *Tower of London*—"Somebody, as he appeared after the rack") until one gets accustomed to him, and then I begin to understand that he is enjoying himself, tropically.

SAMUEL places a mattress and a pillow for me; motions me stateliness to my place.

BUDD, without moving in the least, utters a sort of pleased sound; implying, I fancy, that in spite of his present condition he recognises us and appreciates my progress.

SAMUEL approaches him; he regards him as a work of his own hands with profound admiration, nay even with an appearance of religious veneration for "Naytchar" in a Paradise of 160 degrees, and drawing a deep breath, exclaims, "Ah, beautiful!"

BUDD appears pleased, and intimates briefly his intention of remaining where he is, until inclined to take the douche or the needle.

I am reclining now, and feel that I am all Head. Or perhaps—if I can exert myself to think at all about it—that my head is Central

Africa under a burning sun, and my feet are the North Pole at night. . . . Too languid to ask about needles or douches. . . . Lie on my back—look at ceiling. . . .

Thoughts, or beginnings of Trains of Thoughts (while recumbent at 160° in the shade). Early Christian Martyrs. . . . I hear a noise and a roaring—*Christianos ad leones!* . . . (BUDD says, "They're making up the furnace") . . . Saint Lawrence on gridiron . . . Remember picture in Antwerp Gallery—torture—wonder how I should stand it. . . . Good practice here for beginners. . . . Noise of engine, as if we were going somewhere by steam. . . . Wonder if I shall be ill. . . . Wonder why I am not in a profuse perspiration. . . . Shall I mention it? . . . no. . . . Hair brittle. . . . Enter SAMUEL, with more water. . . . I drink. . . . SAMUEL only says, "O beautiful! it's Naytchar!" . . . I complain of my feet being cold.

"I wouldn't hab it no oderwise," replies SAMUEL, seriously, waving his right hand as if to dissipate any other notions on the subject that may be floating about in the air, "Wait till I come to shampoo, den you'll know what de beauty ob it is." He retires.

Thoughts. My Aunt. . . . DODDRIDGE. . . . the Dove. . . . Will recommend them a Turkish Bath. . . . Might do little Dog's leg good. . . . take the affectation out of him. . . . Must manage to get away. . . . Look at BUDD. . . . He smiles and I smile. . . . Think of when I knew him years ago as a boy. . . . Think of the ceiling. . . . the bricks. . . . how impossible it is to do anything in this state. . . . Query, is it waste of time, or not? . . . Can't I think out something? . . . BRUCE and spider. . . . a poem. . . . a play. . . . an invention to. . . . do something wonderful. . . . thoughts chiefly on ceiling. . . . engine hard at work. . . . more furnace. . . . Round of thought all over again about Martyrs, St. Lawrence, &c., &c.

Wonder if BUDD feels this? I mean feels that he can't concentrate his thoughts on any one thing now? I ask him. He answers, "Don't know—don't try," and seems, on the whole, perfectly satisfied with inanition.

I will do the same. . . . I am doing the same. . . . Enter SAMUEL, without his bed-curtain dress, and in an acrobatic costume, like ours. He carries a little bowl of water, and evidently means business. He approaches me.

He refreshes me with the bowl of water, emptying it over my head. Delicious. He jerks my arms, cracks my joints. I am helpless. He plays tunes with his fists all over me. When sufficiently pummelled and jerked, I am led out tenderly, by SAMUEL, into another room. I remember (at this instant) having heard the Clown say to the Pantaloon in the pantomime, "Hallo, here! hi! I say! come and be washed!" This is what, in action, SAMUEL says to me.

Then follows a charmingly refreshing process, managed exquisitely, and scientifically, by SAMUEL. I sit on a chair and have water dashed over me. I am soaped and lathered, and while I am trying to open my eyes, down comes the contents of another bowl of water right over me. "Naytchar" is gasping. I am put into a sort of cage, standing, and am enervated by a shower of tepid water, revived by an avalanche of cold water from above, braced up by cold water from the sides, from round the corner, from in fact all sorts of places whence you'd least expect it.

I clutch the rails of my cage, convulsively; more gasping. Through the mist of the spray I see SAMUEL with a hose, as if he were putting me out. I try to say, "Hi! that's enough!" But I can't, and, as he thinks I am enjoying myself immensely, he gives me some more. Niagara all over, and round and round. . . . He stops. . . . I recover my breath. . . . gasping over. . . . I feel invigorated, inclined to shout, to spring up, to dance. One more turn, a thousand watering-pots are pointing their very small bore roses at me, and as it were, pricking me all over. This is the Needle. Then I am told to "pro-ceed" by SAMUEL, and am directed to step under a round iron ring.

More cold water. A chest expander. Here I could stop for some time longer, but SAMUEL won't hear of it. So I am hurried away by SAMUEL, rubbed over, wrapped up in a sheet, which he picturesquely folds over my shoulders, and am finished off ("This style complete") with a turban, which he skilfully winds round my head.

He leads me to Room No. 1, shows me a pallet, places me comfortably, leaves me to the most soothing influences of a semi-dozing state and a cigarette, and returns in about five minutes, or more (but time *does* go at such a pace in a Turkish Bath), with BUDD costumed in the same style—Mahomedans both. SAMUEL is right, so far, at all events. I do thank him; I haven't felt so well for an age as I do now. I experience a sort of buoyant feeling, so that, if I could be transported to our house, at once, I could dance round my Aunt, kick the birdcage into a corner, pull the dog's tail, and do a polka with DODDRIDGE.

Mem. "So well, now." As I make this note in my pocket-book, I am lying on the pallet and gradually becoming so hungry that I would dine here, on the spot, at once, but for the shock my absence would cause my Aunt.

SAMUEL is right when he exclaims, "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 5, [That is to say you may call it June, if you like, or Junius, or Juvenal, or January; the month by any other name would make you shiver as much] the Lords met after their holiday. *Mr. Punch* has rejoiced to welcome back the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, who has for a long time been an Archbishop *in partibus*—well, we suppose it would be uncharitable to finish the description. His Grace's health is understood to be renovated (*L. renovo*) and the news gives *Mr. Punch* much satisfaction, for he admires Dr. ARCHBISHOP CAMPBELL TAIT, as hath been shown Cartoonically.

LORD SANDHURST (SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD is an authority) complains that the Army folks enlist mere boys, who break down. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE pleaded that we are trying to make an Army of Reserve,

and our steps are "tentative." Boys are not famous for reserve, and we should be sorry to see them practise it, but if "tentative" means teaching them to live in tents, of course it's all right.

SIR J. C. LAWRENCE stated that the reason Kew Bridge is not made free is that the proprietors ask £70,000. They have opened their mouths very wide for money, and may now as well keep them open with astonishment, for their flanks have been turned, and three other bridges are enfranchised instead of Kew. Q derives its name from its little tail, *queue*, and should wag it more humbly.

LORD ENFIELD was asked something about China, but had not much to say. Readers may notice that every now and then comes a telegram from MR. WADE, who says that "all is quiet in China." We hold up our hands and bless GENERAL WADE, as the verse goes, but if we received a message every Monday saying "JONES is sober," we should draw no inference unfavourable to the belief in MR. JONES's habitual ebriety for the future. People concerned, accept this hint.

The Colonels went on with the fight against the Purchase Bill, and there was this little episode. SIR GEORGE JENKINSON was speaking, some Liberals cried "O!" and SIR GEORGE asked—

"Why should the PRIME MINISTER sit there laughing at an independent Member? (*Cheers and laughter.*)"

"MR. GLADSTONE—I rise to order. I was not laughing at the Hon. Gentleman. (*Cheers.*)"

"SIR G. JENKINSON.—What, then, were you laughing at? (*Laughter and cheers.*)"

"MR. GLADSTONE—I cheered, and did not laugh. (*Cheers.*)"

"SIR G. JENKINSON was much obliged. The cheers of the PRIME MINISTER were always gracious."

Afterwards there was resistance to Morning Sittings, and as the House was then sitting into the morning, and did sit till nearly three, there was reason even in MR. BENTINCK's opposition. This reminds us that MR. AYTON is said to intend to have a Lime-Light kindled on the Clock Tower, as an intimation to the universe that while that fire burns Parliament is sitting. Does he think that the world will also sit up till three in the morning, watching the Gabble-Beacon? The only use of such an arrangement will be to promote quarrel between M.P. and wife, as thus:—

M.P. (*stumbling—rather—into his dressing-room, and quarrelling with his watch-key.* Time 2'30 A.M.) Confound that GLADSTONE! No bizzis to keep's up till this hour, scoussin' ognishasun Army.

Smiling Wife (*from her bed, and laying down novel, and extinguishing lamp.*) Won't do, dear. I saw MR. AYTON's Lime-Light go out at half-past eleven. Been lucky at billiards?

Tuesday. Germany, says LORD ENFIELD, has made no proposal for the cession to her of Heligoland (population 2,230). If CAMPBELL had not written the *Death Boat of Heligoland*, we suppose nobody would have known of the

existence of the island. Nevertheless and nevertheless, we mean to keep it, unless Germany wants it so much as to be induced to offer us something in exchange. There's a pawky auld Scots proverb of which English folk are not nearly mindful enough, and it is—slightly refined for Southron consumption, "Keep your ain fish-insides for your ain sea-mows."

We had a very good debate, initiated by MR. GRAVES, on Manning—no, not the Archbishop, though he is always a pleasant subject for conversation (besides we should have said DR. MANNING, ours are not Exeter Hall manners) but on Manning the Navy. Government denies that we are under-manned, but admits dissatisfaction with the state of the Reserves. The cause for that feeling had better be removed at once, for JOHN BULL, though he has shown that he will bear a good deal more than he ought, will stand no nonsense about his Ships.

Wednesday. Debate on the Burials Bill, a measure for allowing all persons to bury their friends in the churchyards of the Church of England, but with any kind of Service the survivors like, or speeches, or nothing at all. The Bill made its way by some large majorities, and the moderate Dissenters say that if they get this and the University Tests repeal, they will have no more grievances. The Church-people say that the next demand will be for the church itself, in which to make funeral orations, declaim funeral odes, or enunciate heterodoxies. As has been often said here, when will Englishmen learn to believe in Englishmen?

The Bill for appointing Public Prosecutors is thrown over. How much it is wanted was proved within the last few days. The Recorder, who tried a case, and had to direct an acquittal because of failure of evidence, said that a note had been found in his court, showing why the necessary evidence had not been brought forward—the affair had been "squared," the prosecutor receiving a sum of money, and the counsel were requested to "put it in the best shape they could."

"My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismissed."

Only MR. RUSSELL GURNEY did by no means laugh, and very properly told Parliament what had happened.

Thursday. The Martello towers—you know—you see them when you go to the watering-places by the sea—well, some are to be pulled down, and some are to be kept up. *Punch* objects to the pulling down; the useless ones might be slightly repaired—they are capital places of shelter when a storm comes on, and JEMIMA is in a dreadful way with you for having tempted her to walk out and get her bonnet spoiled. *Punch* wonders whether Ministers ever kept company with any JEMIMAS; he supposes not, or the Cabinet would be more considerate.

But we had some fun. There had been a Count Out (as *Mr. Punch* mentioned) on the previous Friday. After the Count Out, somebody was showing the House to a friend, and found on the table a little note which SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had seen given to MR. FORSTER, during a speech of his, which speech he cut short, that the Count might come. The note was—"We want to count PAKINGTON: he comes next." The finder gave this document to SIR JOHN, who read it to the House, with comment on the conduct of Government.

So we had the gravest debate, in which MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI took part, and the questions were two-fold. The interesting one was whether SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was right in reading and using a communication evidently intended to be private. His character as a man of honour is, of course, unquestionable, but MR. GLADSTONE thought he had "erred," and MR. O'REILLY was "much surprised," and so forth. MR. DISRAELI saw no objection to using a scrap of paper, without name, signature, or envelope. MR. HARDY could not think it a private document. The debate was enlivened by our friend MR. COLLINS, of Boston, sticking up for Counts Out, and being called "impertinent" by MR. NEWDEGATE, who had to alter the epithet to "officious." MR. C. BENTINCK thought that the Thirty-One paid members of the Government ought to be ordered to remain in their places, and thus ensure a House.

More debate on the Army Bill, and MR. RYLANDS, the Didactic, said that he would endeavour to deserve the name by teaching the public what this Bill meant. He objected to making Income-tax payers pay officers for



FLIPPANCY.

Captain Jinks. "WHO IS THE BENEVOLENT-LOOKING GENTLEMAN JUST COMING IN?"

Mrs. Malapert. "MRS. WITHERINGTON MILDEU, THE FAMOUS ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS."

Captain Jinks. "HA, HA! VERY GOOD! BUT I MEAN THE LITTLE MAN, WITH THE VELVET COLLAR."

Mrs. Malapert. "O, I BEG YOUR PARDON—THAT'S HER HUSBAND. HE'S A MOST LADY-LIKE PERSON, AND CONSIDERED RATHER PRETTY."

knowingly breaking the law. SIR GEORGE GREY urged that the payment of the over-regulation prices had been condoned, that every officer paid them, and that it would be harsh and indeed dishonourable to stand upon a rule which custom had abolished. MR. VERNON HARCOURT made rather a good speech on the harsh side, and jeered at "connivance," and quoted the *non omnibus dormio* story (it means *hastily*), M'm, that you should never go to sleep in an omnibus, as you may have your pocket picked—let us go on) and connivance cost the first STUART his throne, which is news to *Mr. Punch*, who fancied JAMIE died as much a king as he could be. Eventually, the Didactic proposal was rejected by the large majority of 285 to 108, as might have been expected in a house of liberal-hearted men.

Friday. A speech, which would of course have been something to hear, was expected from the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH on LORD SHAFTESBURY'S Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, but the clause DR. MAGEE chiefly objected to was taken out, so expectation was baffled. Does LORD SHAFTESBURY consider that he acted with his usual kindness to his fellow creatures?

There were only from 15 to 20 British subjects among the insurgent prisoners in Paris, and probably not half a dozen of them are guilty. One terrible and ferocious miscreant, a boy of twelve, named ROBERT LOWE, is in the hands of the victors, and they detain him because various French heroes of the same size are in custody. Could not the sanguinary monster be whipped, and sent to a reformatory?

The Westmeath Crime Bill passed, but the Government will not extend its provisions to the case of criminals who take refuge in England.

Counted Out again. If the SPEAKER plays cribbage, these arithmetical exercises must give him a great advantage.

"ENGLISH LUXURY."—France is to have it now. An Income Tax is asked.

SLAVERY IN BRITAIN.

WITH his eyes starting from their sockets, and with his hair (or what there is of it), lifting his hat from his head, *Mr. Punch* reads this in a Surrey newspaper:—

FOR SALE.—A very handsome Walnut PIANOFORTE (Kirkman), at a reduced price. Also FINISHING GOVERNESS (non-resident), at the same address.

Nothing but a hatful of Points of Exclamation could do justice to *Mr. Punch's* feelings, and such a display of those notes would not look pretty in print. He therefore uses instead a single Note of Interrogation, and asks "Wh—a—a—a—a-t?"

You think that his astonishment is exhausted, do you? Catch anything of his being exhausted, except his patience when the Correspondence is being opened. Read this:—

"LORD WALDEGRAVE was sold yesterday to LORD POULETT for 15 guineas."

Ah, well! This won't do. Marathon, Pilgrim Fathers, WILBERFORCE, O'CONNELL, Jerusalem and Snakes, we are going to America, the home of the star-spangled eagle, or whatever it is. Britons never, never, never, &c.

Eligible Opening at Holloway.

THERE is a comedy now being performed which is called *Four Cousins*, and there is a new novel announced with the title *Half a Dozen Daughters*. Is there no dramatist or novelist who will do something with "The Seven Sisters Road," and say why they rode?

"ENTERING THE SOCIAL CIRCLE."—Making the first cut into a Round of Beef.

A WHISTLE FOR WHISTLER.

ENGLISH Etching is up in the market just now. In the Academy there is Gallery No. IX., with E. EDWARDS's etchings of old London Inns, the "Tabard" included; and HESELTINE's Surrey scenery, and PROPERT's Severn views, and CHATTOCK's; *Moat*, and, more wonderful still, P. THOMAS's *Old Pump*—think of going for a great effect to an old Pump, and getting it out of the old Pump, too! and there is SEYMOUR HADEN's *Breaking up of the Agamemnon*, the work of a famous surgeon, who, in the intervals of using his scalpel on bones and bodies, uses the etching-needle on copper-plates in a way to astonish the artists. But before SEYMOUR HADEN was WHISTLER, his brother-in-law, and etching master.

And now ELLIS of King Street, Covent Garden, has published a portfolio of JAMES WHISTLER's Etchings, which artists say beat everything of the kind that has been turned out since REMBRANDT taught the world what etching-needle and aquafortis could do to scratch and bite in meanings and memories on the face of a copper-plate, and in the admiration of artists for all time to come.

WHISTLER has etched the tumble-down bank-side buildings of Thames, from Wapping and Limehouse and Rotherhithe to Lambeth and Chelsea, above-bridge—great gaunt warehouses, and rickety sheds, and balconies and gazebos hanging all askew, and rotting piles and green weeded quays and oozy steps and hards, where masts and yards score the sky over your head, and fleets of barges darken the mud and muddy water at your feet, and all is pitchy and tarry, and corny and coally, and ancient and fish-like.

Such etchings of this queer long-shore reach and marine-store dealers, and ship-chandlers, bonded warehousemen, and boatbuilders, ancient mariners, and corn-porters, wherry-men, and wharfingers, Thames-police, and mud-larks, are all the more precious because

the beauties they perpetuate are dying out—what with embankments and improvements, increased value of river frontage, and natural decay of planking and piling.

WHISTLER has immortalised Wapping, and given it the grace that is beyond the reach of anything but art. Let all lovers of good art and marvellous etching who want to know what Father Thames

was like before he took to having his bed made, invest in WHISTLER's portfolio. We will answer for it, that—dear as it may be, those who buy it won't say they've paid too dear for their Whistler.

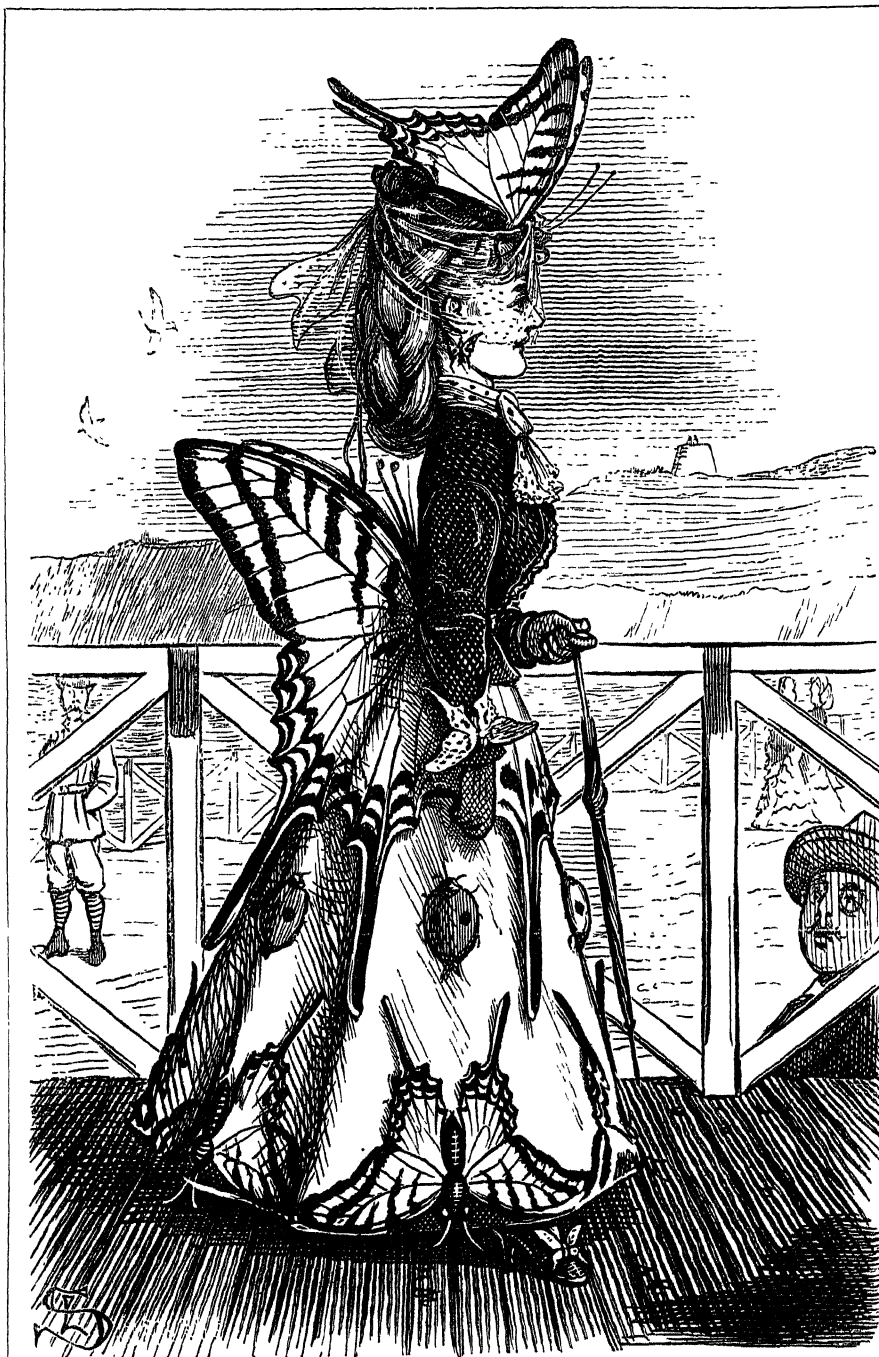
THESE FEW DAYS.

PRECIOUS are these Summer hours,
Yielding gladness to mine eye,
With their sunshine and their flowers;
But, ah me, how fast they fly!
Brief is my remaining span,
Now each day, then, let me rove,
Not one losing, if I can,
In the meadow or the grove.

Days of light and warmth unthought!
Ever, when the days are long;
O, it is a happy thought,
Now the small birds are in song,
That, though Winter will return
All too soon; whilst yet our souls
Sunlight warms, we do but burn
Bed-candles and kitchen-coals.

Why does Man Die?

A PAMPHLET with this title is in circulation. "That Woman may Live," angrily grunted a very hard-working man, who hadn't recovered from giving a cheque for a milliner's big bill. [But he has no more die in him than Mr. Punch, and that very evening desired his handsome wife to get a new dress for her birthday party. We hate such inconsistency.]



THE BUTTERFLY WAS A 'LADY.'

"At times methinks my soul hath wings,
At times it loves to crawl."

Old Ballad.

ALLUDING to the chances of the BOURBONS and the NAPOLEONS, a contemporary says that "Frenchmen care neither for the Lily nor the Bee." Then, we despise them, and we hope our friend, Mr. SAMUEL WARREN does the same.

MY HEALTH.



N the whole, I am much benefited by Turkish Baths. How much? To the extent, at present, of one sovereign. The way to value the amount of good done, is to compare in parallel lines the number of Turkish Baths taken in a week, with the quantity of medicine I might have had for the same money.

Say, on one side, one pound's worth of Turkish B's.

On the other side, one pound's worth of medicines.

There can be no doubt that four Turkish Baths representing twelve days, I couldn't, unless the doses had been very expensive, —old, dry, for example, twenty years in bottle, and "round in the mouth," —I couldn't have had my money's worth out of them in the same time. Probably, if I'd ventured upon that enormity, I should have been, as BUDD puts it, a dead 'un.

My appetite and drinkatite are, comparatively, enormous. I am constantly apologising to my Aunt for keeping her so long at dinner, or luncheon.

Her observation to-day struck me as having something in it. It was—"In some people a large appetite is a most unhealthy sign."

Question. Have I suddenly gone to an extreme?
Diagnosis. Tuesday. Headache slight. Hot nose; and, undoubtedly, slightly red. Appetite up to (as it were) 190 in the shade, i.e., without exercise. My Aunt sighs and shakes her head. She is of opinion that my coming with an apology three times for roast mutton is unnatural. At first she was inclined to set it down to "affectation."

Fourth Diagnosis. Wednesday. Intense sleepiness. Loss of appetite between breakfast and luncheon, but sudden return of same, with increased power, at 1:30. Mustn't take anything now, as it's T. B. day. Pouring wet. SAMUEL says, "Just the day for a Bath; couldn't be better." *Evening.* Faint with hunger before dinner. Sleepiness after dinner, when my Aunt is uncommonly lively in her own way; i.e., she sings three of her most melancholy songs—*O do not Leave me! My Heart is Weary! O let me Die!* and thoroughly wakes me up by bursting into tears over the last-mentioned, when I have to ring for DODDRIDGE to bring my Aunt's pocket-handkerchief, which is almost immediately afterwards discovered behind the sofa-cushion.

Then, when My Aunt is going to retire for the night, irrepressible wakefulness sets in with me, which she remarking, more in sorrow than in anger, cannot help observing, that "she is but dull company for me;" to which politeness requires me to answer, "O no, not at all," and that she is afraid she depresses me; to which again politeness and a certain amount of policy compel me to reply that "On the contrary, I—" when I finish, feeling that my acting is not up to the occasion. She continues that she is sure I must be glad to get rid of her; whereupon I try to return with effusion, as the French say, "Get rid of you, my dear Aunt, why I'm sure that—" But once again I come to a standstill by the ingenuousness of my nature, which is at this moment a nuisance, as I should like to be sympathetic, and—if one could in private life—deliver a speech in blank verse, expressive of how much I don't want to get rid of my Aunt, and how immensely her songs, her presence, and her manner generally are calculated to cheer me.

I think I manage to look hurt at her imputation, but, somehow or another, I equally feel that a smile is pulling up one corner of my mouth, as DODDRIDGE enters with the candle, and exclaims (the toadie!) "O, MASTER GEORGE! how can you!" as if I'd hit my Aunt, or been rude to her. And so she leads her up-stairs to bed. When they've gone I find myself clenching my fist and saying, "Confound it! I never—" and here the Dove in her cage says Coo-coo-oo exactly nine times, very slowly, and bowing to me each repetition.

I do not get on with my Aunt. I really should like to for various reasons, some being of genuine importance. I cannot. I've tried it, and failed, and am still trying it. I cannot sympathise with the

little snappish King Charles and the monotonous Dove. Perhaps a return of health, through the agency of the Turkish Baths at the Cramville, makes me irritable, or, more properly speaking, impatient.

I know I should please my Aunt immensely—at least, I believe so—if I nursed Charlie for two hours regularly, and said that I liked his new collar with six bells all tinkling at once.

I object, too, to being obliged, as it were, to share my meals with Charlie. His dinner-hour is our dinner-hour, his breakfast-time is our breakfast-time, and so on. From the moment we sit down he commences a series of spasmodic yelps, enough to derange the stoutest nerves; though my Aunt and DODDRIDGE only allude to the horrid noise with rapture, as "almost speaking, isn't it? Dear little Char!"

"He's quite like a child, ain't he, Mum?" exclaims DODDRIDGE, admiringly. "Do give him that little bit on your plate, MASTER GEORGE."

All my little bits go to Charlie. I like little bits myself; keeping a reserve of them.

My Aunt has discovered that Charlie has an ear for music. DODDRIDGE (the sycophant!) exclaims, rapturously, "He almost sings to you, don't he, Mum? Don't he, MASTER GEORGE?"

I say (being disturbed in reading KETZLER *On Idiosyncratic Induction*), "Yes, almost sings," and wish that he'd quite sing instead of setting up the most dismal howl I ever heard, as an accompaniment to my Aunt's most cheerful ballad, *Longing to Die*.

Keeping my eyes on my book (like "the good St. Anthony," only for a different reason), I meditate upon the quickest and best means of getting away from my Aunt and Ramsgate. Let me see, or rather let me consider—while pretending to read—

Philosophical and Psychological Note.—Complex faculties, negative and positive.

(a) I am reading with my eyes, and a few sentences disjointedly get mixed up with my (b) thoughts on quite a different subject, namely, how to break off (as it were) my connection with my Aunt, while (c) my ears are trying to close themselves to the sounds of my Aunt's singing, Charlie's howling, and the piano, and DODDRIDGE's laudatory ejaculations.

I have heard of a philosophical writer who could compose his most serious and most successful essays while the junior members of his family were blowing trumpets, beating drums, and fighting, the elder branches talking and laughing, and his wife bothering him about what he'd like for dinner. Wonderful. I recollect mentioning this to a Thinker of my acquaintance, who replied, "Concentrate yourself. You'll soon get accustomed to it." I am now trying to concentrate myself. Note result for future psychological analysis.

[Also, *Note by the way.* What a fine profession a Thinker's might be. Say two thousand a year to Think, only to Think, not to speak, or write, or to do anything. And then at the end of a term, say three years, see what came of it. Your employers could then decide upon retaining you or not.]

My Thoughts. If I could only get some one to send me a line—*Lines in book that come in here*—"The desolating system of empiricism" . . . (eyes wander) . . . "innate a priori perceptions" (thoughts continued)—some one might send me a pressing invitation.

My Aunt's voice (plaintively)—

Weary, so weary! so weary!

Break! break my heart with a sigh.

"Sigh" is a very high note; dog howls; Aunt prolongs note! dog prolongs howl.

Doddridge (rapturously). Ain't he wonderful, Mum? Piano accompaniment—chords. (Thoughts) I wish that dog was—I wish that DODDRIDGE—no—let me concentrate myself—let me see—if somebody sends me an invitation to say—(book again)—"synthetical judgments . . . as deducible . . . and cognisable . . . entities"—dear me—this will never do—I really must concentrate . . .

My Aunt, in a broken voice, being much touched by her own rendering of the song—

Dreary! so dreary! so dreary!

[DODDRIDGE shakes her head sympathetically; subdued howl from dog.

My Aunt (gulpily)—

Dreary! so (very feelingly) dreary! so (most feelingly) dreary!

I know this will end in tears . . . I wish I could thoroughly concentrate myself now, and pretend to be absorbed.

[Piano. Forcible chord.

Waiting! O wai—ting—

Heremy Aunt (I can't help attending to her) goes down several steps (so to speak) in a minor key, evidently feeling the sentiment more and more deeply, so that one almost expects her to turn to DODDRIDGE, and exclaim with the last note, "Plunge a Dagger into me; I don't want to live any more after this song: please do it, and



THE CARCASE AND THE EAGLES.

oblige yours truly, &c." My Aunt is now joined by CHARLIE, with his nose in the air—

Waiting, O waiting! and weary!

Longing—(with fervour)—O longing . . . to . . . (long note, as if to make the next word, when it does come at last, an agreeable surprise) . . .

o . . . o . . . [Same note. Dog and Aunt both hold it. o . . . o . . . die!!!

Result. DODDRIDGE weeps, my Aunt catches CHARLIE in her arms, and sobs convulsively.

What can I say? What can I do? I feel that, to sit still, is almost brutal. I am hot, uncomfortable, feverish. This sort of thing will quite counteract all the good of the Turkish Baths.

I must say something . . . I do. I say, in as gentle a tone as possible, "Aunt, shall I get you your pocket-handkerchief?" No answer. I rise. Knock at door. Enormous Housemaid (the third new one since we've been here, each one bigger than the former,

and all quite Life Guardsmen in petticoats) brings a letter for my Aunt. Perhaps this will assist me, and I shall be able to leave.

Letter to inform my Aunt that my Cousin JOHN, from sea, has got a few days' leave, and is coming to see her. Then I can go. I will just stop to meet him and then go.

Note in *Valetudinarian Diary*. I think I am thinner. Sometimes I fancy I'm not. It seems to me that I vary with the day. Last Monday I seemed to be stouter than usual. On Tuesday I seem to have gone down again. Odd. "Here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

Night. As I am lying awake—(somehow I do a great deal of lying awake now—when I tell SAMUEL this, and attribute it to the Turkish Baths, he exclaims, with open eyes and hands, "Well, Sar, why not?" and as I have no answer to this form of conundrum, he continues, almost angrily, "You don't want so much sleep—it's not Naytchar"—but I don't think I quite agree with SAMUEL on this point—I think why it is I don't get on better with my Aunt? Also wonder how my Cousin JOHN from sea will get on with her. Shall see.

"WHERE THE CARCASE IS, THERE WILL THE EAGLES BE GATHERED TOGETHER."

Is she dead, or but dying, that lies yonder,—
Her white limbs half-hid in her fair, foul hair?
Are those life's last lights in her eyes that wander,
Or fires reflected in their lifeless stare?

Is't diamond or paste, this shattered star,
That mocks pale brows, and eyes no more impassioned?
Whence these black blood-gouts that her beauty mar,
And dash her robes, so fine and featly-fashioned?

Is this blood hers—or from that bird of death,
Whose throat she still grasps—that scarce-strangled vulture?
Which 'neath her dying hands gasped its foul breath,
And found in blood and ashes fit sépulture!

What says the true Word? "Where the carcase lies,
There will the eagles gather them together."
Methinks she must be dead—or why the skies
Dark of a sudden, in this summer weather,

With hungry eagles, that wheel o'er her head,
And for her fallen crown make rival proffer:

They had not ventured, but that France lies dead,
Or all too weak to warn or waive them off her?

The Bourbon Eagles—drawn from alien skies,
Nearly allied in kin, but not in kindness:
The elder bird, with feeble wing, and eyes
By introspective gaze filmed into blindness:

The younger, with a swifter, stronger, flight,
And keener, closer, farther-reaching vision;
Ready to sink old feuds, in pride's despite,
And bow in feudal family-submission.

And, hovering more apart, with watchful eye,
Belying languid sweep of draggled pinion,
The Imperial Eagle, whose day seemed gone by,
And quenched his chances of renewed dominion.

And round these eagles, callow eaglets shrill,
Wheeling and waiting for their elders' swooping,—
And France stretched dead, or seeming dead—so still
Her limbs, so helpless 'gainst those eagles' stooping!

MUST WE THROW OUR CUCUMBERS OUT OF WINDOW?



THE Cucumber—the Cucurbit, HORACE WALPOLE's everlasting Cucumber! That too widely emblematic vegetable, which, after being grown at great expense, gathered with discriminative care, prepared and dressed with infinite pains and skill, when all is done, has to be thrown out of window! The type of so many dishes prepared in practical JOHN BULL's kitchen! Isn't that the way he makes his gaol-birds? How else does he deal with nine-tenths of his public schoolboys? And his recruits! Ask

LORD SANDHURST; what are they but an extensive case of HORACE WALPOLE's Cucumbers, dressed and flung away to the tune of some fifteen millions a-year? Picked at 18; prepared at the cost of £100 per man, from 18 to 24; and then pitched out of the window, on to the Indian dust-heap, or into the London slum, just when the dressing is complete, and the Cucumber has been made into good, nourishing, succulent food—for powder.

A lad from eighteen to twenty, it seems, by concurrence of general medical opinion and dearly-bought experience, is good for nothing beyond the easiest barrack-drill and home-duty. Send him out to India, and he droops and dies, or dwindles into a Queen's bad bargain, half his time, spent in

hospital, to be discharged at last a listless, useless, broken-down, invalid, with a ruined character, a rotten liver, and a confirmed taste for raw rum, foul talk, and loose company.

What we want for Indian service is the seasoned man of twenty; or, better still, one or two and twenty. But we want short-service men at the same time. The problem is, how to turn *all* the short service term to the good: that out of the six years we shan't have to strike off two useless ones.

Now, why not act on SIR W. RUSSELL's plan? Enlist our youngsters for the embodied militia from eighteen to twenty: give them home-drill and light home-duty for that time, and then pass them into the home-reserve of unembodied militia for ten or fifteen years longer, to come up to a yearly setting-up drill and out-door manoeuvres in the Prussian fashion for one month out of every twelve; and let men over twenty volunteer out of the militia for six years' service abroad, with good pay and allowances, and a retaining fee, when they join the second rank of the reserve, say for six years longer, after they come home again.

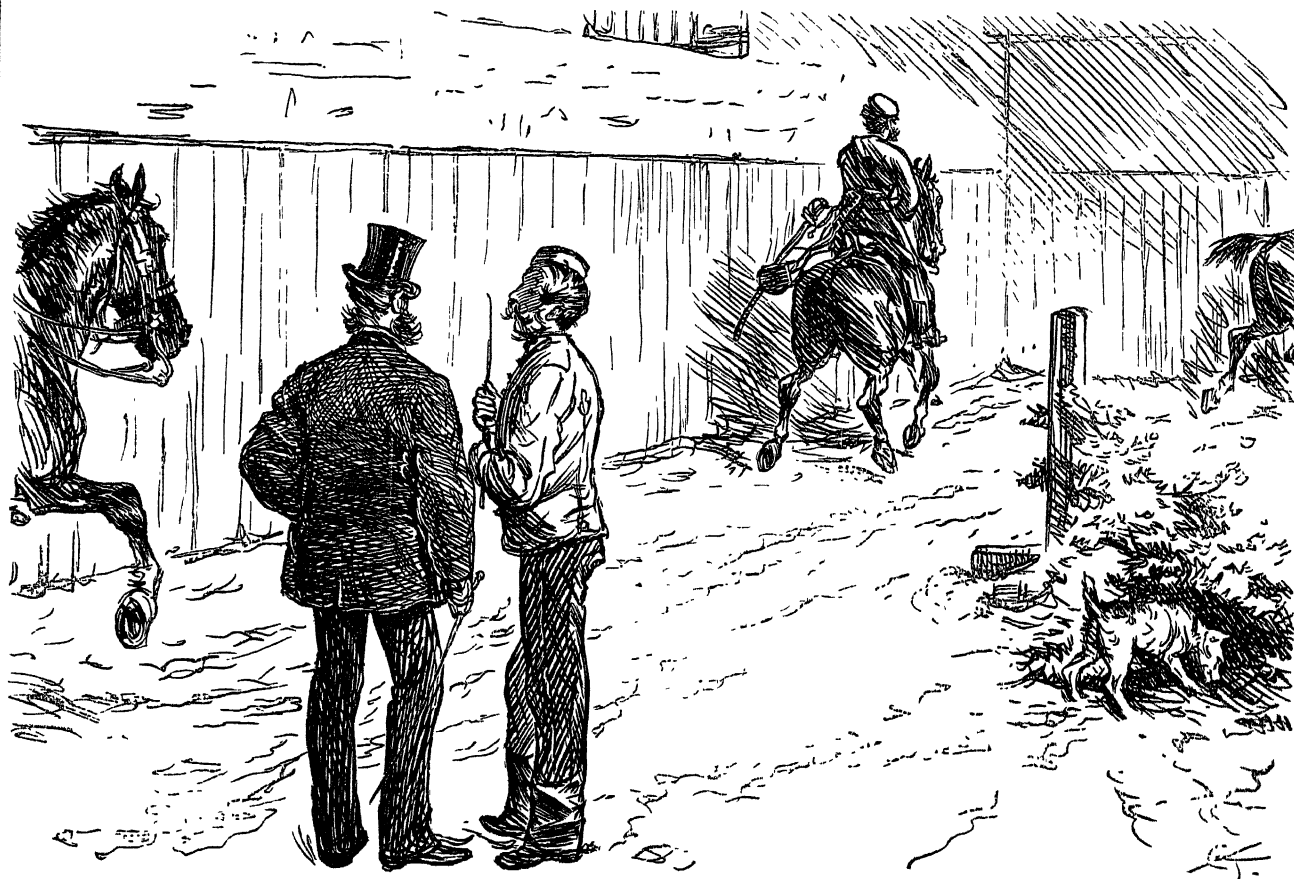
In this way, at any rate, we should get some good out of our Cucumbers, after dressing them.

As it is evident that JOHN BULL's army of "Defence, not Defiance" is still to seek, and that the most to be expected from MR. CARDWELL and the Abolition of Purchase Bill is that between them they may clear the ground for the Force of the Future, *Mr. Punch* begs leave, as above, to say his "ditto to SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL."

Multum in Parvo.

THESE be what a Cuss must Keep,
For happiness who hankers:
Sober, single, and a balance
At his blessed Bankers'.

BIBO BENEDIX IMPECUNIOSUS.



CAVALRY CRITICISM.

Adjutant (to Riding-Master). "AH, THERE'S MR. QUICKSTEP!" (Who had just Exchanged into the Regiment from the Infantry.) "HOW DOES HE GET ON?"

Riding-Master. "WELL, SIR, I THINK HE'S THE HOSSIEST GEN'LEMAN AFUT—AND THE FUTTIEST GEN'LEMAN ON A HOS THAT EVER I'VE MET WITH SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE REG'MENT!"

THE COUNCIL OF THREE.

THE Three Tailors of Tooley Street who meet at the Hall of the International Association in Holborn, have been writing to LORD GRANVILLE and MR. GLADSTONE to receive a deputation, to urge on them the "necessity of maintaining the inviolability of the right of asylum for political refugees in England." MR. GLADSTONE'S Private Secretary writes to the Mighty Three—the Eumenides of England—that "LORD GRANVILLE, being in Scotland, will be unable to receive a deputation, and cannot answer their letter, though their wishes shall be communicated to him. As to MR. GLADSTONE, he has desired his Secretary to say that Her Majesty's Government will, no doubt, should occasion arise, act on any power given them by the existing law." On this, the three pass a resolution expressing regret "at the ambiguous reply of MR. GLADSTONE, and the ominous silence of the Foreign Secretary."

Where is the ambiguity in MR. GLADSTONE'S answer? Can there be any mistake about its meaning? If so, *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in explaining it to his Holborn friends. "Keep to your own business of tailoring, and leave me to mine of seeing, as head of the Executive, to the carrying out of the Law. It is wiser and stronger, I am happy to think, than either of us, and has placed the question of extradition under the guardianship of justice, which is the perfection of common sense, alike beyond the bias of palpable partisanship and possible prejudice?"

As to the "ominous silence" of the Foreign Secretary, only the Three could have been unreasonable enough to insist on LORD GRANVILLE answering the Holborn Oracle all the way from Balmoral—*nihilominus*. Would it be too much to ask the Terrible Three to wait till he comes back? *En attendant*, let England be thankful that she has National Law to govern her course in such matters, instead of "International" Liberty.

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS (June 2 to 10, 1871).

SCENE—*The Parks.* SUBJECT—*The Weather.*

Enter SMITH wrapped up, meeting BROWN in an Ulster coat with an umbrella under his arm.

Smith (to BROWN). Merry Christmas to you.

Brown. Same to you, and many of 'em. Can't stop, I'm rather in a hurry; just off by train to be in time for the meet at eleven.

Smith. Hope you'll have a good run. I'm going to fetch my skates. Good bye.

[*Exeunt separately—Wind changes.*]

LEEDS TRUMP.

ON Friday, June 2, 1871, J. B. JOHNSON, of Leeds, being on London Bridge, saw a passenger fall from a Greenwich steamer—jumped from the parapet—swam to the drowning man, and saved him.

DR. JOHNSON wrote—

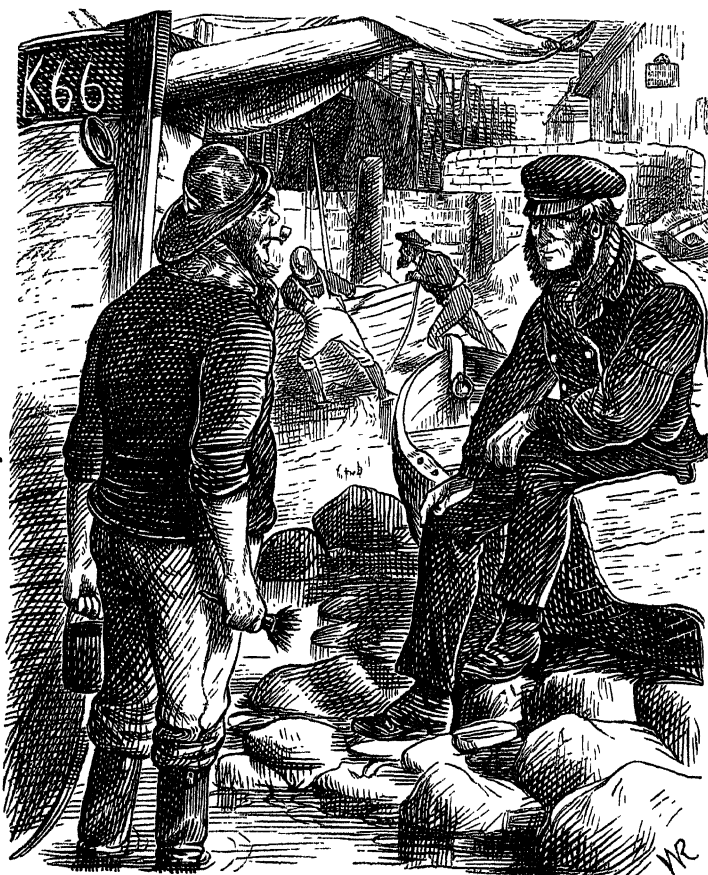
"On Thames's banks, in silent thought, we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood."

J. B. JOHNSON acted—

From Thames's bridge, with silent pluck, a dive.
There, Greenwich man, here, Yorkshire feat, Survive!

Musical Mem.

MRS. MALAPROP paid her first visit to the Enternational Exhibition last week, and had the pleasure of hearing the band of the Honourable Distillery Company.



COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Dugald. "DID YE HEAR THAT SAWNEY McNAB WAS TA'EN UP FOR STEALIN' A COO?"

Donald. "HOOT, TOOT, THE STIPIT BODIE! COULD HE NO BOCHT IT AN' NO PAID FOR'T?"

WHITEHEAD AND SOFTEAD.

At a recent meeting at South Shields, it was resolved, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, to have a Public Library in that distinguished Durham borough. But the resolution was not easily carried. There was much unseemliness in the way of vulgar opposition. And though the *dictum* of one of the opponents, a Town Councillor named WHITEHEAD, may be considered as compact, it will hardly be deemed elegant. Quoth (according to the report before us) MR. WHITEHEAD (whose name is reverent—and there, until further advice, *Mr. Punch's* reverence for the owner ceases), "Newspapers alone are the literature of the age, and only seedy readers read books." We have looked out "seedy" in *Webster*, and we find "exhausted, worn-out, poor, and miserable-looking." *Webster* rudely adds "*colloquial and low*." Well, perhaps the word is so, even though used by a Town Councillor. But what did MR. WHITEHEAD mean, if he meant anything? After much consideration, we arrive at the conclusion that he meant nothing except to air his imbecility. Does he flatter himself that he can understand a newspaper? No man can do that who does not read books, and a good many of them. Let him go to bed. As SHAKESPEARE says (did he ever hear of SHAKESPEARE?—let somebody tell MR. W. that MR. S. wrote a book), "A good soft pillow for that good white head were better than"—attending at a meeting and hindering a good object. *Mr. Punch* particularises a soft pillow—*similia similibus curantur*.

Real Soothsayers v. Sham.

A POPULAR novelist writes, "There is never more roaring laughter than at a dinner of Parsons." A classical scoffer remarks that the British Augurs are superior to the hypocrisy admired in the Augurs of Rome. We neutralise the scoff by retorting that an honest man's laugh and a humbug's are as different as the laughter of Man and of the Hyæna.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

GREAT nations, by disaster schooled, advance;
Their greatness oft the sequel of their grief:
With hand upon the page of History, France
Is going to turn over a new leaf.

She means her future to redeem her past,
Eschews vain-glory, and insane desire
Of rule, renounces brag, and by bombast
Will cease, henceforth, derision to inspire.

Surrounding peoples all, so they increase
By lawful increment, she'll leave alone,
Amongst them glad enough to live in peace,
Nor grudge them theirs, meanwhile she holds her own.

Her children to the Good will all their hearts
Apply; with all their heads will seek the True;
They'll chiefly cultivate the useful arts,
And the domestic virtues chiefly, too.

Her teachers will uphold the reign of Right.
Her authors and her artists, both, will try
Distinctly to enforce, with all their might,
The sacredness of marriage—by-and-by.

In manners, in amusements, in array,
France will a new example set of taste,
And soon her epigrammatists will say
That Europe is refined when France is chaste.

Their Moloch-worship Frenchmen will abjure,
Respect the Soldier in his proper sphere,
From foreign foes of keeping them secure.
Moreover, the Policeman they'll revere.

France ne'er will fight for an Idea again;
In the world's markets only she'll contend.
And tell us, all ye fools who will, that then
France to meek England's level will descend.

M. L'Implacable.

IN presence of the stern measures of "repression" just now in hand, not the most untruthful Communist will deny that M. THIERS is a vigorous Chief of the Executive.

ONE OF TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS.—The day he lectured the House for adjourning over the Derby.

A PRIZE NECROLOGIST.

MR. PUNCH has the eyes of Argus, but no Juno shall pluck them out for the ornamentation of any peacock whatsoever. That's not to the point. He is a regular reader of the *West African Herald* (when it comes to him), and in the last number he finds this, in the obituary:—

"At his house in Winnebah, at half-past ten a.m., on the 23rd ult., HENRY ARQUAH, King of Winnebah. The deceased was the most intelligent and civilised chief in the protectorate, and his death will be felt as a severe loss to the people of his districts."

He is sorry for the loss of the good king, of course, and if he had the slightest idea where Winnebah is, he would send cards. But he has mastered his sorrow to the extent of being able to hold up the above paragraph as a specimen of what necrology should be. Here is a virtuous potentate, a SCIPIO AFRICANUS, who departs, and he gets five lines in *memoriam*. The most worthless European Sovereign would have five columns. But to how few Sovereigns could the above character be given? MISS JELLABY said in her haste that "Africa was a Beast." But some of its inhabitants are not beasts—they know how to value a good King, and they know how to write about him when he goes *ad majores*. We compliment the *W. A. Herald*.

Cruel Amusement.

THERE is much talk of a certain *Battle of Dorking*. Surely the contest so named is illegal. Is not the "Battle of Dorking" a Cook-fight?

INTERNATIONAL TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—The health of MR. DARWIN, and our poor relations in the Zoological Gardens and over the water.

SOCIAL SCIENCE FOR LADIES.

(A "Cram Catechism" for Young Ladies. Intended to "Supply a Want.")



- Q. 1. Do you ever read the newspapers?
 ** The answer that "I always look at the 'Births, Deaths, and Marriages,'" is not sufficient. For a daily exercise, Ladies will find once up and down the inner sheet of the *Times*, and twice round the *Morning Post*, excellent practice.
- Q. 2. What is a Premier?
 Who is the PREMIER now?
- Q. 3. Is he in the House of Lords or Commons?
 ** Though we say it who shouldn't—though if we didn't, who wouldn't?—the best information on all such important social subjects will be obtained in the shortest possible way by a reference to *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book*.
- Q. 4. Besides writing (recently) *Lothair*, what has MR. DISRAELI ever done?
- Q. 5. And, by the way, who is MR. DISRAELI?
- Q. 6. What is a Whig? What is a Tory?
- Q. 7. How many Members of Parliament do you personally know?
- Q. 8. For what places are they, individually, Members?
- Q. 9. Who are the Orleans Princes?
- Q. 10. How many Lord Chancellors are there?
- Q. 11. How many Lord Chief Justices are there?
- Q. 12. Who won the Derby last year?
- Q. 13. Where is the Argentine Republic?
- Q. 14. Is Truro in Spain? if not, where?
- Q. 15. Such of the French Insurgents as are not executed will be transported to New Caledonia. Where is New Caledonia?
 And, *à propos*, could you describe correctly the *Caledonians*?
- Q. 16. Where are pins made? and needles? Have you hitherto supposed that they were found in mines?
- Q. 17. Can you distinguish one overture from another directly you hear it? Is ROSSINI alive? If not, what was his date?
- Q. 18. Can you make a salad? If so, how? When are quails in season?
- Q. 19. Have you ever seen the Stock Exchange? If not, where do you think it is?
 ** It is not a sufficient answer to say, "It's somewhere in the City."
- Q. 20. Where is Manchester? Is it a great commercial seaport?
- Q. 21. Which were invented first, steamboats or railways?
- Q. 22. Did you ever hear of taxes? What benefit does the QUEEN derive from them?
- Q. 23. Can you go all round the world by land, or not? If not, at what point are you obliged to go by sea?
- Q. 24. Describe exactly the position of New Zealand with reference to the Esquimaux country?
- Q. 25. Are the Scilly Islands in the Mediterranean, or near St.

Helena? If neither one nor the other, then state where they are, and where is St. Helena?

Q. 26. What is an Exon in Waiting?

** The answer that an "Exon" in waiting, is, at this present moment, any future possible BISHOP OF EXETER is mere trifling?

Q. 27. Mention the name of any three Bishops on the Bench besides the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER?

Q. 28. May Bishops dance? is there any law, either civil or ecclesiastical, against it? If not, what is *præmunire*?

Heads of Families will do well to hold weekly General Knowledge Examinations for the Ladies of their households, adopting the above paper as a model.

Of course Paterfamilias would be compelled to give, also weekly, a handsome something as a reward of merit to the first-class prize-woman, who must immediately complain to *Mr. Punch* if she doesn't get it. But *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes that she may.

"WANTED, A FEW FINE ACTIVE YOUNG MEN!"

A WAR-OFFICE order has directed that the height of recruits is to be increased from 5 feet 4½ inches to 5 feet 5 inches.

It's all very well to raise the standard, but will the recruits flock to it? They don't so much object to the flag, but the colours they like best are the colours of JOHN BULL's money—the yellow of the sovereign, and the white of the pay shilling.

"No bounty, and no pension?—a short service, but not a merry one!"

Hm!—as the Chelsea Prophet says. That old fisher of men, SERJEANT KITE, might be a thundering liar, but he gorged his gudgeon. CARDWELL can't. Recruits won't rise to his present bait. He must try a new cast, and a fresh fly.

AGAIN ALREADY?

HAS a Noble Nation not had enough of interfering with its neighbours? Will it not have as much as is good for it to attempt if it confine itself for some time to come to minding its own business? Not so, think the Legitimists; at the offices of whose provincial journals an address to be presented to the POPE on the 16th of June lies for signature, terminating as follows:—

"May France, restored and regenerated, soon lend once more the aid of her avenging arm to her oppressed father."

The Bourbonists appear, like the Bourbons, to have learned nothing, but, unlike them, to have forgotten much. Forgetful, seemingly, of the consequences of the mistake made by a Noble Nation in attacking United Germany, they now propose, as soon as they are in power, that it shall assail Italian Unity. Or do they remember the mistake well enough, but think it will not be repeated by a Noble Nation in attacking a neighbour whom they believe to be a weaker one? May the Noble Nation not again commit a crime, which, if committed, will, it is to be hoped, again prove a blunder even greater than the last.

GOING TO THE BAD.

ALL the way from the National Gallery
 Unto the Royal Academy
 As I walked, I was guilty of railery,
 Which I felt was very bad o' me.

Thinking of Art's disasters,
 Still sinking to deeper abysses,
 I said, "From the Old Masters
 Why go to the new misses?"

PUNCH'S PRIZE CONUNDRUM FOR JUNE.

(Given last week.)

Everybody has Won the Prize. VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.
 We scorn to deceive you, the answer is

MAHOGANY.

The Picture of the Season.

DURING the late remarkable weather, the thermometer, for several days together, standing under 60°, everyone who had been to see the R.A. Exhibition was sensibly reminded of *MR. MILLAIS' Chill October*.



"POST NATUS."

Grandpapa. "GET YOU A COMMISSION BEFORE THE PURCHASE SYSTEM IS ABOLISHED? CERTAINLY NOT, SIR. YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOUR WAY JUST AS YOUR FATHER AND I HAVE DONE."

THE POLICE IN PARIS.

WHY is the Council of the International Working-Men's Association like the POPE?—saving the Pope's Holiness. Because it has published an Encyclical; only its Encyclical is an Address to all the Social Revolutionists in Europe and the United States, expressing sympathy with the Communists who martyred the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS. This Encyclical, therefore, differs from the papal *toto cælo* and—*toto inferno*.

It is probable that the International Working-Men, even those who form the Council of their Association, do not see the *Morning Post* every day. That is a pity, for if they did, they would have had the pleasure of reading, in a late letter from the *Post's* Own Correspondent at Paris, the following account of the present state of that Capital:—

"The gendarmes have resumed their old posts in all the splendour of their old attire, and the familiar cocked-hat of the Parisian public officer is again becoming as common as when Paris was in the height of her glory, and all the crowned monarchs vied with each other in 1837 in the splendour of their visits. Some fifteen thousand gendarmes and gardiens de la paix are now in charge of Paris, two thousand five hundred of whom are mounted."

Satisfactory intelligence, ODGER, eh? Good news, isn't it, LUCRAFT, and all the rest of you gentlemen whose names have been published among the signatures to the Encyclical of your Œcumenical Council? The Police are once more supreme in Paris. Friends of Order—hooray!

Good Resolution.

By telegram from Paris, the other day, we learned that:—

"The Académie Française resumed its sittings yesterday; its Dictionary will appear this year."

Is it true that the French Academy has determined to obliterate from its forthcoming Dictionary the word "*Gloire*?"

A HELPING HAND WANTED.

As a rule we disapprove of Corporal Punishment, but at this season of the year we should not be sorry if every poor child could get a good blow in the fresh air.

JOHNSON'S JUMP.

"MAN overboard!" A rush—a cry
That thrills the steamer's crowded freight!
He rises—sinks—no rope is nigh—
The life-buoy—save him! 'Tis too late!
No! From the Bridge's central height,
A dark form flashes through the air,
The cloven water leaps in light—
There was but one, now two are there!—
A swimmer, skilful, swift, and strong,
And one he swims with, still and pale—
From boat and bridge rise, loud and long,
The shouts that saved and saviour hail!

And all is question and reply—
And scarce at length the truth we learn:
For bravery is proud and shy,
Slow to take thanks, as quick to earn.
'Tis J. B. JOHNSON death has braved—
From Leeds—he lives by the trapeze:
'Tis CAPTAIN PETERS he has saved,
From the West End—"There! stow your praise—
Next time be readier with a rope—
What if to save life be his whim?
Reward be blowed! For *that* he'll hope,
Winning the match he's here to swim."

So should true courage waive its claim
To praise and pence, and go its way;
'Tis only in the meed of fame
The hero earns the hero's pay.
On the trapeze when "IZA" swings—
So J. B. JOHNSON's name is "billed"—
What wonder if a house he brings
With curious admirers filled?
If, when he swims, around the wave,
Applauding crowds in thousands tell
How life he risked, a life to save,
So should he bear off both cup and bell.

Give J. B. JOHNSON cup and bell,
But cap and bells keep for JOHN BULL,
Who to be gulled submits so well,
Knave scarce can choose but make him fool.
The chorus has not died away
That rings round JOHNSON's gallant deed—
The hero still pulls in the pay,
That praise, with us, is apt to breed,—
When, lo, the saviour and the saved,
'Tis whispered, both bear JOHNSON's name;
Fall, leap, life rescued, drowning braved,
Are only JOHNSON Brothers' game!

PETER and J. B. both can jump,
PETER and J. B. both can swim:
What if P., overboard should plump,
J. B. from bridge spring after him?
How J. B. JOHNSON's name would draw,
How PETER JOHNSON's tap would fill!
Ducking and dive—an eight days' jaw,
And a year's profit in the till!
And so the little game was planned,
And so the little game was played:
And JOHNSON's name rang through the land,
And in the bills sensation made.

Be warned, JOHN BULL, and ere again
You let your soft old heart go thump.
At some deed of heroic strain,
Take care 'tis not a JOHNSON's Jump.
There's many a Peter over goes,
To be picked up by his J. B.,
Where both are equal shams and shows—
The peril and the bravery.
Where though no hat is handed round,
A heavier shot JOHN BULL must stand;
His praise discounted at per pound,
And Fame's notes changed for notes of hand.

FREAKS OF NATURE DISTINCT.—The Swan with Two Necks is a sign; the Two-Headed Nightingale is a wonder.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

OPPOSITION.



THE fact is, that when LORD RUSSELL likes to speak, he always says something which wise men like to hear. But for some reason, which may be a good one, for that Earl is not accustomed to act unreasonably, he takes the utmost care to be, for the most part, inaudible. He chose to be so to-night, *Monday, June 12*, but he was understood to be strongly objecting to the American Treaty. It was defended by LORD GRANVILLE, and accepted by LORD DERBY, though he did not hugely admire it. LORD DE GREY (who is to be made a marquis for his services in negotiating it) vindicated the course of the British diplomatists, and complimented MR. FISH. LORD CAIRNS thought that the Treaty ought to be ratified, and LORD SALISBURY thought that all we had got by it was the advantage of calming the sensibilities of the American people, whom our Government persisted in treating as the spoiled child in the nursery of nations. An important subject was discussed in a befitting manner, which is to be regretted, as no scope was afforded for diverting treatment of the debate.

However, the Commons made amends—but first, *Mr. Punch* desires to call attention to a little speech by the Great Master of Language. SIR ROUNDELL PALMER had put on the paper an elaborate question about the above-mentioned Treaty, a question that reads like a Chancery interrogatory, and contains about five-and-twenty lines without a full stop. To which MR. GLADSTONE answered:—

"I observe that the question uses words selected with great care, and those words have also been carefully considered by us in order to avoid entering into any details in replying to the question, because I can assure him by a simple affirmative that the understanding expressed in that question is the understanding which Her Majesty's Government attach to the rule inquired about."

If anything can be neater than this, or if anybody ever saved himself trouble more elegantly, *Mr. Punch* would like to know the instance.

Then came the eternal Army Bill. But there was deviation from the ordinary dullness, and iterations by

"Captain, and Colonel, and Knight in Arms."—*Milton*.

Government having discovered that there was no particular chance of carrying the Bill in its entirety, solemnly Divided it in two, gave to the winds the Organisation portion (except as regards the taking away the power of Lords Lieutenant), and announced that it was only absolutely necessary to carry the Abolition of Purchase. MR. DISRAELI was, of course, suddenly filled with impromptu dismay, and had been caused a certain degree of humiliation by the want of candour and ingenuousness on the part of the Government. MR. GLADSTONE comforted him with much assiduity, and by the end of

the debate MR. DISRAELI was as well as could be expected, considering that he had been suffering all day from the knowledge, shared by everybody else, that this course was going to be taken.

There was a deal of smart talk, of course, chiefly at the expense of the Cabinet, which had so much difficulty in getting its cart uphill, that it had thrown out nearly all the luggage taken up at the beginning of the Session. "Is this all that I am to have for all the money I am to ask that gentleman for?" will be BRITANNIA's query, as she points at the Income-tax payer. However, we must take what we can get, and MR. GLADSTONE, as the Pioneer of the British Army, must now hew his way through the enchanted forest of Military Vested Interests.

After an announcement by MR. BRUCE that nothing is to be done about the Game Laws this year, we had more Army debates, and divers divisions, whereof *Mr. Punch* means to say only that the MARQUIS OF LORNE, M.P. for Argyllshire, appeared in his place, was heartily congratulated by friends, and voted with his august mother-in-law's Government.

LORD JUSTICE CHRISTIAN, of Ireland, learned Judge, and sometime Liberal Minister, has astonished divers by discovering and giving judgment to the effect, that the Irish Land Act—the great work of a recent Session, does not give the Ulster Tenant the security which it certainly was intended to give. He would recognise no such tenant-right, and described the intention as one of confiscation. He is stated to have used language of exceeding severity in reference to the Act, and the objects of its authors; but he desires it to be understood that he is incorrectly reported. However, so important was his decision, that, long before the week was out, LORD CAIRNS brought in a Bill for declaring the Ulster rights; and perhaps the Conservative scoff at the cleverness of those who did not frame their statute so as to effect their intentions may be pardonable. But we shall never have good laws until they are edited. Editing is the greatest invention in the world.

The Army, and India, occupied the Commons; and on the latter subject MR. FAWCETT and MR. GRANT DUFF had some sharp words, and of course, on another night, they professed the utmost regard for one another. What *was* the subject? O! nothing particular. MR. FAWCETT thinks that Indian finance is abominably managed, and all the natives groan under oppression; and MR. GRANT DUFF thinks that it is managed admirably, and that India is a reproduction of Paradise, with improvements.

Tuesday. The Dissenters triumphed over LORD SALISBURY. The House of Lords, by a large majority, too, 129 to 89, agreed with the Commons in rejecting the Marquis's new University Tests, and LORD SALISBURY, like a gentleman, gave up all his other points, instead of contesting them against the feeling of the House. Therefore let there be joy in Jireh, shouting in Salem, laughter in Little Bethel, ecstasy in Ebenezer, bumptiousness in Bethesda, and zest in Zoar, for the last of the Dissenting grievances (save one) is taken away, and the young Non-conformist may go up into the Universities, and crown himself with all carnal glory. Nor shall the Dissenters rejoice alone, for *Mr. Punch* shall partake their joy, believing that the abolition of such Tests is a right and wise thing. Mourn not, dear old Mother Church, for thou shalt thus obtain many new children, many of a bright sort. Dost believe, dear old lady, that those who have dwelled with the stately Graces of thine old Colleges will be content to go back to Dowdism? Thou'lt see. We shall have a Calvinistic Eight on the water one of these days, pulling like mad against High Church and Broad Church, and afterwards fraternising with the orthodox, and drinking pale ale, as if CALVIN had never burned SERVETUS.

Wednesday. The Commons declined by 222 to 64 to interfere with religious education in endowed schools, and the Government promised, to consider during the recess, a scheme for improving medical education. And, note, the Bill for Repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was passed. *Mr. Punch* respectfully salutes the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, and does so in a chivalrous spirit, because the repeal is not yet Law.

Thursday. LORD WESTBURY, in an effective speech, called attention to the shameful arrears in our Great Appeal Court. The way is choked up, and Her Majesty's subjects can get no justice. Australia is angry, India is indignant, and with reason. LORD WESTBURY insisted in having a remedy in ten days, which demand took the CHANCELLOR's breath away, but he managed to promise to do something.

Thanks to MR. W. H. SMITH, Member for Westminster, the Government has come to a sense of the error of its ways in trying to prig—yes, Prig—part of the Thames Embankment, for the Crown. The QUEEN is the last personage to wish for anything which is not rightfully hers, and when we say the Crown, we mean an Abstraction, for which this abstraction of land was intended. The Government cannot exactly say that they were going to do a wrong thing, so a Select Committee is to be appointed, and that will, we hope, say it. MR. SMITH deserves the gratitude of London for his exer-

tions, but *Mr. Punch* hereby more than repays them by taking off his hat to the Honourable Member.

Our friend, *MR. PETER TAYLOR*, if he will allow us to call him so (though we hardly know why he should), has "struck ile" this time, and has hold, not of a doubtful grievance about some two-penny criminal, but of a real grievance, the persecution of little tradesfolk, by *MR. BEE WRIGHT*, for selling necessities on Sunday. This *BEE WRIGHT* writes himself "Reverend," but was a shoe-maker. [*To Correspondents*.—All jokes about vexing the soles of the poor; sticking to his last; robbing the helpless of their awl; and so on, are rejected in advance, and the addresses of the senders will be given to the Mendicist Society, with a view to investigations.] The Act of *CHARLES THE MERRY* legally justifies proceedings which would be ludicrous, were they not oppressive. *MR. TAYLOR* desires to repeal that Act, but as there will hardly be time for that in a wasted Session, he proposes to suspend the law for a year. One of *WRIGHT*'s amiable witnesses was fined by *MR. KNOX*, the other day, for being excessively drunk, but we can't have all the virtues at once, and if we are good Sabbatarians we may be allowed to be tipsy. Eh, Caledonia? Your health in a dram.

Army; and—Prayer-Book, that is to say, Table of Lessons Bill. "Who asked for any change?" grumbled *MR. HENLEY*, who further stated that when we go into certain churches, "we don't know whether we are standing on our head or our heels." We have not experienced this singular ecclesiastical sensation, as yet, but hope to do so. There was some unprofitable talk over the Bill, but it went through Committee. Parents of god-children are requested to continue indulgent, the beautiful Prayer-Books will come in time.

Friday. *HER MAJESTY* "willed" the Westmeath Outrages Bill and the University Tests Bill—both measures for abolishing unwholesome compacts.

Touching English prisoners in Paris, nine are still detained, and the evil boy, *ROBERT LOWE*, has been set free. Let his incarceration be a warning to him never again to fight a whole French army.

There was a very hot squabble over the Business of the House, remarkable only for *MR. BERESFORD HOPE*'s definition of a Count Out. He said that it was a sacred thing, which gave Members the privilege of being allowed to save their own lives.

In Supply, there was fight over a vote of £1562 for Queen's Plates in Ireland. Some Members wished these done away, but even *MR. BOUVIER* contended that they did good, and attracted farmers and others to harmless meetings, totally unlike the assemblage of betting men and other blackguards who swarm on the English race-courses.

MR. CHARLEY's Protestantism boils over at the Catholic lotteries in aid of charity. The miscellaneous lots of prizes seem sordid and odd enough, but the proceedings are fair, and the money does good. *MR. BRUCE* reserved the right of toleration, and the House supported him by 60 to 33.

Naturally, towards one in the morning, the question of Drinks was raised, and there were various suggestions offered as to the best way of preventing the vicious from sotting, while the virtuous should not be hindered from refreshing. It seems that there are more arrests for drunkenness than there used to be, but this is because the drink-house people being more afraid to harbour the tipsy, hurl them into the street, and they become prizes, and are biographised in the police-sheet.

CRIMINAL LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is a certain newspaper of which the readers appear to be, most of them, persons who read and write imperfectly, and are in a fair way to get themselves entered as such in a list wont to be made out in institutions belonging to *HER MAJESTY*, and supported by the County Rates. This publication is called the *Police News*. The news which it contains consists chiefly of the details of acts which the vocation of the Police is to prevent, or to apprehend those who commit them; that is to say, criminal acts of violence, inclusive of suicides. These, its contents, are illustrated by a sheet of woodcuts adapted to the very meanest capacity, as though with intent to assist savages endowed with imagination in one degree above a gorilla, to form some conception of the physical details of a horrid murder, a brutal assault, or some other atrocity.

The literature and art of the *Police News* of course mainly depend upon the facts which it derives from the Assize and Police Reports and the Coroners' Inquests. In a dearth of extremely revolting incidents, it is sometimes reduced to the description and delineation of very commonplace offences, which may even be hypothetical. One of its late numbers contained a print, representing an "Alleged Attempt to Shoot an Actress." This allegation having turned out to be a mistake, the picture of it was a representation of a deed which was never done at all; an illustration of fictitious intelligence. What a peculiar order of minds must those be that are capable of deriving any amount of satisfaction from the rudest of designs, which, even when the crime that they are meant to signify is a

matter of fact, are themselves conjectural! How exactly on a par must be the imaginative faculty and the intellect of such minds with the moral sense, and the taste!

Should the state of Society, in spite of the *Police News* and its kindred literature, undergo such an amelioration as would be evidenced by the general occurrence of Maiden Assizes, still that pretty paper would be enabled, by carrying out the principle on which it narrates and delineates "alleged" attempts, to go on entertaining the vilest of the remaining vile. For example, it could present its readers, as often as it liked, with an illustrated narrative of a "Reported Execution of a Supposed Murderer," or a "Whipping which a Garotter was Sentenced to Receive."

BARLEYCORN AND BURNS.

IN a letter to the *Times* on "Beer Statistics," our friend *DAWSON BURNS* observes that comparatively little malt is used in this country in the manufacture of ardent spirits. Too true. Potatoes are used, and other things which yield spirits of an impure and noxious quality. *MR. BURNS* would promote the cause of Temperance by directing agitation on behalf thereof towards obtaining a statute to secure the preparation of potable spirits from proper materials. He would then make a name for himself in connection with sound and wholesome exciseable liquors, such as cheer but not inebriate in moderate quantities, and publicans would advertise "*Dawson Burns's Pure British Brandy, and Genuine Old Tom*." Even the produce of John Barleycorn in the land of *BURNS* himself would be commended to customers under the denomination of "*BURNS (Dawson's) Whiskey*." People who drank the real "barley bree" would be "na that fou" after any amount of it that they make themselves by drinking a very little base and counterfeit whiskey.



With Compliments to Hawarden Castle.

A *WELSH* Grammarian sends us a conundrum. As a Scotch lady said of a sermon, "Wad we hae the presumption to understand it?" It is this. Why is *MR. GLADSTONE* like a Welsh Apportion Pronoun? "Because when he is marked by emphasis, he retains his Radical and strong form."

The Fruit Market.

IN the time of *LOUIS PHILIPPE*, it was a question of about "the Fear not being ripe yet." But we suppose this coming summer (if ever it does come) will prove what kind of a show will be made this year with the Orleans Plum.

THE COMPANY THAT FREQUENTLY FILLS A THEATRE BETTER THAN A DRAMATIC ONE.—The Stationers' Company.



NOVEL IDEA FOR A STIFF DINNER-PARTY.

EVERY GUEST PROVIDED WITH SOMETHING SO EXQUISITELY PLEASANT TO LOOK AT, THAT BOREDOM IS IMPOSSIBLE, AND FORCED CONVERSATION UNNECESSARY.

A HEALTH TO HIS HOLINESS.

(On the Strength of his Constitution and Jubilee.)

A HEALTH drink, WILFRID LAWSON, to the POPE,
Lo, the Ninth PRUS PETER's years hath seen!
And will as many more see, let us hope,
As hope we could were he an English Dean.

For now as happy, if he only would,
As any Dean his Holiness might be;
Viewing his Temporal Crown as gone for good;
Ruling as PETER ruled in PETER's See.

But more than PETER's rule in fact, by right
Although from PETER claimed, the POPE demands;
And for his kingdom would his servants fight,
If France again could only spare him hands.

Long live the POPE, however, to display,
Scornful of compromise, in word and deed,
(No Inquisition works his will to-day),
The courage of his principles and creed.

A grand old POPE, he, with intrepid soul,
Fixed on a faith above the sphere of doubt,
Swallows, and will have swallowed Dogma whole,
He's every inch a POPE, right out-and-out.

Tenacious of his point as GEORGE THE THIRD,
He puts to shame the trimmers of this time;
His stand against all Reason, if absurd,
Is so tremendous as to be sublime.

Enjoying, whilst bemoaning, unrestrained,
In PETER's Chair, a lot from PETER's far,
May PRUS, who has, first of Popes, attained
To PETER's years, exceed the years of PARR.*

* Of course it will be remarked, at least on the Stock Exchange, that, in respect of age, the Holy Father is above par already.

COMPULSORY DROUGHT.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., in a lecture lately delivered to working-men on the subject of America, spoke favourably of the stringent but not absolutely prohibitory liquor laws of Massachusetts. He remarked that:—

"The practical result of these stringent laws was, that a drunken man was nowhere to be seen, and that a thirsty one would have to travel through many streets before he came to a liquor shop."

Here are good and ill; but more ill than good. It is good to see a drunken man nowhere; it is ill, being thirsty, not to be able to get beer anywhere. A just liquor law would repress drunkenness by some means not necessitating sober people to faint for thirst.

FUIT.

MR. LUCRAFT's name is signed to a document, emanating from the International Association Council, and defending the murder of the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, and the arsons.

MR. LUCRAFT is a Member of the London School Board.

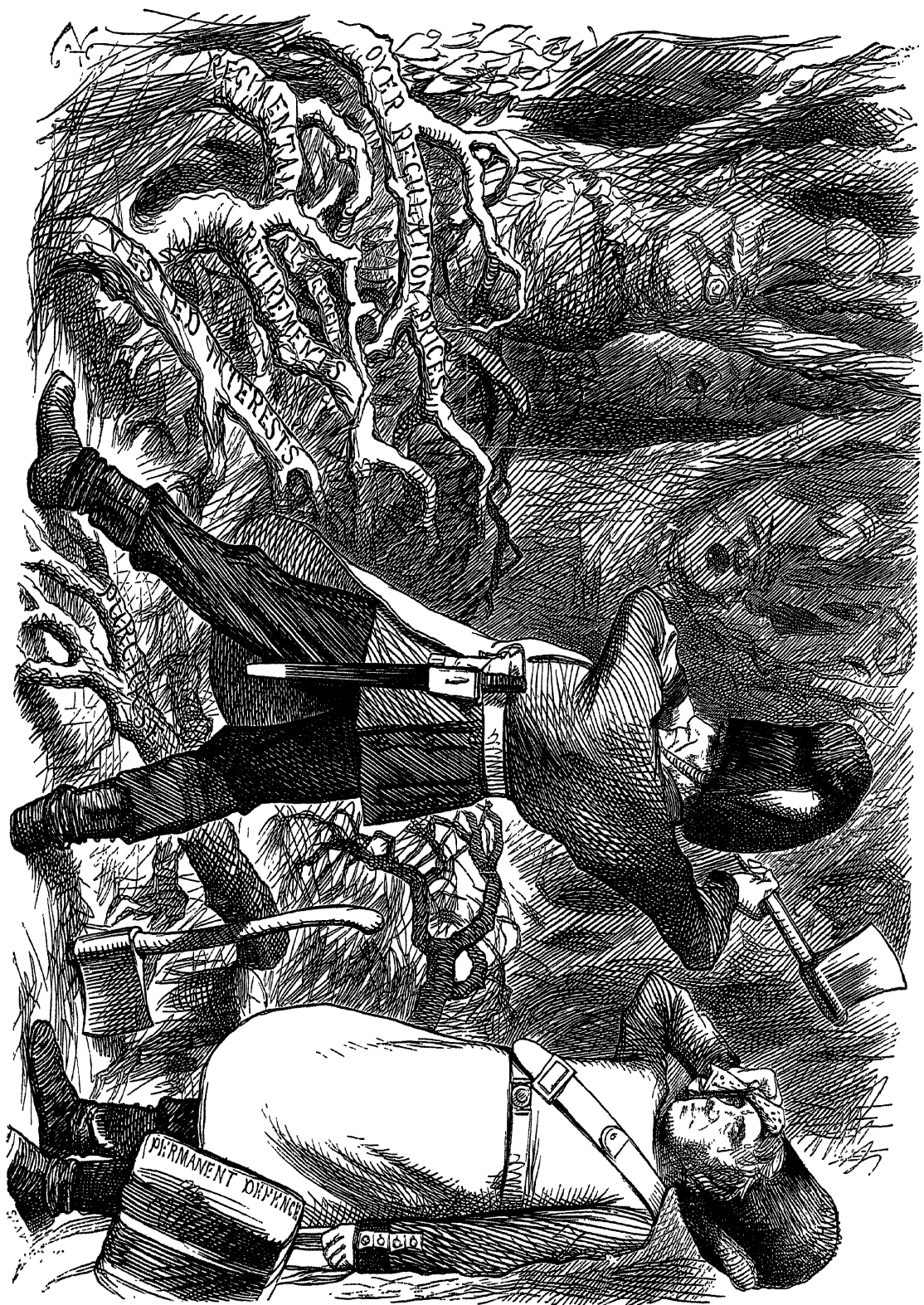
We do not follow up the subject, as the next Meeting of the School Board will have taken place before we publish, and we may fall under the censure of the grammatical department of that tribunal for using (as in the above second paragraph) the verb in the present, instead of in the preterite.

Awful Warning.

At an Exam, a small Yorkshire boy who had been attending more closely to Ainsworth's Novels than to Ainsworth's Dictionary, was desired to construe *Nemo repente fuit Turpissimus*. The misguided child translated it, *No one repents of flying with Dick Turpin*. He fidgeted a good deal during his own Ride to York next day.

To CRICKETERS.—What would you give a thirsty batsman? Why, a full pitcher.

A SOVEREIGN BET.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.



THE BRITISH PIONEERS.

MY HEALTH.



MY Cousin JOHN From Sea has arrived, and we've had a day of him. I retire to my room to meditate, principally on Cousin JOHN From Sea, and make this note.

JOHN is, undoubtedly, I am obliged to own it, a success. I mean as regards my Aunt and DODDRIDGE. Not with me; because though I admit that he is tall, handsome, with a genial manner, yet I do not like boisterosity, by which I mean a person's being perpetually boisterous. This is the very last thing I should have tried with my Aunt. JOHN doesn't try it; he comes, does it, and conquers. Here

have I been with my Aunt for weeks at Ramsgate, during the most unfashionable and unseasonable time, adapting myself not only to her peculiarities but to those of DODDRIDGE, her maid, her ring-dove and her lap-dog with bells, listening sympathetically to her music, trying to weep, nay, sometimes weeping when she wept, controlling my temper and reducing myself to a fearfully nervous state of repressed irritability, refusing to drive out with BUDD (except once), and, in fact, making myself in a general way, as it were, "one of themselves," and at the end of the time I feel that there is a gulf between my Aunt and myself; that we, as it were, form two comparatively hostile camps, one containing my Aunt (generalissimo), DODDRIDGE, Dove and Dog; and the other myself, in anything but full force. I have tried to suit my conversation to my company; I have been mildly cheerful, I have been serious, I have been quakerishly gay, I have suppressed anything like untimely mirth, and am evidently quite unappreciated, perhaps regarded as a nuisance. JOHN arrives. Tremendous knock. Rushes down the passage. Runs into sitting-room, gives my Aunt a slap on the back and a kiss, and says "Hallo, old gal!"

She doesn't jump, scream, kick, nor indeed appear the least surprised. If I had done such a thing, she'd have burst into lavish tears and—but there—I couldn't have done it.

Query. Shall I begin a new line now and try?

"Hallo, old DODDY!" he cries, on the appearance of that respectable maiden, DODDRIDGE, who quite beams under the salutation and replies, "O, MASTER JOHN, you're just as bad as ever, I do declare."

My Cousin JOHN From Sea addresses both my Aunt and DODDRIDGE as "old gal," and has a great deal to say about flagships, the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, the fellows at mess, and has apparently endless stories of the fun they had wherever they were stationed.

Getting JOHN quiet, I try to obtain from him some information as to naval matters, as for instance, watches at sea, keeping lookout, to what rank in the Army a boatswain is equivalent, also questions concerning hammocks, cabooses, and the general domestic economy of a ship, with which as a landsman I confess myself totally unacquainted.

Strange to say that if there is one thing about which Cousin JOHN From Sea appears to know nothing, it is about ships, shipping, and naval and marine affairs generally. He has no stories about Saturday night at sea, and how they sit round the galley fire and sing and dance to the music of the black cook's fiddle. He (Cousin JOHN, I mean), has not been all over the world, and lived a roving seafaring life, but, on the contrary, all his stories of the fun he has had might be told by a country squire who has never gone out of his own inland county, or by a Londoner who has invariably kept within hearing of Bow bells. (Query. Can Bow bells be heard in St. James's Street, Bond Street, or Belgravia? If not, what are the exact limits?)

Cousin JOHN's being at sea, is to my mind, a humbug. He's always been, by his own showing, on shore.

He begins a story with, "When we were in the Mediterranean." Then he turns towards me, and explains, "We were in the Mediterranean for three years"—and I nod encouragingly, as much as to say, "Proceed; your story interests me much;" for I am expecting to hear some fearful tale of shipwreck, or some gallant adventure

with pirates, or large fish, or whatever there may be unusual or startling during a three years' cruise about the Mediterranean. But not a bit of it. His story (addressed to my Aunt, who is much interested, and quite sprightly) generally continues in this style: "I met the CURZONS." Not shot an albatross, or engaged with buccaneers, or suppressed a mutiny by craftily securing all the ruffians under hatches, and then steering the ship by himself for nights and days, until she came safely into port, where he had all the crew hung. No, nothing of that sort, but simply, "When he (Cousin JOHN From Sea) was in the Mediterranean . . . he met the CURZONS!" Just as he might have done in Hyde Park or Pall Mall on any one day, that is, provided always that the CURZONS were there, and not in the Mediterranean. My Aunt is, however, quite delighted, and immediately asks after various members of the CURZON family.

As I can't believe that this sums up the entire events of three years in the Mediterranean—(Note, because, if so, Cousin JOHN had better write *Annals of an Uneventful Life*, in one very small volume, price sixpence at most)—I try to draw him out, when my Aunt has finished her examination about the CURZONS, and remind him that "he was saying 'When he was in the Mediterranean'—well, what then?"

"It became rather slow at last," he replies, "but we had some good fun. Of course we were rather hard up for hunting in the winter, but we got some good shooting, and there were dinners and balls and parties every day in the week, until one was really quite sick of them."

"You hunt much?" I hazard, because I had always thought that a sailor on horseback was an impossibility or an utter absurdity.

"Yes," he replies in an off-hand way, "I had a bad time of it last season, because I'd sold Old Tantrum. You recollect Old Tantrum?" he says, turning to my Aunt. She does, and smiles as if much gratified at being appealed to on such a question.

"I say, old gal," he suddenly exclaims, jumping up, "let's have a drive this afternoon. I'll get a trap, and take you out. You want a jolt, it'll do you good. We'll have a dog-cart, and you" (to me) "can hold DODDY on behind."

Whereat DODDY simpers, and says, "Lor! how you do go on, MASTER JOHN!"

The next thing JOHN wants to know is "If there ain't any nice young women—present company always excepted," he says, winking at me (more simpers from my Aunt this time, and DODDRIDGE chuckling)—"who'd like to have a hop in the evening? I say, old gal," he continues, sitting down on the sofa, and putting his arm round my Aunt, "we must have a hop," and he actually induces my Aunt to enter into a discussion on the subject.

He pretends to run up-stairs after DODDRIDGE in order to give her a kiss. He asks my Aunt for a song, and she "obliges" with *Longing to Die*, which Cousin JOHN immediately characterises as "a cheery sort of ditty," and asks her if she doesn't know anything a trifle more dismal. She is not in the least annoyed; on the contrary, she tries to recollect something lively, but fails. He asks her to accompany him in a nigger song with some such inane chorus as "Flip up in de Skidamajink, jube up in de juben jube," and proposes to teach DODDRIDGE the bones. Charlie, hearing the music, begins howling, whereupon Cousin JOHN's attention being thus attracted to him, he takes him suddenly up by the tail, to see, he says, if he's thoroughbred; as if he is, he won't squeal. He is evidently not thoroughbred. All my Aunt says to him is, "O, JOHN, you'll hurt him," whereas if I'd touched a hair of his tail, or had refused to give him a tit-bit, my Aunt would have burst into tears, perhaps had a fit, DODDRIDGE would have sobbingly reproached me with unkindness to my Aunt, and I should have been made nervous and wretched for an hour at least, but Cousin JOHN From Sea may smoke, vault over the table (he actually does so), play leap-frog over the chairs (which he also does whenever he says he thinks we're a little dull, and want waking up, generally inviting DODDRIDGE to give him a back), smack my Aunt, punch my Aunt, laugh at her songs, make her pet dog squeak with rage, let the dove out of the cage to walk about (when it flies to the mantel-piece and breaks an ornament), and not only is nothing said to him by way of remonstrance, but he is absolutely encouraged by my Aunt's smiles, and DODDRIDGE's admiring exclamations of "Ain't he lively, Mum?" "O, MASTER JOHN, how you do go on!"

I am certainly in the back-ground. I at once take rank as it were after—or rather some way below—Cousin JOHN, and begin looking up to him. He is bent upon taking the "Old Gals" out for a drive, and so I accompany him into the town to the Livery Stables, to ask for a trap and two ponies.

Thoughts as I walk along by the side of Cousin JOHN.—Odd. He was so noisy in the house, that I thought he'd be a charming companion here, when he had dropped his nonsensical humour, which I take for granted he has assumed just to enliven my Aunt with a little buffoonery. Now we are alone, he will be sensible. He can inform me what the ships are out at sea. [N.B. That's the beauty of Ramsgate, such a heap of shipping. There's always a steamer or two going out or coming in on its own account, or assisting other



MR. PUNCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

HE IS AT PRESENT ON A BOATING EXCURSION, AND DESCRIBES THE MOTION AS EXTREMELY PLEASANT, AND HAS NO DREAD OF SEA-SICKNESS.

vessels to come in or get out; then there's the Life Boat, gallantly manned, and always ready for action in the direction of the fatal Goodwins: also fishing boats and yachts, and little boats for rowing, or little boats for sailing, and so on. But it greatly adds to the interest if you've got some one to explain all this to you,—like, for instance, my Cousin JOHN, who being from sea, I may look upon as a professional person with peculiar knowledge.]

He is quite silent. I ask him, "What is that?" pointing to a vessel which has just come in. He doesn't know what she is. He can't make her out, he says, and then relapses into silence, and we walk on. "I suppose," I say presently, "that the Mediterranean is very beautiful?" "Yes," he replies, doubtfully, as if he'd never considered it in this light before, and hadn't made up his mind. [By the way, I can't help remarking that he is dressed in the height of the present fashion, and isn't one bit like any sailor I ever saw.] I tell him I want to go to the library to order a book. "Ah!" he says, "you're always reading, ain't you?" To which I reply, modestly, "No, not always." I suppose this is the character he's heard of me. He continues, "I'm not much of a bookist, so I'll just pop into the stables close by, and you come on."

We part. On the steps of the library I suddenly feel a sort of shooting pain from my shoulder to my elbow, and an ache in my knee. By the way, Cousin JOHN's visit has brought under my notice something which I have not remarked in myself before. He can run up the steps of our cliff without stopping once, and then walk briskly on. I can't. I have to pause three times, (generally on pretence of admiring the view,) and rather feel as if I'd swallowed a new loaf whole when I get to the top. And yet I *am* thinner—I must be thinner.

At this moment somebody below me calls me by name. I turn, and meet WETHERBY. "Thin!" he exclaims, in answer to my inquiry upon that point. "No, I don't notice it. But you're not looking well."

In ten minutes it is settled that change of air will do me good—that a blow on "the briny" will be the thing for me, in WETHERBY's yacht. An opportunity for gracefully taking leave of my Aunt and Ramsgate, and leaving her and DODDRIDGE—the "Old Gals,"—to my Cousin JOHN From Sea.

NOT TO BE SOLD.

Do the Germans expect to have Heligoland
Any sum to be named by out-forking;
Which would be, they may fancy we don't understand,
Their first step to the Battle of Dorking?

What's the next place our friends will invite us to sell,
In resolve to keep that if we falter?
Very likely they'll want to buy Malta as well;
Having bought it, to purchase Gibraltar.

The best fleet they can they've a right to create;
We have none to withstand their endeavour.
But to help them become a great Maritime State
Were magnanimous rather than clever.

Though to rule the waves we may believe they aspire,
If their navy grow great, we must let it;
But if one British Island they think to acquire,
Bless their hearts, don't they wish they may get it?

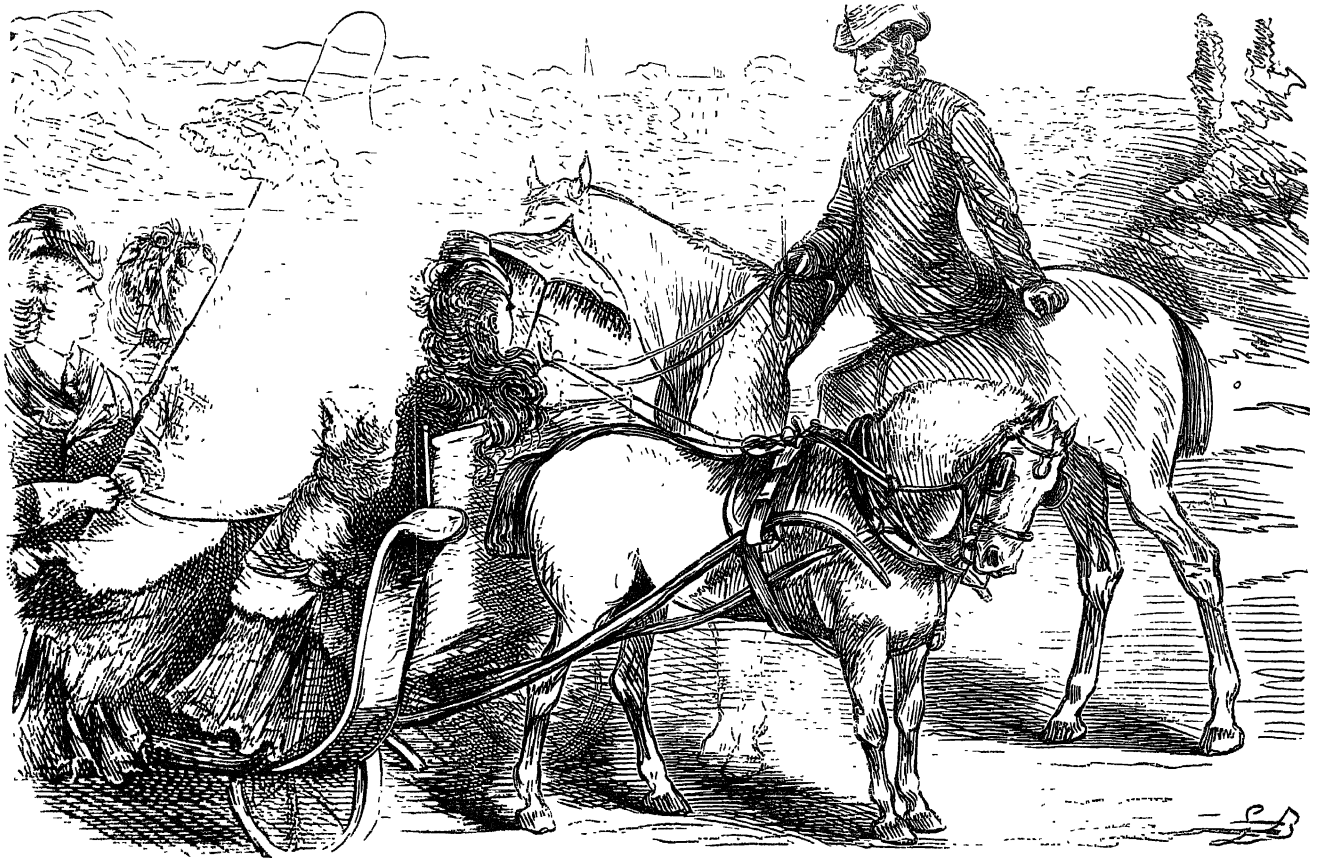
"The Patron and the Gaol."

GOOD FATHER HYACINTHE says that "France defends the cause of society at large." One wouldn't so much object to this (though she had better mind her own business), but for some time the capital of France has been defending the cause of the society that ought not to be at large.

Proverb for Ears Polite.

THE Pavement of Paris is said to consist chiefly of Asphalt. Another account of it is the more correct—Paris is paved with good intentions.

THE BEST PLACE FOR "LA COMMUNE."—"La Fosse Commune."



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Major Blazer. "BUT YOU WON'T OBJECT TO YOUR DAUGHTERS COMING TO OUR RACES, MRS. HOODWINK? QUITE A PRIVATE AFFAIR, AND CLOSE AT HOME."

Mrs. Hoodwink. "AH! THAT IS IT, MAJOR. I SHOULD NOT MIND SO MUCH IF IT WERE NOT IN THEIR OWN NEIGHBOURHOOD!"

THE "DRUID'S" BALLAD OF THE ROAD.

We pulled our hand-cart up the hill,
Did VILLIAM and me;
The work was fit an 'oss to kill,
Let alone poor coves like we.
Says VILLIAM as he mopped his nob,
"CARDWELL," says he, "look 'ere!
With this 'ere load to pull, I'm blowed
If we gits 'ome this year.
"Of all the blessed years I've worked
Along this blessed road,
This year's the wust to get along
As ever I 'ave knowed.
"Most years us Commons-carriers,
'Owver sharp we look,
Has something to pitch overboard,
We didn't ought to 've took.
"And this year for to ease our load
We've made uncommon free;
If you look back along the road,
Our dropped lots you may see.
"There was BOB LOWE, as ought to know
A Budget how to pack,
Had to undo the fust he made,
Or he'd have broke our back.
"There's BRUCE a sittin', grim and glum,
By an upset Licence Bill:
With the Beer-shop Keepers a-chaffin' him,
Both down dale and up hill!
"There's Local Rates Bill not far off—
Wich Göschere may look 'urt,
To see the big load he got up,
Threwed over in the dirt.

"There's the London Water and Charities,
And Mince's Regulation too—
All we can't carry, as we've pitched out,
The rest we must shove through.
"I thought, with the cart-load made so light,
We should a' got up the hill;
But the farther we goes the 'eavier it grows,
Your precious Army Bill!
"We've all on us tried all we knowed,
To make it easy ride:
We've shifted it end up and down—
Trimmed it to either side—
"But the more it's handled," says VILLIAM,
"The awk'arder it sets;
The more room we tries to make for it,
The troublesomer it gets.
"Till, I think, if we means to carry
The aggravation through,
Our only chance of doin' so
Is to cut it clean in two.
"One half on 't we may git 'ome now,
And the other half next year;
And by that time, perhaps," says VILLIAM,
"We'll see our way more clear.
"So clap on, CARDWELL, to the cart;
And you clap on, BOB LOWE;
A long pull and a strong," says VILLIAM,
"And up the hill we go!
"With the wust half of an Army Bill,
A Ballot-box, and no more,—
If we can't carry *this* lot," says VILLIAM,
"Best show ourselves the door!"

PUNCH'S OWN CROSIER.

WITH reference to the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill proposed by the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, the *Post* remarks on the importance of the question, "how far LORD SHAFTESBURY'S Bill may be improved by carrying out the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER's suggestion to strengthen the hands of the Bishops in dealing with the most painful cases of breaches by Clergymen of the moral law." When BISHOP WILBERFORCE desires the Bishops' hands to be strengthened, of course he wishes more power to their elbows. At present a Bishop's crosier is no better than a beadle's staff; it is simply what CROMWELL called the SPEAKER'S mace. The painful breaches of the moral law, of which some Clergymen are sometimes culpable, would doubtless in some cases be most suitably corrected by the infliction of a corresponding chastisement with such an instrument as a Bishop's crosier, wielded by a Bishop whose hands had been strengthened sufficiently to enable him to lay it on with a will. Then the crosier, ceasing to be a bauble, would assume the character of a consecrated cudgel, which is what it may be supposed to have formerly had by those who consider the manner in which mediæval Bishops are represented in many contemporary illuminations as holding it, and compare that with the way in which another kind of staff is held by the Hero of a popular hypæthral drama. There was, you know, a certain discipline in primitive times for the open correction of notorious offenders; and if the hands of Bishops were so strengthened that a Bishop could apply his crosier to that purpose, the said discipline would effectually be restored again; "which," not a few people may now and then be inclined to think, "is much to be wished." Rooi-too-ooi!

Portable Pillow.

AMONGST the particulars of "Fashions for June," *Le Follet* specifies "Hair rolled back over a cushion." Your cushion to its right use—but is that for the head? A cushion at the poll in addition to a chignon would, one imagines, seriously augment top-heaviness; though, to be sure, it might serve to break a fall. But a cushion so situated is a misnomer—call it a pillow.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC THIEF-TRAP.

A RESPECTED Contemporary thus enables us to wish success to



THE SERVANTS.

Hannah (our New Country Girl, bursting in just after breakfast). "O, 'M', PLEASE 'M', THIS 'ERE NEW TAP MASTER PUT IN YESTERDAY 'LL NEVER DO 'M', IT'S BEEN A DRIP-DRIPPIN' ALL NIGHT 'M'!" (Produces it!)
Eldest Son (addicted, in a gentlemanly way, to Beer). "BY GEORGE! SHE'S—"
[Seizes the Cream-Jug, and bolts like a shot. Fears the worst!]



THROWS HIMSELF DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS. TABLEAU! TOO LATE—THERE WASN'T ENOUGH LEFT FOR HIS "MORNING"!

"PHOTOGRAPHY AS A DETECTIVE. — Certain photographs exist of the ruins of the Vendôme Column, in which the portraits of a number of National Guards, in triumphal attitudes, are plainly recognisable. Each of those heads, after having been enlarged, has now been placed in the hands of the detective police. A series of views of the principal barricades also were published just before the troops entered Paris, and several hundred portraits of insurgents are given. The likenesses will in many cases lead to the condemnation of the men so depicted."

Is it not possible to construct a photographic trap so contrived that, when a spring connected with it is trodden on, a screen shall be raised and lowered after an interval long enough to admit the formation of an image on the camera? That image might be the image of a thief, who, coming to steal where the trap had been set, had unconsciously trodden on the spring, and so got photographed. An addition to this trap, striking a magnesium light simultaneously with the rise of the screen, would render it available by night as well as by day, generally with the advantage of arresting the thief for a moment in a striking attitude of terror, before he made off. Should any ingenious mechanist reduce this idea of a Photographic Thief-trap to a practical shape, he will contribute towards furthering the ends of justice.

Street Literature.

"LITERARY.—To Authors.—MSS. of every description can be forwarded for inspection, and, if suitable, will be placed in a Channel for publication."

WHAT a strange place to deposit manuscript works in—a channel! Let us hope some useful information will be picked up. Matter now and then gets into print which if it were left in a gutter and never published at all, the world would be gainers rather than losers.

GREAT SAVING OF LABOUR.

THE International Exhibition contains a machine which will be invaluable to stenographers, penny-a-liners, ladies who write long letters, and some of our very productive novelists—it is called a "Scribbler."



MR. PUNCH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

HE GOES ON BOARD THE *IONA*. THE ONLY DRAWBACK TO HIS PERFECT ENJOYMENT IS THE JEALOUSY CAUSED AMONG ALL THE GENTLEMEN BY THE LADIES CLUSTERING ROUND HIM ON ALL OCCASIONS.

SABBATARIAN PROGRESS.

THE Sunday Closing Bill's referred
To a Select Committee.
We view concession to absurd
Fanaticism with pity.
The Sabbatarian votes are some
Vital, upon occasion,
To those who, therefore, must succumb
To Liberty's invasion.

But is that snuffing Sect to stop
The citizen's excursion
On Sundays, his refreshment-shop
Through closing by coercion?
Nay; when the Innocents fall flat
In massacre, much rather
Perish must that vexatious Brat
Which calls a RYLANDS father.

Dog-Bills and Sunday-Bills to rule
A tutored British nation!
As though for little boys at school
Is that your legislation?
On things of moment, moon by moon,
Whilst you're in vain debating:
You 'll have the school in uproar soon,
And then you 'll get a slating.

Our Divided Enemies.

THE Communists of Clerkenwell and the Irish Fenians are at odds. Their difference is a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands, but might be much prettier. It would be the prettiest quarrel in the world if they were only to fight it out like the Kilkenny Cats.

A FEATHER IN THE CIVIC CAP.

ROMANUS SUM CIVIS was a proud boast; but that of being a citizen of London is a prouder. The LORD MAYOR and Corporation have caused Mr. Punch to exult in the habitation of 85, Fleet Street. The newspapers have announced that, both the Government and the House of Commons having failed in taking any practical steps towards arresting enclosures of Epping Forest, the aid of the Corporation of London has been invoked when other aid there was none; and that:—

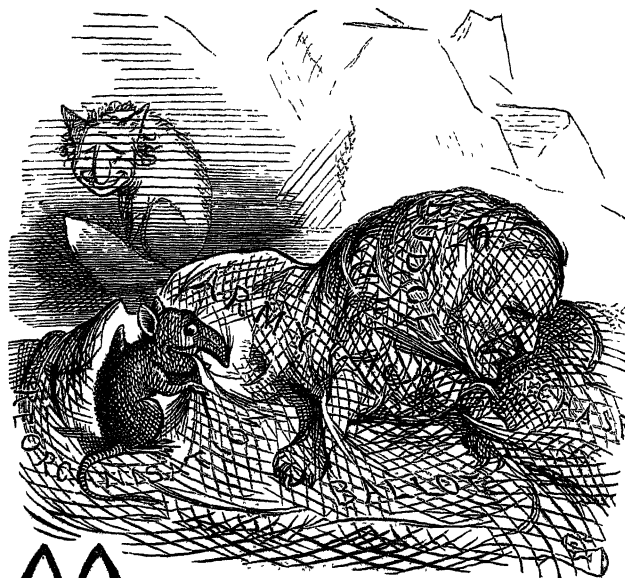
"The result is that the Corporation, as copyholders of Wanstead, have through their Commissioners of Sewers served notice upon LORD COWLEY's trustees, his steward, and agents, in reference to the present attempted enclosure of 30 acres on Wanstead Flats, requiring that all the fences and gates recently erected be forthwith removed. This is the commencement of proceedings to test the right of the lord to enclose without the sanction of Parliament."

GOE and MAGOG to the rescue of Epping Forest! The City giants have nobly answered that appeal. Their clubs are about the ears of LORD COWLEY and his creatures; let us hope to their confusion. If they triumph, the Mayoralty of LORD MAYOR DAKIN will have been made glorious for ever. The Chief Magistrate of the City of London and his brother magistrates will have shown themselves capable of dealing with offenders who had defied both the Cabinet and the Legislature. The Corporation will have afforded a reason for its perpetual existence. As it is it has undertaken a public service of which the performance could be obtained neither from Ministers nor Parliament. Thank Jupiter we have a Corporation of London!

Seasonable.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose name and address we withhold, because his mental condition is evidently seriously affected by the weather, writes to ask us to tell him of any quarter or street in London, called after one of the months of the year, beside Mayfair, and suggests as another suitable name of the same sort—Junewet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, June 19th. Mr. Punch is not in the habit of making apologies, for any apparent eccentricity in his conduct merely indicates Genius, and if people do not at first understand it, they do well to meditate and ponder 'until comprehension arrives. But this week something induces him to depart from his usual loftiness; perhaps the E. winds of so-called June are too much for him. He begs—no, takes leave to state that having heard of nothing for the last month but the Great Tichborne Case, the details of that investigation have so saturated his brain, that he brings them in upon all occasions, fitting or not. Wife, children, governess, secretary, neighbour at dinner, partner at the gay and festive dance, friend coming out of church, companion in railway, enemy in club window, acquaintance in smoking-room, fellow-critic at picture exhibition, bore at the Handel Festival, delightful young lady at the Rose Show, disagreeable ditto at the classical concert, and everybody else with whom Mr. Punch comes in social contact, "talks Claimant." *Vox Claimantis* everywhere. Therefore, if with his Parliamentary history he mixes up echoes of this intolerable case, he does not mean to be irrelevant, but really the circumstances must be their own excuse.

On this Monday night LORD DENBIGH objected to the Declaration of Paris. He wants BRITANNIA to rule the waves a good deal more, and search neutrals for enemies' goods. LORD GRANVILLE said that if we had exercised such a right—to which we have no right—we should have had our own vessels perpetually overhauled by the French during the late war. Still, if the Claimant could not say what a quadrangle was, and did not know the meaning of the *Pons Asinorum*, that is no reason why—there we go! Well, nothing was done; but there seems a sort of irregular idea that if we find ourselves in war, and it is too hot to be pleasant, we shall resume our old rights, Declaration notwithstanding: a most objectionable way of looking at the matter.

MR. TORRENS thinks that no recruit, cavalry or line, should go abroad till he is 20. If SIR ROGER TICHBORNE had not gone abroad—pardon—the Government promised that no one under that age should go to India, so the proposal was negatived in a house of 18 Members. There was debate about Militia Barracks, and the Claimant stated that he knew the duties of an orderly officer, and the Government got only 176 to 174. The Commons agreed with the Lords Amendments to the Trades Unions Bill, which is made more stringent, forbidding picketing. The Claimant complained that he had been a good deal spied upon, but the SOLICITOR-GENERAL declined to be offended at the allegation.

Tuesday. There was discussion over the Burials Bill, and the BISHOP of WINCHESTER spoke very well on this last Dissenting grievance. If the Claimant was really educated as a Catholic, as he asserts, there would be—the Bill was forwarded, and noble Lords do not seem to share the apprehensions of noble Commons that English mourners would behave indecorously in a churchyard.

A good many Civil Service votes were taken. As to the photographs sent home by the Claimant to the ORTONS, no doubt there is room for considerable—MR. FAWCETT carried a motion to prevent more felling of timber in the New Forest.

Wednesday. MR. RYLANDS, the Didactic, wished to shut up

public-houses on Sundays, and perhaps it would have been better for the Claimant's health if all public-houses had been shut up in Australia on that sacred day and all other days, but the House rejected the proposal by 147 to 119. But MR. BRUCE intends to try another fall with a Pensive Public, and to limit the hours on Sunday to those between 1 and 3 and 5 and 8. There will be much discontent about this, and the barristers in court evinced much discontent that people crowding to see the Claimant made entrance for the Profession difficult.

Thursday. LORD SHAFTESBURY withdrew his Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, which seems to be a pity, as it contained some useful things.

Ballot was introduced in the Commons, by the Government. It is used in Australia, where the Claimant comes from, but does not appear to work particularly well there. Before the regular debate, MR. LOWTHER wanted the Committee to redistribute four vacant seats, but MR. GLADSTONE opposed this, and managed to say something which gave MR. DISRAELI a chance of attacking him, declaring that the PREMIER wanted to reopen the question of the Franchise. This sort of thing MR. DISRAELI compared to the giving the Liberals a dram to revive their spirits, and he warned folks against the evils of dram-drinking, to which the Claimant was at one time, he says, too much addicted. MR. HARDY saw a "visible shudder" in the Liberal ranks at the idea of new reforms. MR. LOWTHER was beaten by 254 to 145, and MR. CROSS then opened fire on the Ballot Bill, and debate was adjourned, as the Claimant's case will be, if not ended in a few days.

Friday. There were desultory debates on Civil Estimates, but our friend MR. WHALLEY was as much the hero of the House as the Claimant is the hero in the C.P. The honourable anti-Catholic began by demanding whether the QUEEN had sent a congratulation to the POPE on his jubilee. Being informed that it was so, he pondered for some time, and later, when the House got on artillery, he began again about the POPE, and there was a good deal of fun, until the Members (who are luckier than the jurymen in the Claimant's case, and can get away when they please, or are displeased) observing MR. WHALLEY rise once more, made, says the *Daily News*, "a sudden rush out of the House," leaving only about 31 present. So there was an end of that matter. As the gentlemen went up the street, they were all heard to be discussing the Claimant's case, and offering bets as to the result. MR. Punch rushed home to bed, and found that his valet had laid the *P. M. Gazette* on the pillow, and had opened it at the page containing the latest news of the Claimant's case. He went to sleep and dreamed that he was a Kangaroo.

MY HEALTH.

THE time approaches when I must take leave of my Aunt.

I regret this, as SAMUEL informs me that "Now de season come on, Sar, it just de very weather for a bath. Never is such a time for Naytchar as de summer, Sar. But, dar," he adds, resignedly, "dat's just de way wid you genelman—edicated genelman, as I'd ha' thought 'ad known better—they go away just when de bath begin to de 'em good. Don't say," he concludes, with most impressive earnestness, "don't say when you go away and get ill, and have de cold and de cramp and de rheumatiz—don't say that it's SAMUEL'S fault; that's all." This condition is a sort of stipulation which he insists upon, in order to bring himself, as it were, to even the most unwilling agreement to my departure.

I foresee that saying farewell to my Aunt will be painful. There will be a scene. Perhaps she'll regret me when I'm away. If Cousin JOHN From Sea only stops long enough, and slaps her sufficiently on the back, I'm sure she will. To be slapped on the back may be all very well for a few days, as a novelty, but I think she'll tire of it in a fortnight.

I am particularly kind—making a point of it—to Charlie, the lap-dog, during my last hours here. I give him almond-biscuits and cream. He immediately acquires a taste for these luxuries, and in our absence he makes himself master of the contents of the biscuit-tin and cream-jug on the table. The consequence is, that he is seized with a dreadful attack of biliousness; he lies on the sofa (when I enter to say good-bye) gasping, and my Aunt and DODDRIDGE are kneeling by his side.

"O MASTER GEORGE!" exclaims the handmaiden—I swear there never was such a sycophant as Old DODDRIDGE, for I believe she really hates the dog, as her rival in my Aunt's affections, and I dare say is now secretly hoping that she is witnessing the last of Charlie—"How could you be so cruel!"

Cousin JOHN coming in by the window—(Note on Cousin JOHN—if there is any mode of entrance except the door, I observe he will always enter by it—here he's got a choice of three windows, and my Aunt is never startled by his unexpected appearance, as she would be by mine)—has a remedy for Charlie at once. He'll "set him all right," he says, "in two twos. Come up, you little warmint!" With which he takes up the little "warmint" by the scruff

of his neck (which must be most unpleasant, yet neither of the "Old Gals" remonstrate), and carries him out on to the lawn.

I take this opportunity to observe that I am sorry to say my train goes in an hour's time, and that I've sent for a fly.

"O!" says my Aunt, quite cheerfully, smiling (a week ago she would have cried), "we're going out for a drive with JOHN in a quarter of an hour, so perhaps we shan't be here when you start."

This grates upon me: yes, although I don't want a scene (because it would be so trying for my nerves, and make me so feverish for travelling), yet this *does* grate on me.

I tell her I am going yachting with WETHERBY. The word "yachting," besides having an aristocratic smack about it, must bring to the mind of any old lady who lives "at home at ease" (as the song says) the fact that she is accustomed to trouble herself very little about the dangers incurred by those who venture upon the seas, "when the stormy winds do blow." [It occurs to my mind, for one second, to wonder whether WETHERBY goes to sea in such a state of things, or not. Not, I should say.]

My Aunt is impassive. She is not a good sailor herself, but hopes that I am. Have I ever been to sea before? No, I've not. Oh! End of *that* topic. Charlie brought in quite lively and frisky, but very damp. The means resorted to appear to have been very simple. JOHN, by his own account, "held the little beggar by the tail and dipped him in the sea." Result satisfactory, with a craving for more biscuits apparently. DODDRIDGE embraces him, "O, de poo little Charlywarley, then! did they (meaning *me*)—so kind of her, just as I'm going away) give it nasty almond-biscuits and cream, a little mannikin, then!" DODDRIDGE is ordered off to dry him. I look at my watch—so does JOHN.

"I say, Old Gal," this to my Aunt from JOHN, "it's time for you to get on your go-to-meeting bonnet, as the one-horse shay will be round here before you've cleaned yourself," and he finishes off with a wink at me, as if I had suggested this style of address, and was quietly entering into the spirit of the thing.

My Aunt, who has sat herself down at her writing-table, only remarks, "How absurd you are, JOHN," and then asks him "Who's coming here to-morrow?"

"O," he replies, "there are the TINTON girls and WAYDE."

"Will they come to the pic-nic on Thursday?" asks my Aunt. (My Aunt going to a pic-nic!!) JOHN isn't quite certain, but he hopes so, and he adds, "I've got JUDKIN to bring his drag for Saturday, when we can all drive over in it to Canterbury; only he wants to know, if he comes back with us, can you bed him?"

My Aunt pauses for an instant, then quietly answers, "Of course we can, as GEORGE will be away then, and he can have his room."

Now, I should like—for this has roused me—I *should* like to dash my hat down, jump up, hit the table with my clenched fist, and exclaim, "No, confound it, I'm *not* going." But I don't, I merely smile, and reply upon the observation with assumed indifference, "Yes, I shall be away then," for I'm not going to flatter my Aunt and JOHN, who is almost a bully in his manner, by showing any sort of desire to stay.

Why should they have put off all their amusements until my departure? True that I have said to my Aunt how much I love quiet, how I prefer Ramsgate, at her un-seasonable time, to Ramsgate in full bloom; but, hang it, I *do* like to be asked. There's something so melancholy, too, in hearing arrangements made in one's presence for gaieties to come off when (it's a sad phrase) one will be no longer here to witness them. It makes one feel as if the future were a blank. It seems to me (for having nothing to do with them while they are still continuing their conversation on the same subject, I can only sit and think), suddenly, a melancholy notion that Ramsgate will wake up to-morrow morning and I shan't be there. That my Aunt and JOHN and their party will be gay, and not so much as a reference made to myself. Will any of them say, will either of these two here say, at the height of their revelry (fancy my Aunt's and DODDRIDGE's revelry, bah!), "I wish GEORGE were here?" No, they won't, I feel they won't, and that's what touches me, and almost brings tears into my eyes.

At this instant the grenadier in petticoats announces "The carriage, Mum!" and DODDRIDGE appears with my Aunt's bonnet and shawl, which she puts on before the glass, while my Cousin JOHN bustles into the hall, and I hear him ordering the grenadier to take heaps of rugs and wraps to the trap.

Another Note.—I thought a sailor was always a rough, hardy sort of chap, ready for all weathers, and rather preferring bad to good. But Cousin JOHN From Sea (if he's a specimen, and not an exception) seldom goes out without a greatcoat, never walks a step farther than he can help, always carries an umbrella, never appears without the latest invented scent on his pocket-handkerchief, and the best-fitting gloves; and if there's the slightest sign of rain, or if it's blowing ever so little, catch him going out! Not a bit of it. He has wraps on his bed, a wadded dressing-gown, a fire in his bedroom nearly all day, and seldom gets up till past ten, my Aunt allowing him to breakfast at whatever time he chooses. If our Navy is composed of Cousin JOHNS, then I don't believe in our Navy. He

hasn't got a single sea-phrase—not a word about marlingspikes, bunting, gaffs, belay, and so forth. While I'm away out yachting, I shall be able to compare him, in my mind's eye, with *real* sailors, and shall write to my Aunt about him, and expose him as a naval impostor.

While I am thinking this out, my Aunt is getting herself ready. She is ready. Quite. So "Good-bye!" to me, from her. Nothing more. Not a purse of gold—the tip that I used to receive from her on my going to school multiplied now by as many times as I have increased in years. No—no memento. No hope expressed of ever seeing me again. I venture to throw this in, on my own account, in an off-hand manner, thus: "I'll try and run down during the season." My Aunt to this only replies, "You will no doubt find us here."

Cousin JOHN puts her into the wagonette, and muffles her up with tiger skins, rough rugs, and a big cloak. To all intents and purposes, as far as I am concerned, he has buried my Aunt away out of my sight. That's what I've got to thank him for at present. An impostor sailor! He is going to drive! A sailor going to drive! My Aunt, who clutches at my arm spasmodically, and squeaks and screams, in a fly with *me*, sees him take the reins unmoved. "Good-bye, GEORGE, old boy," says he to me from the box; "keep yourself dry, and don't get very sick when you're out on the ocean wave." I do believe my Aunt, under her covers, is laughing at this brutality; and as to DODDRIDGE—upon my word and honour, I'm not a vindictive man, but if I could just put DODDRIDGE into a pantomime scene with the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* to make love to her after their peculiar fashion, ending with knocking her into a flour-tub, or waking her up with a hot poker, I should—I really should—like to see it done, and assist in doing it myself.

So they drive away.

I turn back to the hall. "Coo-coo-grrr! coo-coo-grrr!" says the Gentle Dove, bowing at me ten times to half a minute. I wish my fly would come. I feel moped, wretched, hipped. Why? Such small things oughtn't to affect a good constitution. No. Then is it the fact that I've got a bad constitution? Is it the From a dreamy state I am aroused. The fly!

Once more over the uneven roads, once more down Ramsgate's narrow streets (built for sociability's sake, probably, and with the smallest possible amount of pavement, suggesting tight-rope practice for beginners) towards the Station on the sands. Of course, a waggon, large enough to make ten of my fly (fly-horse included), meets us at the narrowest part; of course my flyman wanted to pass it, and failed; of course the waggon-driver is obstinate, and won't back; of course my driver won't be outdone by the waggon-driver; of course other carts are behind the waggon, and other flies and carts behind us, and all trade in this, one of the main streets, is suddenly paralysed. Of course all the drivers of all the carts and flies are excessively polite and civil to one another. Foot-passengers retire into shops on either side, and watch the proceedings, or, rather, as we don't proceed at all, the dead-lock.

I explain that I *must* be at the Station at such and such a time exactly; that it only wants two minutes; that it's most important I should catch the train; that I won't pay him if he doesn't; that Shouts from behind Waggoner gives way to the extent of about a quarter of an inch, by nearly emptying his load into a fishmonger's window. The quarter of an inch does it; released, we rush by him—*Mazeppa*, in a fly, tied to time, catching the train—imperfect simile, but thought of, hurriedly, in connection with "Again he urges on his wild" &c. We round the market-place—the flyman defying the laws of centrifugal force by trying to keep himself straight on the box—down High Street, in sight of the sea.—On! On!—The train starts at three—my watch is just three—The bell! . . . "Now, Sir!" . . . I feel it's an affair of shillings. . . . Shilling to Porter. He flies away with trunk—myself after him, giving directions. . . . Shilling to Guard, to get my ticket (which will delay him, too—Aha!) . . . Shilling to Railway Book-stall Man—I could give a shilling to anyone now who'd guarantee me in time for train.—Any papers? Quick! All papers! . . . Just one second—shilling to refreshment girl . . . What? Quick! Buns?—No. Sponge-cakes—sherry in a flask. . . . "Another sixpence, Sir, please." . . . No time to argue. . . . "Take shilling." . . . Away!—Carriage. Another shilling to Porter who opens door . . . Flyman is pursuing me. "Will I . . . Shall he . . ." We are off. Flyman trots along, with hand on carriage-door. No change. Flash of thought, sudden, decisive, and satisfactory for all parties:—"The lady at the house will pay you. Drive back, and ask her. It's all right."

Ha! ha! The lady of the house is My Aunt. I *shall* be recalled to her memory.

In carriage. After excitement—Reaction.

NOTE FOR THE NOSE.—A Perfumer's business ought to be very lucrative. Of all businesses it brings in the best per-scentage.



A SUGGESTION.

WHY SHOULD NOT PEOPLE AT EVENING PARTIES BE PROPERLY LABELLED WITH A NUMBER IN SOME CONSPICUOUS BUT CONVENIENT PLACE, AND DESCRIBED IN A CATALOGUE, SO THAT ONE MIGHT KNOW WHO THEY WERE, AND ALL ABOUT THEM, WITHOUT TROUBLING THE HOST OR HOSTESS?

HAPPY TIMES IN PROSPECT.

YOUNG JOHNSTONE, that Boanerges of Bunkum, whose eloquence ever and anon makes Sussex Hall shake from attic to area, and Clerkenwell Pump palpitate to the lowest inch of its piston-rod, has lately given us a sketch of what we are to expect when the International has swamped the National all over the world, and Kings suppressed, Priests squenched, and Capital made away with—the Commune rules the roast, while rotten old Society, like Æson cut up and sent to pot by his daughter Medea, is hashed and broiled, stewed and boiled, young and strong again, not without some expenditure of fire, and some bubbling and seething of the European kettle. JOHNSTONE's sketch only extends to London, it is true, but the war of the Commune with Capital extends to all capitals, and we may judge by the fate from which Paris was scarce saved, that JOHNSTONE's burning eloquence has not overdrawn or over-coloured the picture of the London of the future in the Millennial times of the Social and Democratic Republic—not one and indivisible as it used to be a hundred years ago, but a million and infinitely divisible, as Communal arrangements proposes to make it now-a-days.

Here is JOHNSTONE's programme of his Troynovant—his Londinia Renovata—or rather, his New Jerusalem, to be founded where London was. *Imprimis*, the public monuments—in particular the statues and columns of the West End, are to be overthrown. Well, by help of philosophy, we think we could get over that. Indeed, we are not sure that, if ever JOHNSTONE stands at the bar—in other words, if ever folly becomes criminal by attempting to reduce its wild talk into wicked act—he will not be able powerfully to plead in mitigation of punishment, that he did his best to have the DUKE OF YORK's column and NELSON's pillar pulled down, and NAPIER and HAVELOCK coined into coppers.

Then, the clubs are to be turned into hospitals, and the churches into social and democratic clubs, on the principle, we presume, of turn and turn about, and to keep up a kind of parallelism between change of functions in our buildings, and changes of status and style

among our rulers, when JOHNSTONE shall sit as DISRAELI, ODGER beam on us from the place of GLADSTONE, and LUCRAFT rule the Committee of Council instead of FORSTER.

Happy times! with Labour planting its foot on the neck of Capital, and emancipated Industry taking Wealth by the throat, and Society blessing its new benefactors, and nobody working, and everybody playing, and the larks falling ready roasted into our months, and the rivers running with bottled porter and draught stout, and tobacco-pipes, ready charged, springing spontaneously by the wayside, and JACK being as good as his master—rather a tarnation sight better, and the great new ZEUS, Happy-go-Lucky, being installed as ruler of the Universe, with the Chiefs of the Commune for his vicegerents, Saturn runs back and brings the Age of Gold! O, happy times, come quickly!

AN AWFUL LOOK-OUT

(For a certain School of Sabbatarians).

SHUT up the public-houses on a Sunday!

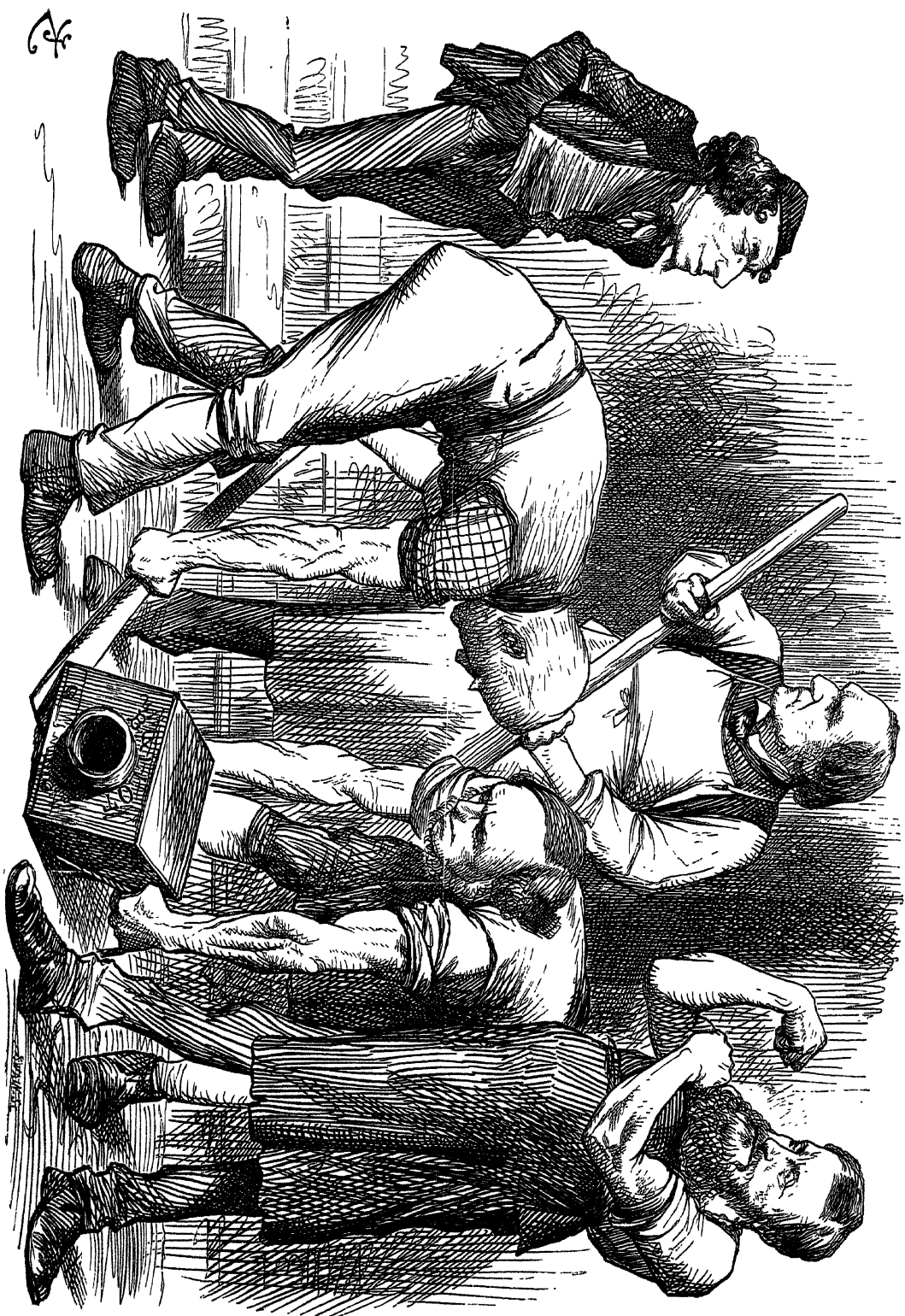
Why, then, we shall have to open harmless places of recreation—Public Gardens, Museums, Picture-Galleries, the Crystal Palace! Goodness gracious!

Commemoration and Cads.

Do Undergrads behave like Cads
At each Commemoration? Fie!
For Oxford, then, and self, may men
Of Oxford say "A-cad-am-I."

To Sir Francis.

MOTTO TO BE PLACED OVER THE DOOR OF THE NEW ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—"Bravo, Hicks!"



THE STRONG GOVERNMENT.

BEN (*a rude boy*). "NOW, THEN, ALL TOGETHER!—AND BE VERY CAREFUL AS YOU DON'T OVERDO YERSELVES!"

THE CROPS.



RICESTER SQUARE this year promises to yield but a very small crop—in fact, so small, that it is expected it will scarcely be worth collecting. It has been offered to several enterprising farmers, but they have all indignantly declined the offer, declaring that it would not even pay for the cutting. Whether this pitiable deficiency is owing to the absence of sun, or the long prevalence of the easterly winds, or the unusual preponderance of brickbats, which have fallen this season in swarms more than sufficient at once to create a blight on the most luxuriant soil, or whether it is to be attributable to the withdrawal of the dancing-licence from the Alhambra, it is impossible to tell; but the calamity is

to be a thousand times regretted, inasmuch as the close proximity of the Square to the neighbouring Haymarket would have rendered the sale of the produce of the very easiest description, and the result, if at all favourable, might have been a golden harvest, such as this highly-devastated district has not known for years. As it is, “the Headless Horseman” (the original of CAPTAIN MAYNE REID’s thrilling romance), who represents fallen Royalty in the centre of the enclosure, looks knocked all of a heap in consequence.

CONUNDRUM.

DEAR PUNCH,

My first is called JACK, my second is what
The Conqueror was, and what I am not.
My whole is a creature that walks about
On a couple of legs. Can you find it out?

Would you be surprised, *Mr. Punch*, to hear that the answer to this is *Dor-king*? My first, *Jack-Daw*. My second, *WILLIAM*, the first *King* of England. My third, a *Dorking*. If you are surprised, say so, and make no stranger of

Yours, conundrumically,

COUNT FARRAGO THE FIRST.

A CAUTION TO THIEVES.

THE converse of the adage *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is observed at the Home Office. As a contemporary justly remarks:—

“The police are indefatigable in their care of the street side of the basement of inhabited houses—more indefatigable, perhaps, than is necessary, considering that the tramp of the constable, whom officialism refuses to shoe in noiseless india-rubber, is generally heard about a quarter of a mile off.”

If MR. ODGER had got into Parliament, if he had succeeded there inasmuch as to have obtained a place in the Ministry, and if that place were the office of Home Secretary, it would, in one particular, be very much more ably filled than it is now. Shoes are beyond MR. BRUCE, but MR. ODGER could take care that the Police were shod properly, with a view to their increased efficiency. At any rate he would be able to make arrangements for that purpose, and we trust that he would make them, notwithstanding his connection with the “International” Association.

As it is, one would think, not knowing better, that the Police were supplied with boots by parties in the pay of the predatory classes, and that those boots, which cause Policemen to tramp so heavily as to give timely warning of their approach to thieves, were made ex-

pressly with intent to that end. It would seem as if the Police, since they cannot be brought to go about springing their rattles, had been surreptitiously shod with boots designed to answer the same purpose as the rattle-snake’s tail.

INSPIRING CHANT

(For June, 1871).

COME! pile up the logs!
Pile ’em up on the dogs!
And, warmed by spiced wine, sing a tune!
Fill, fill up my rummer,
Boys, here’s to the Summer—
The shivering weather of June!

To-morrow the hounds
Shall meet on my grounds
Unless a hard frost comes too soon;
If so, through my gates
To the lake with our skates.
Hurrah! for the gay sports of June!

ON THEIR WORST BEHAVIOUR.

“The Public Orator then delivered the Creweian Oration, but quite in dumb show, the uproar in the Undergraduates’ Gallery drowning his voice from beginning to end with senseless and inarticulate roars.”

It is necessary to state, for the information of those who are not acquainted with the peculiar customs of our seats of learning, that this is an extract from an account of the unmannerly proceedings at the Oxford Commemoration held in the year 1871. The fittest comment that can be made upon it is, that the proper functionary to deliver an oration (short and sharp and stern) to a crew so outrageous and silly would be a policeman.

MAKING PROGRESS.

“We understand that the Treasury and MR. STREET, the architect, are at present engaged in correspondence as to the elevation of the Law Courts.”

THIS raises our hopes. We trust the result of the correspondence about their elevation will be the speedy raising of the Courts. The year 1900 will now, probably, see the completion of these buildings, and also of the new National Gallery and Natural History Museum. The Wellington Monument might be thrown open for public inspection at the same time. (N.B. This will be the last appearance of the LORD MAYOR and Corporation of London in an official capacity.)

DISORGANISATION OF THE ARMY.

How could we ever, if at war, carry the war into the enemy’s country if the law were what MR. W. M. TORRENS proposes it should be; namely that “no person enlisted as a soldier in any regiment of cavalry or of the line shall be called upon to serve HER MAJESTY out of the United Kingdom until he shall have attained the age of twenty years?” We should then have no cavalry for foreign service except men who had all reached their majority, and, in so far as we should not have any minors in our foot regiments, no infantry at all.

Going, Going!

A DEBATE in the House of Commons on the New Forest has informed us of “the sale of incomparable old trees for firewood”—“an ancient yew-wood contemporaneous with the Conqueror,” having fetched as much as £60! We would suggest to those who have the mismanagement of this sort of thing that a great deal of money, much more than sixty pounds, might be made by selling the old castles and other picturesque but unproductive ruins, the property of the Crown, for building or paving materials.

Cadmus and Cardwell.

CARDWELL and CADMUS are names that may be associated otherwise than by alliteration. CADMUS slew a Dragon; CARDWELL has a Dragon to slay, namely, Purchase. He will then be in a position, as it were, to sow the Dragon’s teeth as CADMUS did, and reap the same crop. What a pity that Purchase is not a material Dragon, for then its teeth would enable CADMUS CARDWELL to recruit the British Army at considerably less expense than he probably will.



AND CABMAN NOT SO VERY WRONG.

Irish and Irate Cabby. "WHAT D'YE MANE RUNNING FORNENST THE HORSE'S HEAD? IF I HAD KNOCKED YE DOWN, AND KILT YE, YE'D BE JUMPIN' UP AN' BLAMING ME."

PHILISTINES AND THEIR FOES.

A GERMAN, enjoying the protection of this country, abuses it, after the customary fashion of foreigners, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He proposes that the EMPEROR OF GERMANY should undertake our regeneration in the capacity of another WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. We all know that the sort of Germans of whom this writer is a specimen, call us names, and that one of these names, implying stolid narrow-mindedness, is also the name of an ancient people of Syria. He may accordingly consider that KAISER WILHELM, would, in invading us, smite the Philistines. Accepting for JOHN BULL the name of Philistine, we would not say that our guest and enemy is another. Doubtless he is not. On the contrary, per-adventure, he is one of those gentlemen whose forefathers were the Philistines' peculiar enemies.

HIGH PRACTICAL JOKE.

A BRILLIANT idea, as at first proposed, has since been improved in brilliancy, according to the statement thus noticed by the *Times*:

"WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER LIGHT.—It is stated that the light to be exhibited on the great clock tower at Westminster during the sitting of Parliament will not be a lime light, but the magneto-electric light, which is much more brilliant."

The more striking will be the contrast between the light placed above St. Stephen's, and the speeches which continue, whilst it shines there, to be made inside.

Height of Aggravation.

WET morning—bad street band in full blare before the house of literary man, writing an article, and suffering from toothache—loud ring at the bell—servant called off from a pressing domestic duty, making the beds, or minding the baby, or something of the sort—proceeds the whole length of the front garden to find at the gate one of the instrumentalists, who invites payment for the torture inflicted by himself and his fellow fiends.

OUR MEN FOR OUR MONEY.

ARMY Reorganisation,
Presto! will soon be complete
For the defence of the Nation,
Chancing the Navy's defeat.
Soon as discussion is ended,
Work will be straightway begun.
All that we need is intended;
No less than that will be done.

Only think, this present Session
When we began, where were we!
Open to foreign aggression
Utterly, but for the Sea.
Ere the next Session commences
There'll be an end of defences.
We shall, with perfect defences,
Match any nation in arms.

They are to cost not a penny,
As for the nation at large.
Pay will the Few for the Many;
Some incomes bear the whole charge.
Only the Income-tax payers
All the cost have to defray.
Isn't that fair? Let gainsayers
Render what answer they may.

How would it be, for the money
If there were little to show?
Strangers would think it was funny
Victims to sacrifice so.
And, "O Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle!"
How many millions," they'd say,
"Do you, for your penny whistle,
Doom those poor wretches to pay?"

Les Absinthes Ont Toujours Tort.

ABSINTHE is, by some people, regarded as a chief one among the many causes of the decadence of France. Men holding this opinion might, if they would make a point of it, observe that, inasmuch as Ireland has been very nearly ruined by her Absentees, so France has been endangered, also, by her Absinthe-tees.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FINANCE.

WHEN shall we hear a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER make such a financial statement as that made the other day at Versailles by M. THIERS? "Never, let us hope," will be the answer of those who only consider that M. THIERS had to provide for a deficit of £65,000,000. But if they belong to the privileged classes who pay taxes for the rest of the community, let them ponder the telegram which states that—

"In reply to M. GERMAIN, the Chief of the Executive declared that he would never associate his name with the establishment of an Income-tax in France."

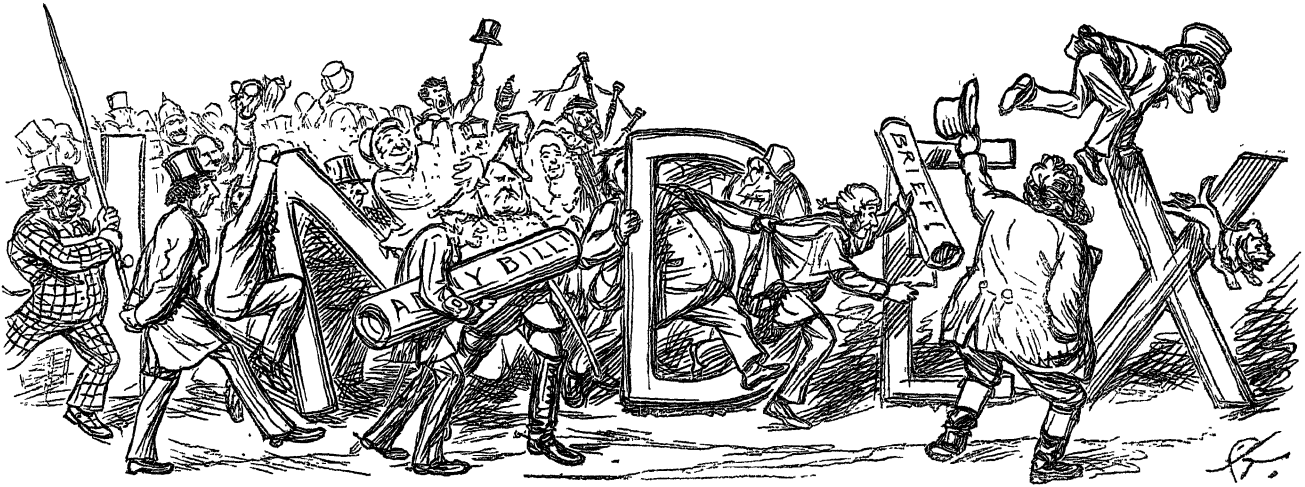
Fancy what sort of a Budget we should be presented with if England were in the plight of France, and MR. LOWE in the place of M. THIERS. The tax with which M. THIERS will not associate his name would be that which MR. LOWE would not scruple to impose on a part of the people. M. THIERS will make no concession to Communism. Taxes are not pleasant things, but they manage these things better in France, even under difficulties compared to which our own circumstances are easy. They manage them without confiscation.

Sad Change.

ONE of the most amiable and gentle of men, who had hitherto borne the character of being the best of husbands, actually boasted the other evening to a friend who dropped in unexpectedly, that he had that moment *beaten his wife hollow*. The unhappy lady was found close to a chess-table.

Misplaced Confidence.

GREAT confusion seems to have been created by the misplacing of a foot-note in the second Vol. of LORD BROUGHAM'S *Autobiography*. From this, we infer, that it isn't every foot-note that is to be construed literally *au pied de la lettre*.



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